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Vol. TWELVE

# The **BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE**

THE CREAM OF THE  
WORLD'S MAGAZINES REPRODUCED  
FOR BUSY PEOPLE

**THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED**  
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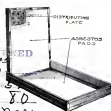
# THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

(Formerly "Business" and "The Business Magazine")

Reproducing for Busy Men and Women the best Articles from the Current Magazines of the World.

## CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1906

		PAGE
I.	<b>James J. Hill, Railroad Magnate.</b> By G. C. POSTER . . . .	5
	<i>An interview with one of Canada's most successful men.</i>	
II.	<b>The Brink of Destruction.</b> By JOHN WARNE . . . .	11
	<i>An alarming episode in the lives of a German man and a German girl.</i>	
III.	<b>Human Failings of Ancient Moguls.</b> By GEORGE ADGE . . . .	16
	<i>Lessons for modern people taken from the measurements of antiquity.</i>	
IV.	<b>The Democratic Theory of Distribution.</b> By T. N. CARVER . . . .	20
	<i>Showing how the progress of society must depend on individual freedom of effort.</i>	
V.	<b>A Society of Social Service.</b> By MARY R. CRANSTON . . . .	24
	<i>A description of the American Institute for solving social problems.</i>	
VI.	<b>The Pleasures of Old Age.</b> By MRS. HUMPHREY . . . .	28
	<i>Some of the compositions for the absence of youthful pleasures.</i>	
VII.	<b>The Strange Creed of Tolstoy.</b> By REV. CONRAD NOBLE . . . .	31
	<i>An attack on some of the doctrines held by Leo Tolstoy.</i>	
VIII.	<b>Great Britain's Unique Battleship.</b> By POMPERIEUX . . . .	33
	<i>A description of the "Dreadnought," the latest development in naval architecture.</i>	
IX.	<b>Spiritualism Defined.</b> By ISABELLA C. BLACKWOOD . . . .	37
	<i>An explanation of what spiritualism really is, as distinct from the many misconceptions of it.</i>	
X.	<b>Britain's Oldest Industry.</b> By WOOD SMITH . . . .	40
	<i>Some account of the first industry, which still survives at Scunthorpe in Yorkshire.</i>	
XI.	<b>A Lesson About Consumption.</b> By EUGENE WOOD . . . .	43
	<i>What the disease is and what precautions should be taken to prevent it.</i>	
XII.	<b>New Orleans' War Against Mosquitoes.</b> By S. H. ADAMS . . . .	46
	<i>How the people of New Orleans fought the yellow fever last summer.</i>	
XIII.	<b>The Theories of Horace Fletcher.</b> By ARTHUR GOODRICH . . . .	54
	<i>What the man who has promulgated a new doctrine of diet preaches to the public.</i>	
XIV.	<b>A European Museum of Security.</b> By WILLIAM F. TOLMAN . . . .	68
	<i>A permanent exhibition in Amsterdam of life-saving and precautionary devices.</i>	
XV.	<b>The Growth of Christ's Moral Character.</b> By W. D. MACKENNIE . . . .	61
	<i>The two factors which determined the religious and moral character of Christ.</i>	
XVI.	<b>The Real Victim of Nonsense.</b> . . . .	68
	<i>Showing that it is not necessarily the man who has the hobby that suffers.</i>	
XVII.	<b>The Problem of Mechanical Flight.</b> By GEORGE CALVERT . . . .	67
	<i>An explanation of what is being accomplished by inventors.</i>	
XVIII.	<b>A Glass Bridge Half a Mile High.</b> By ELMIE PALMER . . . .	73
	<i>A description of a projected bridge to span the Royal George of the Adriatic.</i>	



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		PAGE
XIX.	<b>The Future of the U. S. Steel Trust.</b> By W. H. HILLVER - - -	78
	<i>A prophecy based on a consideration of past experience.</i>	
XX.	<b>White Coal and the New Italy.</b> By O. D. SKELTON - - -	80
	<i>What the development of water power is doing for Italy.</i>	
XXI.	<b>Some Secrets of Success.</b> By CLAUDIUS CLEAR - - -	83
	<i>An elaboration of the opinions of several famous men.</i>	
XXII.	<b>The Childhoods of Some Millionaires.</b> By G. R. CLARKE - - -	86
	<i>A glimpse into the panorama of the past, when rich men were poor children.</i>	
XXIII.	<b>What Life Means to Me.</b> By EDWIN MARKHAM - - -	89
	<i>The profound convictions of a thinker, whose view is humanitarian.</i>	
XXIV.	<b>Big Promotions in Railroad Service.</b> By NELSON WARREN - - -	92
	<i>Some of the extraordinary successes of men high up in railroad work.</i>	
XXV.	<b>A Mayor of all the People.</b> By ISAAC F. MARCORSON - - -	95
	<i>An interesting sketch of Buffalo's progressive mayor, J. N. Adair.</i>	
XXVI.	<b>Tillman, Defender of the Senate.</b> By JAMES CREELMAN - - -	100
	<i>A pen picture of a dramatic figure in American public life.</i>	
XXVII.	<b>Defects of English as a World-Language.</b> By BRANDEN MATTHEWS - - -	104
	<i>Some of the reasons why the English language is not more universally used.</i>	
XXVIII.	<b>A Visit to the Island of Java.</b> By W. J. BRYAN - - -	108
	<i>The two-colored presidential candidate writes of his experiences in Java.</i>	
XXIX.	<b>Some Reflections on Shopping in America.</b> By MRS. VAN VORST - - -	112
	<i>An entertaining chat about the big New York stores and their methods.</i>	
XXX.	<b>Reorganizing a Big Business.</b> By ARTHUR WARREN - - -	116
	<i>The work that lies before the new executive head of a corporation.</i>	
XXXI.	<b>The Feelings of Children</b> - - - - -	121
	<i>An analysis of the child's mind, showing its most sensitive point.</i>	
XXXII.	<b>The New York Man of Fashion</b> - - - - -	123
	<i>Something about the styles in vogue in men's wear.</i>	
XXXIII.	<b>Other Contents of Current Magazines</b> - - - - -	126
XXXIV.	<b>The Busy Man's Bookshelf</b> - - - - -	141

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## Inside With the Publishers

WHILE it has always been the aim of the publishers of this magazine to make it as

comprehensive as possible, yet those who have read each issue carefully will have observed that there has been an underlying trend, that has given the publication a necessary unity. This trend has been towards the goal, which in the busy world of to-day, we term "success." That is, the aim of the magazine has not been merely to entertain and amuse, but also to encourage and inspire its readers, especially young men and young women, to press forward to the attainment of their ideals. Our records of successful lives, our articles on success, all our educative articles are published for this end and, while we also publish stories and humorous articles, these are a necessary supplement to give the correct balance to the magazine.

\* \* \*

"While the idea of the Busy Man's Magazine is excellent," writes one of our readers, "it would not amount to much if it were not well carried out. And I think I can safely say that you have not only conceived a brilliant idea, but you have worked it out brilliantly. Your selection of articles is admirable."

This is encouraging. We knew we had a good idea, when the magazine was first thought of and other magazine publishers admitted it. We went to work hopefully and then awaited the verdict of our readers. That we have succeeded has been amply proved by the scores of flattering letters we have since received and by the rapid increase in circulation. Readers have one and all proclaimed that we have carried out the idea of the

magazine to the best possible advantage.

\* \* \*

The Winnipeg Telegram, in commenting on The Busy Man's Magazine, remarks: "In most reviews the articles are so condensed that we get only the dry bones, with none of the flesh or sap, and as a result they are not popular with the bulk of readers. Besides, the type of reviews and digests is nearly always small and consequently hard reading. The MacLean Publishing Co. have broken new ground in giving us a magazine of reproductions that is interesting to read, pleasant to hold and of so convenient a shape and size as to be easily tucked in one's pocket. The articles, too, are especially well selected."

\* \* \*

A word of explanation of the reason why The Busy Man's Magazine is published on the 20th day of each month and not earlier, may interest our readers. The bulk of the American magazines reach this office by about the first of every month and, were we dependent solely on them for our material, it would be quite possible to bring out The Busy Man's Magazine much earlier. But we are most anxious to give our readers the benefit of the English reviews and magazines as well and, by postponing the day of publication to about the 20th of each month, we are able to cover nearly all of them. Occasionally, owing to delays in the receipt of English mail, some valuable publications are received too late for reference. This month, for instance, we regret that the Contemporary Review has only just arrived as we go to press.

## Labour

Toil swings the axe, and forests bow,  
The seeds break out in radiant bloom,  
Rich harvests smile behind the plough,  
And cities cluster round the loom,  
Where towering domes and tapering spires  
Adorn the vale and crown the hill,  
Stout labour lights its beacon fires  
And plumes with smoke the forge and mill.

—George W. Bungay.

# THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XII.

JULY, 1905.

No. 3

## James J. Hill, Railroad Magnate

BY GEORGE C. PORTER

During the past few months Canada has been stirred by the announcement that James J. Hill would build a fourth railroad from Winnipeg to the Coast, through the Western provinces, without any subsidy from the Dominion Government or the issuing of any bonds. About the time of this announcement Mr. Hill offered Mr. Porter, of the Winnipeg Free Press, the rare opportunity of an interview, and the result is the following self-told story of his life, which appeared on May 27 in the Winnipeg paper.

LIKE a page from fiction reads the story of James J. Hill's rise from obscurity to opulence. "How to become a millionaire, or my progress from a Canadian farm to command of the greatest railroad combination in North America," would be a very faithful title for the entertaining personal reminiscence furnished by Mr. Hill. For the first time during his busy career, in which he met and mastered such keen intellects as J. Pierpont Morgan, John W. Gates, Jay Gould, Russell Sage and other satellites of the great world of finance and railroad-ing, Mr. Hill has consented to make public some of the rules, as he calls them, by which he advanced up fame's ladder, but the acquisition of fabulous wealth is one thing, and the practical use of those millions for the employment of hundreds of thousands of individuals is another. James J. Hill is one of the great captains of industry who has solved both problems. Having reared one of the most colossal industrial fabries in modern history, covering an empire

with transportation facilities, giving profitable employment to more than 100,000 men, involving combined capital exceeding \$500,000,000, he quits the exciting game long enough to tell his life story.

The heights to which James J. Hill's genius has carried him have not made him forget his Canadian nativity nor dimmed his recollection of early battles with adversity around Rockwood, Ont.

In consenting to mention the elements which he conceived had contributed most to his success, Mr. Hill said he was moved largely by the hope that his experience might be the source from which some of the young people of the Dominion could draw their inspirations to mount the ladder of life. The versatile mind that created the Northern Securities Company evidently still clings fondly to the memory of those days between 1838-58 when as a ragged boy the young Canadian was laboriously moulding the foundation upon which his great fortune was to be constructed.

Sitting in his gigantic office building, looking about upon a network of steel rails, over which the traffic from all parts of the world was streaming in obedience to his direction, the railroad king turned back the pages of his life history and dwelt with apparent satisfaction for an hour upon those days when he was so poor and so happy. He traced his way from the farm to the little old Quaker schoolhouse, the country store, across into the United States to more days of toil on the farm, and then to the unknown west, where he wended his way, without a cent, to see Dame Fortune with such dazzling success.

The strong features of the railroad director softened as he revived those spirits of the past, he smiled in recollection of boyish pranks, and his great, piercing eyes were half-closed as the entertaining story was concluded. James J. Hill's reverse was rudely disturbed by the roar and whirr of one of his great limited trains from the Pacific slope, as it steamed out through the yards. He rose from his chair, his countenance again assumed that alert expression so characteristic of the man and the picture of the Canadian farm boy had given place to the president of the Northern Securities Company and the most influential force in the affairs of western railroads of the day.

Briefly, Mr. Hill asserts that conditions to-day present more opportunities for young Canadians to acquire millions than when he carved out his fortune, that, in his estimation, the western hemisphere is entering upon an era of prosperity, in comparison with which the big things of the industrial world during the past decade will be the merest pigmies, and that no boy need feel that

he is required to seek his fortune beyond the confines of this Dominion, since, in his judgment, Canada will be the centre of the industrial wave for some years to come.

"Give some rules which have governed me in my lifework? I can't, say that I have any rules. I attribute it all to work and a measure of good luck," and Mr. Hill smiled, as if he did not take the "good luck" feature seriously.

"Let me see; this thing of laying down a set of rules to govern one's career, or to run back over a lifetime of hard knocks, and say just what rule contributed to my good fortune is not easy for me. In the first place I was born on a farm—a Canadian farm. That was in 1838. This is a good beginning, for it means a sound body as a rule. In other words it starts a chip right. That's about half of the battle; I might say it is everything, because a bad start means a big handicap in the race. But as far as rules go, I would say that those that have helped me to succeed are:

"Work, hard work, intelligent work, and then more work.

"A sound body and a sound mind; I had both of these, though I left school when fourteen and a half years old and never got time to see inside a schoolhouse again. An education, however, is indispensable. I do not mean necessarily college training. An education comes frequently with contact with the world; studying conditions, life as you see it.

"Don't mortgage your future. Practically, have an eye to securing the benefits of what you earn. Look ahead to the point where you are determined to get into business for yourself. If you are not worth your hire you cannot be hired, and if you

can earn money for another you can earn money for yourself.

"Be satisfied to start in a small way. Too many young men want to begin to pile on before the foundation is finished, and what they accumulate they cannot retain. A slow beginning makes a permanent business.

"Be economical, but not penurious. This is not a distinction without a difference. It is the difference between the mind built on the broad gauge and the narrow. It is the difference between great things and small things; between boundless success that sheds a generous share of its prosperity on the whole community and a meagre competency, that distinguishes the miser from the man of affairs.

"Have confidence in your own future and conditions generally. Men prefer the optimist to the pessimist. The bright side of things is a view that helps a chip forward. Even if the worst occurs, a person has more strength to meet it from having taken a complacent view of the situation. When a fellow has put forth his best efforts, been thoroughly alert, done the best he could, he has no room for worry.

"The selection of a vocation is quite important. My experience is that those things are largely matters of chance. I don't think I ever expected as a young man to get into the railroad business. Having chosen a profession, I do not think a young man is warranted in sticking to it when he feels that he is not fitted for it, or that he sees a better opportunity to acquire wealth in another direction. I was first a farmer, then a merchant's clerk, then a farmer, a laborer, a clerk, a builder of steamboats, a contractor of rail-

roads as a sub-contractor, and then stockholder and owner. So, again comes the question of confidence in one's ability to discern that which is best for him and to strive for that regardless of opposition. In other words, it is the confidence that enables the young man to take risks without which great things can never be accomplished.

"Perhaps you might accept these outlines as the rules which I have observed through life. The young man should not make the mistake to-day of imagining that conditions are not as favorable as at any time in the past century for the poor boy acquiring wealth. The world is in its infancy, especially the western world. Industrial development is just beginning. Agriculture, mining, contracting, shipping, railroading, land speculation, mercantile life and manufacturing offer every inducement for the ambitious youth to-day to become a man of millions. Money is so plentiful that a determined boy of worth can borrow all he needs. Bankers accept the element of prospects in lending money as well as ability to pay, and there is no more promising prospect of a monetary value than youth, ambition and grit, backed by western intelligence. Therefore, the way is, if anything, more easy; that is, the way to the top. The real struggle is at the bottom. There is where the ranks are crowded. The fight is very fierce there. When you begin to get away from the crowd it is easier. You pass many commercial derelicts, failures and wrecks of men along the way, but the great trouble is in getting started up. Everything seems to contribute to hold a man down until he starts, then everything turns to boost him

up after he has secured a start. That is the way of the world.

"My father's farm was located four miles south of Rockwood, Ont., Canada. James Dumbur Hill, my father, was not very prosperous. The farm was not very fertile, and my early experience was that of a very little boy on a big farm. I recall that my father frequently remarked that he could trace our family tree back sixteen generations through Scotland and Ireland. To this I attribute my mental and physical vigor. I had to walk four miles to the Quaker Academy at Rockwood. The average boy to-day would think this a mighty hard way to get an education, and it was. One winter, arrangements were made by which I remained in Rockwood. I paid part of my tuition by doing chores around the little old academy. I don't think I studied any harder than any other 14-year-old boy, but I had much work to do.

"Then the exigencies of my family required me to begin to make a return for my living. That was in the spring of 1833, and I began to clerk in a general store at the crossroads. I continued this employment, occasionally varying it with a little work on the farm, until I was 19 years old. I was dissatisfied, and yet, when I look back to those days it was very pleasant. Altogether, life is always pleasant in youth, little matter the conditions. But I had concluded to go to the United States.

"I made up my mind that I would have a better chance in the Western States, which were then just beginning to attract settlers. Perhaps I might have done just as well in Canada, but I did not think so. Others remained there and prospered. I have many relations to-day around

Guelph. I had not saved sufficient money to make the trip west, so I went over to Syracuse, N. Y., and worked for a few months on a farm. That was the spring of 1838. It was July 4 of that year I started west. I can never forget that day, for it was a big day in my life and also a big day in the life of the American Republic--their independence day.

"When I reached St. Paul, a week later, I practically had not a dollar to my name and knew not a single individual here. This was the outpost of civilization in the northwest then. I liked it, and I enjoyed particularly, the rough, cordial welcome the westerners gave all newcomers.

"My progress was mighty slow for ten years. It consisted of some rough experience. I was without what is known as a "trade," and this was against me. I was forced to do manual labor. Still, I mingled with rough and ready people, and it sharpened my wits. That was my matriculation into the western college of life and my education was rapid and thorough. When I was handling baggage as a railroad employee in those days, I cannot say that I ever expected to own a railroad. I did intend, however, not to work for another man all my life, though I believe I work harder to-day than I did then. Then, at least, I had no cares if my wages were small. With increased income came additional burdens. I became a shipbuilder in a small way. This was my introduction into the transportation world.

"My hours of work? Well, I try to work as much as I can, as I have a good many things to look after. Of course, I don't get up like I used to on the farm before daylight, though I see many stories to that ef-

fect. I rise at 7 o'clock. I can't sleep after that, and I get around to my office about 9 o'clock. Sometimes I get away by 5 o'clock and sometimes not until midnight. That just depends.

"But Canadian boys should make up their minds that they have as fine opportunities at home to-day for getting rich as anywhere in the world. I have some thirty Canadians here in my general offices, and young Canada is spreading out a good deal, but it is usually easier to acquire fortune in a new country than an old, and, in a sense, Western Canada is a new country. That is the center of great enterprise at present. Great fortunes are to be made there in the next decade. My final advice to the young men of the country of my nativity is to be alert, keep abreast of the times and grasp Opportunity when he passes, holding out to him firmly. Prepare yourself to recognize him when you see him, too. That is quite important. Learn this lesson well."

Mr. Hill's handsome residence overlooking the Mississippi River is one of the interesting sights of St. Paul. The busy man has found time to fill it with a rare collection of paintings, relics of his travels, and the choicest productions of the artists of many countries. The president of the Great Northern railroad is said to have fear of cyclones, whose devastating work he has witnessed more than once in the west. He has constructed his residence therefore somewhat after the fashion of some of the great bridges on his roads--a ground work of steel, anchored to great beds of cement, around which his splendid home is built.

President Hill has an eye single

always to advancing merit, even though he at the same time advances his own interests. It is something like the rules that Carnegie applied in business. It is related that he had more than once observed the enormous expense of his different roads for the long lines of rubber hose used at nearly every station for filling tanks of cars, sprinkling lawns and kindred work. He bought an improved quality of hose, but the dragging of the line over the platform surfaces usually wore it out in a short time. Away out on a mountain division, at a small station, he observed a day laborer filling the tank of a dining car with a piece of hose, around which was wrapped an old piece of telegraph wire, coil-like. He asked the man what that was for.

"To allow me to drag it around without destroying it," was the reply.

The mystery was solved, and the invention saved the company thousands of dollars annually. The laborer is now one of the chief mechanical men on the Great Northern.

The president of the big railroad is too alert to let anything escape him. Examining the operating expense account, he noted the increased consumption of coal on the engines. He figured down the average quantity of coal consumed by each engine, and posted a bulletin offering each engine crew half of the value of all coal they could save monthly under this established average. Each engine had its separate account. The first year the company divided with the men some \$30,000. Now it is an established rule, each side profiting.

Not long ago, some five years, in a wreck, a conductor, who had been a medical student, saved the lives of

two passengers who were bleeding to death, by the simple process of tying a handkerchief around their lacerated arms, making a windlass of a stick and twisting it around until the hemorrhage ceased. The president rewarded the man, and at once, required the conductors and the engineers of the entire system to take a course in "first aid to the wounded," which the company instituted. Now, when a passenger gets hurt on his lines Mr. Hill knows he has always present several experienced men to render immediate aid until the surgeons can arrive. The company spent \$50,000 establishing this system. For every life thus saved the company reaps a reward in avoiding damage suits, to say nothing of preserving human life.

President Hill is always intensely interested in the development of the country through which his lines pass. He figures that he may carry the

freight of any manufacturing industry on his line, therefore he aids in every practical way these industries. He has a "promotion" department, which receives all communications addressed to him on the subject of aid, saw mills, factories, etc. This department supplies literature of a highly interesting character on short notice, touching the resources of the northwest.

President James J. Hill is a powerfully-built man. His enormous head is set off by massive shoulders. He probably weighs 210 pounds. His eyes, of most piercing brightness, are abnormally large, and are shaded by shaggy brows. Sixty-five years of age, his style of wearing his beard and hair give him rather the appearance of greater age. He speaks with the greatest deliberation, his mental restlessness being apparent in the quick movement of his head from side to side during conversation.

High excellence of character and achievement are the result of accumulated excellencies in so-called minor things. One who, on common days, amid the humdrum and the frequent nerve-taxing experiences that accompany the daily task, can keep his temper equable, his inner life unspotted, his loftiest ideals undimmed, and his steps towards the goal of his life unslackened, is weaving into the fabric of his character qualities of abiding beauty and masterly strength.—Don O. Shelton.

## The Brink of Destruction

BY JOHN WARNE IN AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Summer days are now upon us and the Summer sun and the Summer sea are enjoying life at the vacation resorts. For them, as well as for all who love summer, this little tale of recovery will be full of delight. Human nature in the midst the world's woes, and all will welcome its expression in this story.

HE lit another pipe. It was the same pipe. But he had filled it with different tobacco. He returned to his old position, on his back, with his head propped against a mound of grass and studied the western sky.

It promised to be a glorious sunset.

"In about twenty minutes," he said to himself, "the rays will get right under that black mass of cloud and set it on fire, and it will split up into blazing purple shreds and each shred will float away and turn pink on a background of blue and green, and the one thing wanting will be a girl, to whom I can explain it as I hold her hand."

He had always felt that about sunsets. It is a pardonable weakness among young men, particularly with this young American, acquiring a rather painful amount of education at an English university.

This particular sunset promised to be particularly glorious—especially as it would be reflected in the river.

The river ran within two feet of his two feet. Occasionally May flies flicked its surface and gave shivers to the reflection of the trees. So did occasional small fishes, at the May flies' invitation.

He closed his eyes for a minute and guessed which cloud the sun had reached by the time he opened them. He tried this several times and came to the conclusion that the sun's movements were too erratic for him to have any chance of success.

And each time he shut his eyes the

interval before they opened became longer. They had been closed for quite five minutes when a new and strange sound disturbed the peaceful glory of the scene. It was not a distant cow, nor the splash of a water-rat, nor the twitter of a dissatisfied bird, nor the sound of the setting sun, so he opened one eye to look. It was the sound of a maiden struggling with a punt. He opened the other eye, sat up, and watched. She was dressed in something white and subtle and simple, with dark braid round the edge, and the punt was going sideways with uncomfortable rapidity. At intervals she made frantic dives with the pole and seemed to be searching vainly for the bottom of the river. At irregular intervals she found it, but the only result was that the punt turned round the pole and proceeded on its other side, chafing at the unnecessary delay. At last she got a firm grip of something solid and brought the vessel round in a circle three times. Tiring of this, it advanced once more, and a look of horror came into her face. The alternatives were pole or punt; she preferred the punt after a short, sharp struggle and the pole remained behind. She recovered her balance and stood glaring wildly at the legend on a board on the bank, "Beware of the Dam! Danger!" He had read it unmoved, now it seemed to take on a new meaning.

The sun continued to set in indescribable splendor.

The punt and the girl floated down

past him and he roused himself to action.

"Can I do anything to help?" he asked in a gentle voice.

She turned and saw him for the first time.

"The dam!" she cried. "I've lost the pole! Help me! Quick!"

His own boat was moored a few yards away. He got in and rowed up to the punt. Just before reaching it he stopped and rested on his oars. "Quick," she said, "the dam is just down there."

Her face was hot and red and she was struggling to reduce her hair to order. He did not move. They floated down with the stream together.

"Quick!" she said again. "The current is awfully strong."

"Admit that you were flirting with Charles," he said.

A look of alarm and indignation came over her face.

"Don't sit arguing there! I can't see I shall be over the dam—"

"Admit that you were flirting with Charles."

She stamped her foot.

"Don't be silly. Here, take this rope and tie it to your boat."

She stood holding the painter in her outstretched hand. He looked at it calmly and without interest.

"Admit that you were flirting with Charles."

She looked round with horror. The "danger" board was now behind them, and the voice of the dam was heard rumbling in the middle distance.

"Harry, don't be idiotic!" she screamed. "If you let me get drowned I'll—I'll—"

She seemed uncertain what she would do in that event.

"Admit that you were flirting with Charles."

She looked at him for a couple of

seconds in silence, with a twitching mouth and tears coming to her eyes. Then she turned away, arranged the cushions and sat down in the bottom of the punt, apparently resigned to death.

"I never flirt," she said.

There was silence, and the sun was near the earth in a bed of fiery clouds. And still they floated on. The rumbling of the weir grew more aggressive, and the speed of the boat and punt increased.

His eye had been determined and calm; it now seemed to grow a little anxious.

"Admit that you were flirting with Charles," he said in rather a louder voice, but she made no reply. She seemed to have observed for the first time the glory of the sunset. She was drinking it in with rapt admiration.

"You know perfectly well," he said, "that your behavior with Charles was disgusting."

She turned quickly toward him, leaving the sun to set alone.

"I beg your pardon," she said apologetically yet casually, "I wasn't listening. Did you say something?"

"I said you know perfectly well that your behavior with Charles was disgusting."

She turned back to the sun, which, having languished for a moment, basked once more in the brilliance of her eyes.

They floated on more rapidly. The dam was roaring hungrily just round the next bend of the river.

"Look here," he was becoming exasperated. "Are you going to admit that you were flirting with Charles?"

"No."

"Then our engagement is to be off?"

"Certainly. What a lovely sunset!" she sighed as she rested her

delicious chin on her adorable hands and her gaze was far away across the ends of the earth among the pink and purple clouds.

He looked at her in doubt. She was a fascinating study at any time. In this light she was irresistible. He pulled two strokes and caught hold of the punt.

"Get in," he said abruptly.

She gave a little gasp of relief. It had been a struggle to appear unconcerned, and she was not sorry it was over.

She got into the boat with dignity and took her seat in the stern.

"What about the punt?" she asked as she leaned back to arrange the rudder lines. "Quick, or we shall be too late!"

Instead of remaining at the oars he stepped into the punt and pushed the boat away.

"What are you doing?" she cried.

"Now you can row home," he said, settling down among the cushions and turning his face to the sun.

She looked at him in blank astonishment as the vessels drifted apart.

"Harry, what on earth do you mean?"

Hurriedly she scrambled forward and took up the oars.

"Admit that you were flirting with Charles."

"Certainly not!"

She pulled up to the punt.

"Harry! Get in here at once!"

What are you doing?"

"Don't know," he drawled, "and don't care. You will find me lower down—if you drag the river. By George! it is a pretty sunset."

The dam was in sight and roaring like anything.

She clutched the punt with one hand and backing with the other,

tried to check its course. But the stream was too strong for her.

"Harry, don't be foolish!"

"Admit that you were flirting with Charles?" he murmured with closed eyes.

"No!" she said fiercely, battling with the elements.

"Then it's no good arguing, let me drown in peace."

"She lost her hold of the punt and it slipped away. The dam was only fifty yards off. Pride, wrath and terror struggled in her breast. It required all her strength to check the way on the boat."

"Harry!" she shouted in despair. The noise of rushing water drowned all but three words of his reply.

"—flirting with Charles," was what she heard and her heart hardened even to the point of murder. It seemed like murder, to leave him in that punt.

She pulled the boat round towards the bank. It was too late to follow him and even if she did she could not see how she was to help. She ran hard for the shore and the murderous desires vanished.

The sun was dipping behind the hills but she had forgotten its existence. Her heart was in her mouth. She leaped out and with an oar in one hand and a piece of rope from the rudder in the other hurried along the bank, struggling through long grass to the pool below the dam.

The oar and the rope were for rescue.

How they were to do it was not clear in her mind. Nothing was clear except that she would admit anything—even that she had flirted with Charles. That she would do fully, frankly and without reserve, except that it wasn't true. The way was short but the minutes seemed





# Human Failings of Ancient Moguls

BY GEORGE ADE.

George Ade has already been introduced to the readers of this magazine, and we are sure another timely sketch from his pen will be appreciated. This time he takes as his text the movements of ancient Egyptian dynasties and shows how they have a lesson for the people of the twentieth century. His amusing references to the old kings are very judicious.

**T**AKEN by themselves as mere pondering chunks of antiquity that have been preserved to us because they happened to be dropped down into a dry climate, the fragmentary remains of old Egypt are not very inspiring. They are big, but seldom beautiful. As records proving that humanity—old fashioned, unreliable humanity, with its fears, jealousies, hatreds and aching ambitions—is just about the same as it was five thousand years ago, the temples and the devastated tombs seem to bring us direct and heartfelt messages from our brethren of the long ago.

For instance, from the beginning of time probably the most waddening and unbearable persecution that can be visited upon a sensitive human being is to have some other human being always held up before him as a shining moral example.

You know the story. The preacher in the pulpit shouted out: "There never yet was a perfect human being, a mortal without sin or failing." Then a woman in the back row stood up and said: "Yes, there was—one my husband's first wife."

Do you recall, O male reader, how you writhed in humiliation and laid plans for assault and battery when the good little Rollo of your native town was constantly dangled before you departed and as the paragon of juvenile virtues? "Rollo never smokes corn silk." "Rollo never picks ticks on teacher's bedroom window." "Rollo never carries even

dahbers in his Sunday clothes." "Rollo never runs away to go swimming and then comes back with his ears full of gravel."

No, indeed, Rollo never showed any of the traits that have been the essence of boyhood since Adam and Eve started the original brood. And do you remember how bright and smacking that day seemed when Rollo, having grown to pale and side-winded manhood, was arrested for stealing money from the Building and Loan Association?

Mr. Pinero's latest successful play in London deals with the tormenting experiences of a young wife who is constantly reminded of her failure in household management as compared with wife No. 1. Mr. Pinero might have taken his plot from the hieroglyphs in Egypt. In the new English play the wife, driven to desperation by a constant recital of her own shortcomings, welcomes the chance to blast the fair reputation of her predecessor. In ancient times in Egypt the victim of odious comparisons got even in another way.

Take the story of Queen Hatsueo. She was the Victoria of the eighteenth dynasty and was on the throne just about 1500 B. C. The lineal male descendant of that period had a blot on the 'emblem on a bar sinister across his pedigree or something wrong with his registry certificate—anyway, he could not qualify as king, and so his sister Hatsueo was made ruler and he was permitted to hang around the palace as a kind of

shawl holder and cab opener. He led the cotillions and attended public dinners and wore decorations, but Hatsueo ran Egypt and Thutmes Second was merely a trailer. When he dropped off these did not seem to be any considerable vacancy in court circles. Queen Hatsueo continued as chief monarch, although her step-nephew, Thutmes Third, carried the honorary title of co-regent. Hatsueo was energetic and ambitious. She put nephew into a remote back seat and ran things to suit herself, waging wars, building temples and organizing expeditions to far distant lands. Also, according to ancient customs, she had her portrait and the record of her accomplishments carved on the obelisks and printed all over the walls of her private temple, which is still standing, about three miles west of the present city of Luxor.

She reigned for thirty-five years, and then Thutmes Third, grey headed and worn with work waiting, emerged from the nursery and took up the reins of government. According to the judgment of later historians, his reign was about the most glorious in the whole history of Egypt. He was possessed of military genius, and under his direction Syria was recaptured and the influence of Egypt was firmly established in Western Asia. But no matter how many battles he won or how many captives he brought back to Thebes to exhibit in the court house square, the old timers around the court wagged their heads and said: "Yes, he's doing fairly well for a beginner, but he'll never come up to the mark set by his Aunt Hattie." Hatsueo was her full name, but those who had known her for a long time called her "Hattie," and

to a few of her intimates she was known as "Hat."

Thutmes was merely human. For years his domineering aunt had kept him out of the running, and now that he was on the throne the glory of her achievements was constantly being dished into him. Every time he rode out in his chariot, standing up and waving away at four horses, just as they do in Ringling's circus at the present time, he saw her name and picture on all the public buildings, and, of course, two or three years after her departure everybody bragged about her a good deal harder than they had while she was alive. Even the English newspapers speak in kindly terms of an American statesman who is safely deceased.

Thutmes stood it as long as he could, and then he broke over. He ordered the stonecutters to go forth and gouge out all the inscriptions relating to his superior aunt. The temple which she had built as a special memorial he appropriated to himself and put his name over the main entrance. It may have been pretty spiteful, but the whole proceeding somehow seems to establish a sympathetic link between those remote heathen days and the unselfish, Utopian civilization that we now enjoy in Chicago, Omaha, West Superior and other centres of brotherly love.

After Thutmes had put in years of easing and chiselling out all complimentary references to Hatsueo, he passed away and was carried to a winding subterranean tomb in the valley to the west. For two hundred years the great monuments which he had erected in his own honor or quietly borrowed from his aunt, remained intact. Then along came Rimesses Second, to whom we have already re-

ferred as the best little advertiser of ancient times. He had the names of Thutmes removed from all the temples, obelisks and public buildings and put his own glaring label on everything in sight. In the language of Mr. Peasley, the Kings seemed to spend most of their time in "knocking their predecessors" and "boosting" themselves.

Here are a few instances: Tut-enkh-Amon erected in the fore court of the temple of Amon at Karnak two colossal statues of Amon and Amonet and dedicated them to himself. He wished to perpetuate his name. At this late date we cannot understand why anyone should wish to perpetuate that kind of a name, but Tut, like the mill-lionaires of to-day, wished to be remembered pleasantly long after people had ceased to inquire as to whether or not he had ever accepted rebates, so he put in a lot of time having these large figures carved and propped up in the court of the temple. After he died, and almost before he was cold, his successor, Haremheb, had Tut's name removed and dedicated the monuments to himself.

Shakabo, the Ethiopian, erected two of the five huge gateways to the temple of Ptah (pronounced as it is spelled) at Karnak. Later on some Tillman of the Ptolemy period came along and scratched out all references to the colored office holder.

When Queen Hatshepout put two huge obelisks in the temple of Karnak she removed a row of columns erected by Thutmes First. After Thutmes Third became King he got even with his aunt by building a stone wall which blocked the view of her pet obelisks. This was probably the original "spite fence." Amenop-

sis Second had some grudge against the memory of Thutmes, for he tore away most of the wall and put Hatshepout's columns on exhibition once more.

Hatshepout built a rock temple at Benihasen and dedicated it to a goddess who happened to be a particular friend of hers. Pakhi was the name. Thutmes, the nephew, had her name erased wherever he found it in or around the temple, but neglected to substitute his own, so when Sethos First came along and discovered the blank spaces he said, "This is my temple," and unblushingly ordered his name to be carved on every open spot.

In the temple at Abydos the aforesaid Sethos took up a large area of wall space in boasting about himself and telling of his wisdom and piety and how he stood in with the gods. His son Ramesses the Great, started on another part of the wall to tell about himself. When Ramesses (this is our old friend, the boss advertiser) got wound up his chief delight was to tell of his filial devotion. In the temple at Abydos he started in to explain how sincerely he revered the memory of Sethos and how he was probably the most dutiful son that ever grew up, and before he got through he had so much to say about himself and his love for the departed male parent that he had to chisel away most of his father's autobiography in order to make room for his own.

Take the case of Taharka, of the twenty-fifth dynasty. He built an addition to the temple of Karnak and had his name marked on one of the columns. A hundred years later a monarch who rejoiced in the name of Psammetik had his name put in just above that of Taharka, thereby

reducing the original builder to the subordinate position of an "also ran."

At Karnak there is a temple dedicated to the god Mut. Can you imagine a bright and civilized population falling down to worship a god with a name like that? In the court of the temple of Mut are several seated figures of the lion headed goddess which were placed there by Amenophis Second. On several of these figures Sheshonk First has substituted his own name for that of Amenophis. What could you expect from one by the name of Sheshonk?

A hundred instances could be cited to prove that the kings of the old dynasties were what Mr. Peasley would call "ringers."

Nearly every ancient structure has been defaced or altered to gratify a private jealousy or some prejudice founded on religious belief. The Romans tried to obliterate the old Egyptian deities. The early Christians backed away at anything that failed to strike them as being orthodox. Then the Turks capped the climax by coming in and burning everything non-Mohammedan that was at all combustible. A few ancient records remain, because they are carved in huge characters on very hard stone. The theologians wanted to better them down, but it would have meant a lot of hard work and they had been leading sedentary lives. So they merely encrusted them and wrote the equivalent for "Rata!" underneath, and let it go at that.

## Half-Done Work

The extravagance and waste of doing work badly are most lamentable. We can never over-estimate the value in a successful life of an early-formed habit of doing everything to a finish, and thus relieving ourselves of the necessity of doing things more than once.

The extravagance and loss resulting from a slipshod education is almost beyond computation. To be under the necessity all through one's life of patching up, or having to do over again half-done and botched work, is not only a source of terrible waste, but the subsequent loss of self-respect and life is also very great.

There is great economy in putting the highest possible personal investment in everything we do. Any thoroughness of effort which raises personal power to a higher value is a judicious expenditure of individual effort. Do not be afraid to show thoroughness in whatever you undertake.

Thoroughness is a great quality when once mastered. It makes all work easier, and brings to life more sunshine.

# The Democratic Theory of Distribution

BY T. N. CARVER IN ATLANTIC MONTHLY

In the course of an article on the proper distribution of wealth, Mr. Carver expounds the three theories, the socialist, the aristocratic and the democratic. His explanation of the democratic theory is supplemented by an argument in its favor based on the necessity for individual freedom of effort in order to ensure the progress of society.

THE democratic, or liberalistic, theory puts every one upon his merits. The worthless and the inefficient are mercilessly sacrificed, the efficient are proportionately rewarded. It frankly renounces, for the present, all hope of attaining equality of conditions, and confines itself to the problem of securing, as speedily as possible, equality of opportunity. In fact, under the rigid application of this theory there would be room for the greatest inequality of conditions, because some would be forced into poverty by their own incapacity, and others would achieve great wealth through their superior ability to produce wealth or to perform valuable services.

This phrase, "equality of opportunity," has been so persistently travestied that one hesitates to use it, but it is a good phrase. It simply means the free and equal chance for each and every one to employ whatever talents he may possess in serving the community and in seeking the reward of that service, and a correspondingly free and equal chance for everyone else to accept or reject his service, according as they are satisfied or dissatisfied with its quality and its price. Though the lame, the halt, and the plethoric would have little chance of winning in a race where the prize was to the swift, yet there would be equality of opportunity if the race were open to all and without handicap. Similarly, the dull, the stupid, and the inefficient would have little chance of winning

in economic competition, where the prizes are to the keen, the alert, and the efficient; yet there would be equality of opportunity, provided the field were open to all without organized discrimination or political favoritism. In other words, equality of opportunity does not mean that men are to be relieved of the results of inequality of labor. Nor does it mean, on the other hand, that men are to be left absolutely free and unrestrained in their pursuit of self-interest. If this were true, it would require that the burglar, the swindler, and the skindint should be left free to ply their respective callings without legal interference. This principle only requires that such avenues to wealth as are deemed harmful should be closed to all alike.

Equality of opportunity means liberty, to be sure, but it means liberty in performing and seeking the rewards of service. The ideal of liberty is fully realized when every individual is absolutely free to pursue his own interest by any method which is in itself serviceable to society, and when he is absolutely debarr'd from pursuing it by any method which is in itself harmful to society. Therefore, to say that a certain man's fortune is the result of his superior skill, shrewdness, or industry, is no justification at all, unless it be further shown that these faculties were usefully directed, that by their exercise the community has been made richer, and not poorer. If this condition is omitted, the highwayman, the coun-

terfeiter, and the confidence man are all justified, for it takes skill, shrewdness and industry to succeed in their callings. In short, service, and not industry nor intelligence, is the touchstone by which to determine what opportunities should be open and what closed under the principle of liberty. The principle of liberty, thus interpreted, is a part of the democratic or liberalistic theory of distributive justice.

Liberty to pursue one's own interest in one's own way, so long as the way is a useful one, gives rise to what is known as competition, which can only be defined as rivalry in the performance of service. Production is service. Wherever two or more men are seeking their own interests in the performance of the same kind of service, or, more accurately, are seeking the reward for the same kind of service, there will normally be rivalry among them. This rivalry sometimes leads the less scrupulous to seek their interests in other ways than through service. In a few glaring cases these predatory methods become the characteristic ones, and attract more attention than the great mass of activities in which men compete in real service. In reality, however, it is only in the limited field of "high finance" that mere shrewdness rivals serviceableness as a means of livelihood. But these predatory methods are not essential to the competitive system, and the principle of liberty as already defined requires that they be put in the same class with ordinary stealing and swindling.

In spite of the glaring weaknesses of the competitive system, and its undoubted waste of effort, it is the belief of the liberal school that it is the most effective system yet devised for the building up of a strong community. This belief rests upon a few

well known propositions which only need to be stated: (1) Every individual of mature age and sound mind knows his own interest better than any set of public officials can. (2) He will, if left to himself, pursue his own interest more systematically and successfully than he could if compelled to pursue it under the direction and supervision of any set of public officials.

(3) He will pursue his interest by performing service for others, provided all harmful or non-serviceable methods are effectually closed by law. (4) Where each is free to pursue his own interest in serviceable ways, and where his well-being depends upon the amount of his service, all will be spurred on to perform as much service as possible, and the community will thus be served in the best possible manner, because all its members will be striving with might and main to serve one another.

It is worth noting that this argument is neither a glorification of self-interest nor an approval of laissez faire. It requires governmental interference with every non-serviceable pursuit of self-interest which it is possible for the law to reach. At the basis of the doctrine of laissez faire has always lain the assumption, expressed or implied, that human interests are harmonious. If this assumption were true, the argument for laissez faire would be irresistible, being somewhat as follows:

(1) Each individual of mature years and sound mind will pursue his own interest more energetically and intelligently when left to himself than when directed by any body of public officials.

(2) The interests of each individual harmonize with those of society at large.

(3) Therefore, if each is left to

himself, he will work in harmony with the interests of society, and he will work more energetically and intelligently than he could if directed by public officials.

This conclusion is contained in the premises, and cannot be questioned by any one who accepts them. Though the individual is liable to error as to his own interests, he is much less so than any body of officials would be. If we could postulate something like omniscience in public officials, the first proposition of the above argument might be rejected. And here lies the danger. The natural egotism of all men, and especially of those who thrust themselves forward as candidates for public office, and those who inherit office, leads them to believe in their ability to regulate things in general. They are thus under constant temptation to exercise their superior intelligence in the regulation of other people's affairs. Against this tendency the public needs to be continually on its guard, and government ought not to be allowed to interfere with the affairs of a mature individual of sound mind, for his own good.

With the second proposition the case is different. It was on this assumption that Adam Smith based his famous dictum regarding the "invisible hand," which, in the absence of interference, led the individual to promote the public interest while trying to promote his own. But all such dreams of a beneficent order of nature belong to an older system of philosophy. One of the services of the evolutionary philosophy has been our disillusionment on this subject. It has opened our eyes to the stern fact that, in spite of many harmonies there is still a very real and fundamental conflict of interests. The term "struggle for existence" has no

meaning unless it implies such a conflict. In the light of this philosophy the primary function of government is to neutralize as far as possible this conflict and mitigate the severities of the struggle. The most enlightened governments of the present perform this function mainly by prohibiting those methods of struggling which are in themselves harmful. We must conclude, therefore, that, while there is no good reason why the state should interfere with a capable individual for his own good, there are abundant reasons why it should interfere with him for the good of others. The old liberalism erred in assuming too much in the way of harmony of interests. The new liberalism must correct this by insisting upon: (1) the absolute necessity of suppressing harmful methods of pursuing self-interest; (2) the absolute freedom to pursue self-interest in all serviceable ways; (3) the absolute responsibility, under the foregoing conditions, of the individual for his own well-being, allowing those to prosper who, on their own initiative, find ways of serving the community, and allowing those who do not to endure poverty.

The principle of adaptation, which, according to the evolutionary philosophy, lies at the basis of all progress, must determine our theory of distributive justice. As already pointed out, a theory of distributive justice is a rule for the guidance of the lawgiver rather than the individual consumer. Now the lawgiver is one who must adapt means to ends as truly as the mechanic—that is, he must facilitate the process of human adaptation. The question becomes, what principle of distribution will most effectively promote human adaptation or social progress?

It goes without saying that indus-

try is the primary active factor in human adaptation. It is the agency whereby the material environment is adapted to the needs of men. Other things equal, that rule of distribution which most effectively stimulates industry and inventiveness must be the most effective in hastening progress. It must generally be admitted that the competitive system stimulates industry more effectively than any other system yet devised. If we can leave every one free to pursue his self-interest in his own way, so long as his way is that of the industry which produces or serves, the active form of adaptation will take care of itself.

It is the belief of those who accept the evolutionary philosophy that selection, natural or artificial, is the chief factor in passive adaptation. It is the factor by which the species is itself improved or adapted to its conditions. Though artificial selection, as practiced by the scientific breeder, is vastly superior to natural selection, yet it does not seem possible that any democratic society will ever intrust the propagation of the species to any body of scientific experts. We seem to be limited, therefore, to some form of natural or automatic selection. But this does not commit us to the principle of natural selection in the ultra-Darwinian sense. In the absence of some form of social control, this principle would work in man as it does in the lower animals. Survival would depend upon

the mere ability to survive, and not upon fitness in any sense implying worth, merit, or usefulness. The adept murderer, thief or confidence man would stand the same chance of survival as the efficient producer of wealth. But when society suppresses all harmful methods of pursuing self-interest, leaving open all useful ones, it deliberately sets up a standard of fitness for survival. If this standard is rigidly enforced, only those who are useful to the race, who are able to make conditions better for their fellows, are allowed to survive. This differs from artificial selection in that it leaves the individual free, within certain prescribed limits, to shift for himself and survive if he can. Within these limits it works automatically, like natural selection. It differs from natural selection in that, by virtue of these limits, a standard of fitness is set up.

A society which thus makes service the basis of individual reward, and at the same time the test of fitness for survival, will inevitably be a progressive society, because it will tend to weed out the useless individuals—that is, those who are not capable of promoting the process of adaptation—and to produce a race highly capable in this direction. In addition to this it will call out in the fullest degree the capabilities of the individuals by appealing to their self-interest, plus—and not instead of—whatever altruistic feelings they may possess.

We can never be perfectly miserable so long as it is in our power to perform a good-natured action.—Sir Philip Sidney.

# A Society of Social Service

BY MARY R. CRASWON IN HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

The social institute, which undertakes the work of advising social workers and philanthropists, is a very modern undertaking, dating back only to 1911. It has developed considerably since then, institutions having been formed in England, France, Belgium, Russia, Italy, Denmark, Sweden, Germany and the United States. A description of the American Institute gives a general idea of the working out of the idea.

THE American Institute of Social Service is composed of forty members, one hundred associates, and one hundred collaborators, men and women identified with social work in its broadest aspect. President Roosevelt is an associate who gives hearty and much valued endorsement to the institute's work and aims. The collaborators, men and women in foreign countries, and in any corresponding members throughout the United States, form a strong social chain of many links. Through them the institute receives periodicals, books, and reports of social progress from the four quarters of the globe.

Holding a charter from the regents of the University of the State of New York, the work of the institute is educational as well as constructive. Educational in the sense that it tends to mould public opinion, it is a conserving influence in opposition to irrationalisms and ideologies, and at the same time the radical force which encourages the substitution of improved for out-of-date methods. Constructive, in adapting entirely or in part work done in one locality for a certain purpose to another far distant, and needing just such a form of activity for a widely different situation. As in all enterprises which are not money-making, the financial question is a serious one and makes it necessary for the institute to charge a small fee for work done for inquirers

by the staff. At the same time its resources are absolutely free to any one who will go there and do his own reference work, whether he be an American or from a foreign country. Such students are constantly doing research work in the library and supplementing it with personal investigation in New York City—an ideal laboratory for this purpose.

A lens which gathers up the rays of social light from all directions, the institute is sought alike by old and young, wise and ignorant, rich and poor, capitalist and laborer, practical business man and idealist, the orthodox and the freethinker, the emancipated woman and the housewife—in fact, representatives from all walks of life find the way to it sooner or later.

Boys and girls look up such questions for debate as "Municipal Ownership," "Is a Lie Ever Justifiable?" "Are the American People Degenerating?" "Is Immigration a National Evil or a National Benefit?" "Should Girls Work in Factories?" A spirited debate upon the last-mentioned subject recently took place in a New York settlement. The little girls went post-haste to the institute, eagerly seeking facts and figures which would enable them to "smash the boys." The latter appeared next day, more courteous as regards their opponents, but no less bent upon annihilation. Young people are encouraged to use the institute, for in so doing they, the men

and women of to-morrow, will heed the experience of those of to-day — will gain a knowledge of social service which will stimulate them to continue, without interruption, work carried on by the present generation.

College students work up graduation theses, their professors find data for lectures. Industrialists are given advice in developing the social or artistic side of factory towns and sites; pension systems and plans for sick-benefit associations are made up for them, or perhaps suggestions are given for a luncheon room or rest room for employes. A business man will want to know if industrial betterment pays in dollars and cents; unsound theorists must have practical ideas substituted for their proposed wildcat schemes; a wide-awake club member will have outlined for her a course of study for her club year; the woman suffragist will look into the rights and wrongs of her sex; the conscientious mother will ask about child-study; the perplexed housekeeper will want to know where she may find a remedy for the domestic-service problem. Social workers seek suggestions for organizing boys' clubs or forming a social settlement, the best architectural plan for a social centre in a small town, how to start a village improvement association, how to teach citizenship, and others of like character.

In a word, this clearing-house for social betterment is a place where may be seen humanity's needs and the way to meet them, or, as Dr. Strong tersely puts it, where "the experience of all is available for each."

With a literary department engaged in classifying and cataloguing publications, a before department pre-

paring illustrated reading lectures to be rented, with lantern slides, for a nominal sum or given by one of its staff lecturers, and a publication department which issues a monthly bulletin of social news, the institute is doing a broad work—work which supplements that of the public schools, colleges, and universities by coordinating theoretical knowledge and social forces.

Although primarily for reference, the library circulates publications all over the United States and even in foreign countries. Books and periodicals which may be easily obtained from publishers or found in the public libraries are not lent, but reports of organizations and other pamphlets containing valuable information, and difficult if not impossible to procure shortly after publication, are widely circulated. Whenever possible, duplicate copies of pamphlets are obtained for distribution among those whom they will most benefit. This accomplishes two things: it gives publicity to good work and offers practical suggestions to those in need of them.

Much reference work is done by correspondence, and consists in sending out, upon request, bibliographies upon concrete social questions. These lists are rarely comprehensive, because each inquiry is treated individually, the institute sending precisely what is wanted rather than a bewildering list of references. A most interesting phase of the work is the diversity of requests upon the same topic from widely distant parts of the country—sometimes of the world. A man in Massachusetts may want to know the history of municipal ownership of public utilities, another in Ohio will ask for the arguments against it, another in California for

arguments in favor of it, a Georgian will want both sides, a subject of King Edward will want the situation in the United States, and so on. In this way the institute may be said to have its finger upon the world's pulse, foreseeing tendencies long before they crystallize into definite achievements.

What is now known as the socialization of the school is an instance of this kind. When the institute was first organized, Chicago and New York had vacation schools in connection with the public schools, and, in addition, New York had her fine system of free lectures, but elsewhere no interest was manifested in making the public school the centre of social life in the community. Then, one by one, requests for advice about socializing the schools came from various cities and towns. In the meantime, foreseeing the demand for it, and recognizing it as a new and desirable movement the institute's library department had collected, here, there, and everywhere, every scrap of information obtainable as to what was being done by any association which could be adapted to the use of the public school, and in this way made all possible preparation for supplying such information. To-day, through its wider use, the public school is reaching more people than ever before, and it is thought by many that it will, in time, supplant the social settlement.

Innumerable illustrations could be given, but a few will suffice to show the scope of the institute's work.

During the recent war a Japanese gentleman in Tokio wished to inaugurate a movement for the establishment of a national hospital. He asked for information about hospitals in this country and in Europe,

their construction and management. Reports and photographs of representative hospitals in America and abroad were collected and sent to him, giving precisely the facts he desired. Without such a centre for social advice it probably would have required a personal visit to various countries, consuming valuable time and a great amount of money, to gather the data needed by this gentleman, and at the end of his quest a doubt would have remained whether or not the best places had been visited.

The juvenile court is another example of quick accomplishment through social service. More than twenty-five years ago Massachusetts had a children's court, but not until social work was organized did the idea cross the state line. To-day a majority of our large cities have children's courts.

Within the last year the movement has spread to Great Britain and Ireland. Juvenile courts have been established and are now in operation in Dublin, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and Bradford, and in London and Leeds in a modified form. Still more recently has the institute sent literature to Germany, while in Sweden and Italy it has received evidences of deep interest in the subject.

Within the past few months the tide of immigration has been diverted toward the Southern States in response to a need for labor in that section. Realizing the benefit as well as the danger which immigration brings, the people of the south are casting off their old-time conservatism as an outgrown garment. The institute perceives this awakening through requests for aid from many sources. Among others was one ask-

ing for a study outline upon immigration from all points of view, but particularly as it relates to the south. The organization making the study will form centres of investigation in southern seaport towns for the purpose of learning the best way to assimilate the foreign element soon to become part of its population.

The question is sometimes asked, what has the institute done—what definite, tangible thing has it accomplished?

For one thing it has created a new profession, that of the social secretary, a person employed in factories and department stores to look after the health, comfort, and happiness of the workers. In the human hives which industries have become it is no longer possible for the employer to have a personal knowledge of factory conditions or his employees, hence abuses easily creep in—through nobody's fault, but simply because it is nobody's business to correct them. The social secretary is to do this, to be the point of contact between the firm and its employees.

Pioneers who first took thought for the well-being of working people were regarded as cranks, visionaries who would soon discover the waste-fulness of spending money in beauti-

fying factory surroundings, establishing lunch rooms, and otherwise making life livable for the workers.

As for giving factory girls seats with backs to them, or footstools, or books to read, these things were considered silly coddling. Experience has shown the humanitarian employer wiser than his critics, for improved factory conditions are to-day found profitable for both employer and employed.

Only those in touch with such work can have the faintest idea of the very genuine interest in their working people manifested by many capitalists who have the reputation of being mere money-lovers—of the amount of money they will spend or the lengths to which they will go to add to the pleasure and comfort of their force. The time is rapidly approaching when the sanitary, cheerful factory will be the rule instead of the exception.

The thing most distinctly seen at the institute, the fact which stands out with all the clearness of lightning in a murky sky, is that there is a force which is guiding our destinies, call it God, nature, what you will, ever leading onward and upward, bringing nearer the day which shall give abundant recognition to the brotherhood of man and the unity of life.

Life is a mirror for king and slave,  
'Tis just what you are and do;  
Then give to the world the best you have,  
And the best will come back to you.

# The Pleasures of Old Age

BY MISS HUMPHRY IN LONDON CHRONICLE.

It has been said with a good deal of truth that this is the day of the young man. Our current literature attests this. Newspapers and magazines are full of articles for the young man and the young woman and old men in single suits are the background. An article such as this serves to place it in its right position.

YOUTH cannot believe that age has any pleasures. In the thoughts of the young old age looks dark and dreadful. An atmosphere of twilight grey seems to enfold it. The prospect is all dimness, as seen from the "wild gladness of morning." Must I, even I, some day grow old? wonders the girl or boy in all the riotous joy of youth. It is incredible to them. They feel quite certain that some very beautiful, noble and romantic form of death will relieve them from the horrid doom of growing old.

In the glow and radiance of youth and health it appears impossible that the day should ever come when energies begin to fail, when the fresh, clear skin begins to wrinkle, when the aid of spectacles is begged for by the dimming eyes, and when the happy outlook on existence is changed for one in which thankfulness for small mercies and gratitude for immunities play the prominent part. Take, for instance, the postman's knock. How significant of youth or age is the attitude of mind it causes. Youth is all eager expectation. Age dreads something troublesome or disagreeable.

But let youth be reassured! Age has its pleasures, and many of them are keen and sweet. What ran youth know, in its turbulent effervescent restlessness, its tumultuous emotions, of the calm joy of "pout after stormy seas?" How can the young man, the girl in the pride of youth,

comprehend the pined pleasures of repose! "Rest after toil is sweet," but the young ones have life's business all before them. To them, with their untired capacities, their ardent hopes, repose is but inanity, a futile idleness, a waste of time. Not even in imagination can they understand that after the toilsome climbing of the hill, the weary passing of the summer, age is well content to rest by the wayside, and be a spectator only of the dramas unfolded before them in the lives of others. A kindly spectator, be it understood.

There is little pleasure of any genuine kind in an embittered age which sneers and frowns at those who still enjoy the glory of youth.

"The fallen leaf hates the falling leaf,  
For it hangs a moment longer,"

wrote one who unfairly attributed to mankind things the "hated, malice and all uncharitableness" that our Litany bids humanity to pray against. The nature that has not, in ripening years, grown sweet and mellow cannot forgive the young for their present beautiful gift of youth. And here we get our constant supply of Mrs. Grundies, male and female. The milk of human kindness has curdled in these ancient poisons, and from its sourness they are themselves the greatest sufferers. To enjoy a really happy age one must be in perfect sympathy with youth, remembering that we, too, were once

in Arcadia; that we, too, once felt that exultant spring and rush of hope and life in our veins, and that we, too, once dreaded and detested the very thought of the sum of years we have attained.

In this, as in many other matters, it is the initial step that costs. It is a poignant pang we feel when first we realize that youth has slipped away from us. Usually it is from outside our own consciousness that the news reaches us. We feel as young as ever, and our mirrors have failed in recording any distinct impression of the passage of the years, so gradual have the changes been. To inform us is one of the uses of the candid friend, that unloved acquaintance whom we all possess. Or it may be accidentally that we hear ourselves described, to our astonishment, as middle aged, or elderly, or even old. It is a disagreeable moment to either man or woman, but when the unpleasant intelligence has been assimilated the rest is not so difficult. We are old, and we know it. It is better to be aware of it, and to adapt ourselves to the knowledge.

In the vegetable world there is no growth between late September and the early days of the new year. Human nature has its physical parallel with this. The body ceases to grow when maturity is past; but mental development goes on to the very latest day of life. One of the secrets of a happy old age is in this possibility of growth, and we must see to it that we do not cheat ourselves of it. We may not have the opportunity to increase in knowledge, in scientific or artistic skill, but at least we can improve in patience, in kindly feeling and goodwill to our fellow creatures and the lower creation; in those qualities of industry and per-

severance, of constant endeavor to fill our part in the world to the best of our ability. If we had not our tasks life would be flat and meaningless, stale and commonplace. When youth is past. But we are all learning our lessons, even the oldest of us.

To be perfect in sincerity, which involves absolute justice in all our dealings, is not the requirement of a few years. It needs the practice of a lifetime, the assault of circumstance, the industry and triumph over obstacles that form character and give us insight into the difficulties of other lives. This is one way in which we may always be growing, and in which we sometimes sadly fail to grow. We shirk the lessons set us, forgetting that we must learn them, and that the learning of them will be all the harder if we put it off. Deliberately we stunt ourselves, usually from inertia.

"Too much armchair" has been the grave of many ambitions, the spoiling of many lives. An old Swiss proverb says:

"God has His plan  
For every man."

And every human soul has had its vision, though hardly but a fleeting one, of this divine plan, and of its own possibilities. How often we, in our indolence, our selfishness, our impatience, thwart the great Architect of our lives in this little span of earth. Could we but realize that here is but the foundation, and that a future life will see the structure rise, we should welcome every difficulty, every sorrow, every disappointment, rejoice in every hard-won achievement as means towards a splendid end. To a modern novelist we owe a beautiful thought. "Only God's aristocracy are crucified," he



says, "only a few suffer so." This is the suffering that means development.

The divine plan for every man will surely work out to completion in the end, though many of us in our ignorance hinder it and do our best to spoil the beautiful design.

There is a happiness in growth; no griggish consciousness of improvement, but a satisfaction in increased capacity, in serenity attained, and maintained, in wider outlook on a world of endless interest. Age, too, brings freer communion between mind and mind. Youth is enmeshed with the wonder, the constant surprises of its own existence. "The fever called living." Age has left behind it the turmoil of emotions and is at leisure to observe. The elderly man or woman who is not muffled in indolence, or shut away in egotism, finds the key to many hearts, and is free to study that most captivating and fascinating lore, humanity. This is one of the finest pleasures of age.

Nor is there lacking a keen appreciation of outside things—of flowers,

of trees, the song of birds, the sweet sunshine and soft air, the beauty of a starlit night. No girl nor boy could be more penetrated with a sense of ecstasy in the beauty of the world than the man or woman whose whitened heads proclaim that youth has left them long ago. The loss is never forgotten. It is true. It is with a yearning regret that one remembers the days when youth was ours. But would we have it back again? Would we climb once more the long, long steep ascent, toil upwards once again in "the heat of the sun and the furious winter rages," again be huffed by that long army of circumstances, that, all unknown to ourselves, fortified and built us up and made us staid and unrisen in one? Could we again encounter the assaults of life? Let each of us answer for himself. To some the joys of youth may seem worth all that has been striven for and attained. To others, the "light at eventide" is very beautiful when the shadows are long, indeed, but the golden glory of the sunset lies beyond them.

## The Effects of Habit

I trust everything to habit, upon which, in all ages, the lawgiver, as well as the schoolmaster, has mainly placed his reliance. Habit, which makes everything easy, and casts all difficulties upon a deviation from a wonted course. Make sobriety a habit, and intemperance will be hateful; make prudence a habit, and reckless prodigality will be as contrary to the child, grown or adult, as the most atrocious crimes to any. Give a child the habit of sacredly regarding truth, of carefully respecting the property of others; of scrupulously abstaining from all acts of improvidence which involve him in distress, and he will just as likely thing of tushing into an element in which he cannot breathe as of lying, or cheating, or stealing—Brougham.

## The Strange Creed of Tolstoy

BY REV. CONRAD NOEL IN LONDON CHURCHES.

When the writer of this brief article characterizes Tolstoy as neither a Christian apostle nor a Christian philosopher, the reader protests. What then is Tolstoy's creed, which has apparently won the masses, if not the respect, of many people? It will be found tersely expressed in the following paragraphs.

BACK to Nature, Back to the Land, Back to the Gospels, so runs the popular watchwords; but are they not mutually contradictory? Is it by no means evident that a return to nature involves a return to Gospels written with the express purpose of supplementing nature by grace; and the land-hackers should ponder the fact that the Gospel did not commend itself to the simple lifers of the country-side, but spread like wildfire among the complex lifers of the Greek cities. Possibly they were tired of complexities, but, on the other hand, they were proud of their "life" as citizens, and heartily despised the "mere existence" of the villager, and with all this took to the Christian religion as a duck takes to water. In any case, I think we may safely say that the statement about God making the country and man the town would have puzzled the "citizen of no mean city" exceedingly.

Among the many thousands who are playing with the notions first enunciated by Lot's wife, and used as an effective title at a later date by Mr. Edward Bellamy, one meets *several* who are not only looking but walking backwards; they get terribly bruised in the process, banging into civil institutions, and bashing the back of their heads against the sharp edges of the Catholic Church, but they continue their progression by retrogression undismayed, amid the plaudits of the mob who are looking neither backward nor forward, but only looking on, and shouting hoarsely, "at any rate you are sincere."

But no one asks, "why go back?" Everyone assumes that Tolstoy is the really consistent Christian, although we can't all of us live so rigidly. But why not? One hardly ever sees his ideas seriously challenged. He has hacked out of civilization—such civilization as exists in Russia, and everybody applauds. He mistakes the anarchy known in Russia as administration for the real thing, and anathematizes all government; and everybody says, how unpractical and strictly Christian! He dismisses liturgies and ceremonies as "hoax," and everybody says, how primitive! The church registers his opposition to her principles and traditions by a sentence of excommunication. And everybody says, how intolerant!

Tolstoy notices that civilization is different from savagery, the mass from the mass in the upper chamber, the Catholic religion from the Gospel, and in that they are different the latter phases are self-condemned. It may be so, but why assume it? Is the oak self-condemned because it differs from the acorn?

Leo Tolstoy is a convert, a saint, a leader of great force and integrity, a realist within certain narrow limits, but he is neither a Christian apostle nor a Christian philosopher. A man who has never faced the theory of Catholic development, the most suggestive hypothesis of modern theology, can hardly be taken seriously as theologian or philosopher. Tolstoy is a parochial casuist.

People used sneeringly to say, he does not practice what he preaches. They can hardly say that now. Tol-

story owes his enormous power—a power that reaches to the ends of the earth—to intense earnestness and fulgent convictions. He reminds one of Ibsen's "Brand." It is "all or nothing" with him. Opposition on the score of insincerity is dumb before such a cry as this: "My heart is breaking with despair because we have all lost the road; and while I struggle with all my strength to find it and keep in it, you, instead of pitying me when I go astray, cry triumphantly. See! He is in the swamp with us!"

Men can never get right with God until they get right with one another. The shirkers feast while the workers starve. Some men are overworked and undrest to produce food and houses and raiment for idlers and gluttons. Justice is the basis of the Christian religion. Set your foundations in order. So far Leo Tolstoy's creed has at least the implicit support of the Gospel. People should learn to get their own living, and cease picking the pockets of the poor. Many physical diseases and mental maladies come upon a society which has forsaken justice. Games and gymnastics are no true substitute for manual labor.

But up to this point he has no quarrel with Catholic tradition, as expressed in papalistic authorities or the schoolmen, or in even so modern, prosaic, and local a form of our English Church: Catechism. He now proceeds to spoil his ease by battling not against class luxuries worn by hungry workers, but against luxury itself. He denounces the Life of the Senses. The virtue of magnificence is for him a vice. He confuses sensuousness with sensuality. Marriage is the fallen life. The pro-

creation of children is disgusting. Patriotism is a crime. He wars not against the sinful lusts of the flesh, but against all human lusts. He is intolerant of human desire. How can he wrest the Scriptures into conformity with his creed? He himself has suffered from the black blush of the Russian censor; he now steals the censorial brush and blacks out whole passages. Cana of Galilee must go, not in obedience to any law of textual criticism, but because miracles are silly, alcohol poisonous, and marriage filthy. On the same principle he should have substituted the word "spirit" for "flesh" in the sentence "they twain shall be one flesh." He is sorely puzzled by Christ's conversation of wine in the blessed sacrament. Tolstoy hates the sacrament, and considers all intoxicants devilish. What does he make of Christ's contrast of himself with John Baptist, flesh-eater and wine-drinker with vegetation and teetotaler?

Again his are not always sins of omission. He often adds to the text. "Resist not the evil man," becomes "Do no physical violence to the evil man." He explains away the incident of the scourging of the Temple money-changers, and tells us that Christ forbade the use of physical strength against any man under any circumstances. For the positive command, "Love me another," is substituted the negative command, "Do not knock one another about." You must not even physically prevent the torture of children or animals. He negates his theory with the terrifying logic of the insane. In the interests of Universal Abstract Humanity he urges cruelty, negligence and crime.

## Great Britain's Unique Battleship

BY POMPEUS IN FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

Now that the huge new battleship, the "Dreadnought," is nearing completion in full view of all the world at Portsmouth, some details of her construction can be given, which were previously kept concealed. In the course of a monthly article on this magnificent battleship, the writer gives the following information about the size, construction and equipment of the ship.

WHAT are the dominating features of the Dreadnought?

She will displace nearly 18,000 tons of water when ready for service, will be propelled by turbines of the Parsons type, with four propellers, will have a trial speed of over 21 knots an hour—equivalent to 25 statute miles—will carry ten 12 in. guns of a new type of a most destructive character for use in line of battle, and twenty-four quick-firers, particularly handy for repelling torpedo craft, supplemented by five submerged torpedo tubes as in all recent battleships. She has no ram, because a ram is as dangerous to attacker as attacked, but she is specially strengthened forward. Her funnels will be fitted to burn oil as well as coal, of which she will have sufficient to carry her to Quebec and back without re-coaling. The Dreadnought will be practically unsinkable, because her hull is divided into a great number of water-tight compartments with no doors or other communication such as led to the rapid sinking of the ill-fated Victoria; officers and men having to pass from one compartment to another will be conveyed in lifts—a unique feature of this ship—up to the main deck, and then down into the compartment to be visited in other lifts, which means real subdivision of the ship and at the same time tends to save time. It is understood that there is a special arrangement of the double bottom and sides which will render the Dreadnought largely

immune from destruction by torpedo or mine, while her shell rooms and magazines are so arranged that it will be humanly impossible for her to share the fate of the Russian battleship, *Petrovskiy*, which, struck by a mine which exploded all the accumulative explosives in the forward end, was sent to the bottom in a few terrible seconds with almost her entire crew.

Abandoning phrases trenching on technicities, it may be said that the Dreadnought is a combination of five powerful sea-going fortresses. Visitors to Spithead are familiar with the forts that rise from the water off Southsea. This new man-of-war consists of five such circular forts, or redoubts, which rise from the bottom of the ship, through the armored deck, to the upper deck, where they are capped with revolving turrets, each containing two 12 in. guns. Each redoubt is thickly armored and is entirely separate and self-contained, with an ample supply of ammunition. Round these five redoubts the ship has been constructed with a belt of armor varying in thickness from about 6 in. to 11 in., so that where the guns are placed there is a double defense, (1) the belt, and (2) the redoubts' armor. From end to end of the ship runs an armored deck, and beneath this, with the armor of the belt and the armor of the bulkheads on the four sides, the powerful engines and the water-tube boilers are placed.

In every former British ship the

admiral, captain, and officers have lived in the after part of the vessel, while their work has been chiefly in the forward part. This is changed in the Dreadnought. Officers will have their accommodation underneath the scene of their work, and lifts are being made so that they may be "run," in an emergency, from their messroom to the bridge directly above them. A complete bakery is being installed to enable the crew to have bread, instead of hard biscuit, even at sea. The vessel will be heated in winter and ventilated in summer as completely as a mail steamer. Instead of little round ports she will have windows of a large size so as to let in plenty of light and air—as much as we have in our rooms ashore—and in every minute detail the fittings and equipment customary in British ships have been scrutinized with a view to incorporating in this vessel the most convenient and serviceable features and eliminating all unnecessary weights. In place of steamboats she will have motor boats, because the internal combustion engine will soon be as general in small craft afloat as it is becoming in the streets of London.

The essential features of the design of the Dreadnought are simplicity of armament, concentration in fighting power, and cheapness. She carries only two types of guns, the best and smallest effective big gun for battle and the lightest efficient small gun for anti-torpedo work. She has no medium weapons. The result of this policy is an increase of effective destructive power with a considerable saving of weight, a great gain in gun protection, and an improvement in fire control organization.

Accuracy of fire in these days of long-distance fighting—at anything

from three to five miles—depends upon "fire control," that is, on each gun's crew acting on the directions as to range, etc., of an officer from his place of vantage high above the ship and given by electrical and other means of communication; and for each type of battle gun not only must separate communication be installed and the storage and quick supply of ammunition be complicated, but separate "fire control" instructions have to be issued. In the Dreadnought there will only be two types of guns—the 12 in., of 58 tons, with a muzzle velocity of 2,900 foot-seconds, which is the heaviest and most powerful gun that can be conveniently mounted afloat, and the new 12-pounder, for repelling attacks by torpedo craft. There being only two types of guns, there will be only two sizes of projectiles to store, which leads to economy of room and weight in the shell-rooms and magazines and to efficiency in fire control, as the gunnery officer will have only one set of calculations to make in long-range battle, when the 12 in. guns alone will be fired. Consequently, simplicity in armament, apart from other results, is an economy in weight and an advantage in the control—on which success in battle at modern ranges will largely hinge—while the simplification of the magazine arrangements behind the armored belt and beneath the armored deck enables a measure of armor protection to be afforded to the few larger storehouses of the two kinds of projectiles, which, with a multiplicity of different magazines, has been physically impossible. Similarly, in mounting the guns themselves, the fact that there are only ten big weapons to be considered, instead of eighteen as in the case of the King Edward VII, leads to more complete

arrangements for armor protection not so much of the turrets in which the guns' crews work—here the defence has always been adequate—but of the ammunition supply from below, of the mechanism for elevating or depressing the gun and for pointing it in the desired direction, and of the whole foundation, or redoubt, on which the gun rests. It is possible to give an adequacy of protection to ten big guns, their ammunition supply, and their magazines, which has never been found practicable in the case of men-of-war carrying from sixteen to eighteen pieces of artillery of the main and secondary armament. At the same time a far more effective system of "fire control" can be installed when there is but one type of big gun for battle fighting instead of three, as in the King Edward VII class, and in case of a fleet being damaged it will probably be a much easier task to refit the less injured ships from the more injured by exchanges owing to the standardization of mountings which can be adapted in the Dreadnought.

There is also another overwhelming advantage in getting rid of the intermediary armament—guns used no longer be placed between decks where the sighting is difficult and where the seas come in owing to the seariness of the guns to the water, rendering them useless in anything but calm weather. Anyone who doubts this need only be reminded of those costly failures, the "County" class of armored cruisers, with their drenched 6 in. guns. Last, but not least, in the Dreadnought it has not been necessary to put on the sides a great thickness of armor and then, at vast expense, to cut huge holes in it—wrecking it to practical uselessness—in order to allow for the gunports.

Again, in her mechanical equipment

this ship is peculiarly simple. In contrast with reciprocating engines her turbines will be cheaper and will be more easily protected against injury; owing to the absence of heavy bearings, which are the cause of reciprocating engines, and lead to endless trouble at times, breakdowns are less likely to occur, upkeep will be less costly, and a smaller staff in the engine-room will be sufficient. Unless experience in the two score or so of big ships of the mercantile and passenger services, already provided with turbine installations, is entirely misleading, the repair bill of the Dreadnought will be much less heavy than in the case of vessels fitted with reciprocating engines. The economy in lubricating oils alone will be beyond present belief. The expenditure on this head—a heavy item in present ships—will be practically nil. It is extraordinary how little even the technical engineering world yet realizes the full significance of the turbine and the full measure of the revolution in the engine-room which it will accomplish in the near future, in the simplicity of the whole system of propulsion and in the reduction of the number of officers and men. Fearful people who are afraid of their own shadows, and are the first to praise enterprise and foresight abroad to the disparagement of their own countrymen, exclaim, "But, you see, Germany and France are not adopting the turbine system!" No other country, it is true, has yet decided to fit the turbine in big ships, for the very simple reason that no other nation has produced an Hon. Charles Parsons to materialize in a perfect engine the nebulous dreams of mariner engineers. The type of turbine which is fitted in the new Cunard Atlantic "fiers," and will be employed in all British men-of-

war, is a British invention, and it has been tested in Great Britain as no other turbine has been tested abroad, and it has proved conspicuously successful.

It is a mistake, by the way, to say that the speed of the Dreadnought—an advantage of three or four knots—has been gained at the expense of gun-power and protection. The improvement of speed is due to better "lines" than in former ships, to the splendid triumph of the water-tube boiler—which all naval engineers now fully admit—and to the fact that, owing to the gain in weight attained by the use of turbines, it has been practicable to install more boiler and engine power in this one hull than has ever before been incorporated in any man-of-war intended for the line of battle, and yet to provide the roomiest engine-rooms in any existing man-of-war. A British battleship should mark the highest possible concentration of gun-power, with adequate protection, and with at least a knot more speed than any foreign battleship. The Dreadnought will have the advantage of speed over any warship of the first-class afloat.

Though she will cost only £300,000 more than each of the six French battleships of the *Patric* class now building, the Dreadnought will be equivalent in fighting power at modern ranges to two such vessels. She will have a broadside of eight 12 in. guns to the four which either of these ships can use, and a fire ahead or astern of six of these big weapons to the two which the French ship could bring to bear, while she is far more invulnerable to attack owing to the arrangements for her protection. The same argument applies with greater force to most German battleships.

The size of the Dreadnought is great—conducive to a short, handy line of battle, since there will be fewer, but more powerful, ships in a fleet than at present—but owing to her four propellers and the special construction of her stern she has the appearance of being at least as handy as any existing man-of-war. Not even the most expert designers can "put a quart into a pint pot," and therefore the Dreadnought with her ten 12 in. guns and speed of over 21 knots will displace about 18,000 tons of water. Increase of size, as any observer of the ship in dock can see, has meant no increase in draught, and the Dreadnought will not only be able to enter any dock as easily as, and more easily than, most British battleships, but she will be able to pass through the Suez Canal without such lightening as the battleship *Victorious* of only 15,000 tons had to undergo on her voyage to China. The "lines" of this newest British man-of-war mark a new departure, and it is no slight matter for congratulation that such an unparalleled concentration of power, gun-fire protection, and speed has been possible in a hull conforming to essential docking and other measurements.

The Dreadnought will be a magnificent addition to the fleet—a ship unique in all respects, and cheap in first cost as in maintenance, for she will require far fewer officers and men than previous 15,000-ton battleships. Owing to Admiralty policy Great Britain has gained a start of over a year in the new construction necessitated by the war in the Far East, and the details of the design of special importance still fortunately remain a secret to all, save possibly one foreign Admiralty, which, it is rumored, has given a large sum for the Dreadnought's design.

## Spiritualism Defined.

BY ISABELLA C. BLACKWOOD IN MONTHLY REVIEW

While there is a great division of opinion on the subject of spiritualism, yet there are few people who do not give a passing thought to it. The statement given in this article is a clear one and should serve as those measuring light as this subject. For a record of actual experiences, our readers should refer to the articles in its entirety in the Monthly Review.

**SPIRITUALISM**—the study of the occult sciences—what is it?

And why is it so often spoken of with ridicule, or in mysterious whispers, as a subject we are ashamed to mention? Does it bring to our minds darkness, untoward noises, ghostly sounds, and unearthly appearances, in connection with fraud, falsehood, and wilful imposition? Or is it connected in our minds with ourselves—to-be, with our departed friends, with the world of "the unseen," "the hereafter," "the islands of the blessed?"

It is often looked upon as tempting Providence, whatever that may mean, to think of our lives in the unknown future, that is, of our lives after we leave this world and our present bodies. Somehow we seem so interested in this life, so anxious to enjoy it, to get rich, to be somebody, that we have no time to think of the next life. Our friends and acquaintances fall and disappear into the "shadow land," and still we press on like the racers St. Paul speaks of, afraid even to look round, for fear of falling ourselves. It is the utter nonsense which is so often mixed up with spiritualism that makes the very term a byword. But let us look at some facts connected with it. Unless we be atheists we must believe in some future state, good, bad, or indifferent. This present life is simply an evolution which leads to higher evolutions still.

Many people say: "What is the use of seeking? You will find nothing; such things are God's secrets,

which He keeps to Himself." There always have been people who liked ignorance better than knowledge. By this kind of reasoning nothing would ever have been known in this world. If the soul is immortal, and if heaven is to be its future home, a knowledge of the soul cannot but be in some way associated with a knowledge of heaven. Is not infinite space the domain of eternity? Spiritualism, like religion, has been put to many uses with which it has but very slight connection. We know how all human aspirations protest against annihilation. Think for a moment what is death in nature! Everything that dies—flowers, trees, etc.—passes on again into life; nothing, even on earth, is wasted by death, but through it passes into fuller, richer life. The flowers that die all pass on to make more things live. It is through death that we pass to life; thus everything is used for life—even death itself. The idea of immortality was not born of bibles or manufactured by priests; it was born in the human heart. This mortal existence is but a fragment of life. The idea of immortality has been a mighty force in all ages; an ideal before the hearts and minds of men and women, strengthening, cheering, and comforting them under bereavement, and moving them to high heroic endeavor.

"L'immortalité de l'âme," wrote Pascal, "est une chose qui nous importe si fort, qu'il nous tene si profondément, qu'il faut avoir perdu

tout sentiment pour être dans l'indifférence de savoir ce qui en est."

Spiritualism, then, proclaims the message of the spirit people, that there is no death; that spirits are human still; that they are where they are and what they are, as the result of the life lived here. If spiritualism is true, then the departed are still human beings who are affected by the results of their past life experiences; all that individualized them and distinguished one from the other continues to characterize them after death. Now this means that the individual goes on, and is enabled, with more or less success, to continue to employ his powers and to lead his own life.

Modern spiritualism has not only affirmed the revelation by spirits themselves of the future life, but it has paved the way for the modern scientific theory of evolution, by proving that there is a progressive law by which all earth-forces are enabled to reach a higher expression and a more complicated organism. It has done even more than this, for it has affirmed, with no uncertain sound, the continuity of the same laws of evolution in the spirit-life; and, farther, it has affirmed that if you wish to know the origin of the life of man, you must go behind the mere result. In tracing man's upward march from conditions of pre-historic ignorance, it is not enough for you to trace the "footprints on the sands of time;" you must go behind the phenomenal into the sphere of causation, and recognize that life is spiritual all the time. So, as I have already said, death is but an incident—the closing of one door and the opening of another; the spirit going from the body into the spiritual world. You are as much a spirit now as you will be when you

lay the body aside. Then you will awake to consciousness, and be surprised to find how real and how natural it all is. You will be met and welcomed by friends you knew and people who loved you.

The other world is a world of law and order. The same principles and methods of growth and attainment obtain there as here, but upon the higher plane their operations are discernible with greater clearness and precision; the moral law becomes more apparent. Men there begin to see themselves as they are, not as they were thought to be.

The message spiritualism brings from the returning dead, then is the gospel of life—not of death; of knowledge—not of ignorance; of health and happiness—not of sorrow and misery.

"Oh!" you say, "knowledge is dangerous; knowledge will lead you astray; don't you know that 'a little knowledge is a dangerous thing?'—you must not follow in that path."

The remedy for a little knowledge is to get more—not less.

Now, supposing that what I say is true, and granting, for argument's sake, that man in the spirit-world is the same man, bearing a similar relationship to other men, and to his surroundings; his conditions very little in advance of those he experienced on earth; his mental, moral, and spiritual powers being in exact proportion to, and resulting from, those he possessed while here, what message would these men have to you? What bearing have these facts upon your present life, if you recognize that the spirits are human still, and that our claims are true? That they are true has been demonstrated in millions of instances by returning spirits, who, by fragmentary utterances, telepathic messages, inspira-

tional influences—by drawings, trances, visions, writings, and demonstrations of various kinds, have succeeded in their efforts to impinge upon the consciousness of man, and impress upon him the reality of intelligent, rational, and progressive life after death. It will assuredly change your ideas as to what you are. It will convince you that in your essential self you are a spirit—divine and good, naturally immortal, because you are a spirit, and progressive in the manifestation of your spiritual powers and possibilities, as consciousness deepens and knowledge increases.

On the other hand, if we believe that death, which seems so real, is the end; what is the use of human life? What the object of all its experiences, its hopes, desires, loves, and lessons? If man lives after the

change called death, he lives as a man, or it would not be life.

But what are the facts of the future life? What are the actual conditions of the departed?

Only from the returning dead can you receive the information that will enable you to understand the actual conditions of life hereafter, the bearing of the future state upon your present life, and the influence of the present motives, actions, and endeavors upon your future.

Therefore spiritualism, the science of the spirit in all its modes of manifestation, both here and hereafter, is the only means whereby the thoughtful, spiritually-minded man—the earnest truth-seeker—can obtain light upon the purpose, the meaning, and the use of death, and estimate the present life at its true worth.

## Everyday Mottos

I will find a way or make one.

I will spend as much time as I can outdoors.

I will not be simply good. I will be good for something.

My every action shall tend to some point, and be perfect in its kind.

I will bear in mind that fame at the cost of honor is dearly bought.

I will not stand and cry; I will press forward and remove the difficulty.

I will remember that very few men have as many faults as their friends accuse them of.

I will remember that there is only one real failure in life possible, and that is not to be true to the best one knows.

# Britain's Oldest Industry

BY WOOD SMITH, IS THE BRITISH WORKMAN

It is curious how even in this enlightened century, with all its wonderful appliances, there should still be a demand for the appliances of a great time. The days of lightning fire with flint and steel would appear to have been long since over, but strange to say there is still a demand for flint for this purpose.

THAT Britain's oldest industry should be a slowly decaying one is only to be expected, and the fact is simply the natural consequence of the progress of time. Father Time, indeed, has been, and is, the only competitor with whom the flint workers of Brandon have to fight, and it goes without saying that they must, sooner or later, acknowledge defeat. One can scarcely imagine a great demand in this twentieth century for the weapons and implements of the Stone Age, and the wonder is, not that this industry should be decaying, but that it really exists at all, and that, moreover, a considerable business is still conducted. Truth is stranger than fiction, and it is an astonishing but little known fact, that flint weapons are still used in many parts of the world, and in some instances actually preferred to modern weapons, on account of their greater utility. While this demand continues—and long may it do so—the flint workers of the quaint old Suffolk town will be kept busy.

The most ancient use of flint was probably for sharp weapons and cutting instruments, such as arrowheads, axes and knives of all kinds, and it is claimed that the continuity of this industry can be traced at Brandon in unbroken sequence to the early prehistoric periods, when flint was excavated from the bowels of the earth with stone tools and picks made of the antlers of the red deer. It does not require much imaginative power to picture, in the mind's eye, the warriors of ancient Britain bartering

and fighting for the possession of a valuable Brandon flint, or to see them wandering from distant parts of the country to this celebrated district in order to procure the weapons necessary for the chase, or for deadly combat with their fellow-men. Even in those early days Brandon flints must have acquired a considerable reputation.

Flint, from its conchoidal fracture, is the only kind of stone that is capable of being readily worked into a variety of shapes, and this is most likely the principal reason why the paleolithic implements have been formed almost exclusively of this material. The various methods of manufacture have in all ages been much the same—the main difference being that in ancient times the tools used were of bone and stone, whereas they are now made of steel.

The manufacture of gun-flints was at one time a considerable industry at Brandon, and was stimulated by great activity during the French wars. The trade, however, received a severe blow from the introduction of percussion caps in the year 1835. Previous to that event it was not at all an unimportant thing for ten tons of finished flints to be turned out from one workshop. Another heavy blow was the introduction of lucifer matches, which soon superseded the use of the flint and steel for igniting the tinder, once the common method of fire-making in every household, which is within the recollection of many persons living to-day.

It will be interesting news to many

that quantities of these "strike-a-light" flints are still manufactured at Brandon, and that many thousands were supplied to the War Office for the use of the troops in the late South African campaign. They are made in several forms, the most compact being small enough for the waistcoat pocket. It contains a flint, a steel striker, and a small piece of fuse, and its utility in many out of the way parts of the world can be appreciated. Matches are soon rendered useless by damp, and in some climates, under the penetrating rays of the sun, are liable to ignition. Many an explorer or hunter in uncivilized regions would frequently find himself awkwardly placed, were he not in happy possession of a Brandon "strike-a-light."

The stone from which the flints are made comes from the Ling Heath, a large common situate about a mile from Brandon. The general appearance of the locality may be imagined. The aspect is, naturally, barren and desolate, being simply a waste land. Mr. W. Southwell is the oldest digger now in Brandon. He has two sons doing the same work, and with some other men make up the number of stone workers; these, with some twenty "flakers" and "knappers," comprise the total number employed in this most interesting industry.

The stone lies in well-marked strata, of which the lowest is the most highly prized. In order to raise the flints, pits are sunk by diggers experienced in the work, to the depth of about forty feet, where the floor stone is found. The work of sinking a pit is carried out by successive stages. A digger works down to a distance of six feet; here the shaft in the chalk is made; then the shaft is continued a few feet at a time at right angles to each other, and in a

slanting direction, called locally, runs on the "ash." By the time the bottom is reached the chalk has been undercut something like a couple of yards. Burrows are then driven through the solid walls, and radiate from the central opening. Jams are left to support the roof, as in coal mining.

It takes about three weeks for one man to sink a pit. Pick and shovel are the tools used and the work is done by candlelight. The digger works lying on his side, or sitting in a cramped and constrained posture. He uses a one-sided iron pick, with which he removes the chalk below the slab of flint, and then prizes the stone down by the help of a short crowbar. It is afterwards broken up and carried to the surface upon the head of a second workman, who deposits it on the stages left at the side of the mainshaft, and climbs up after it, repeating the process till he gains the open-air with his load. Here the stone is stacked sideways, covered with dry fern and fir-boughs (to prevent the sun and wind from changing its color), in heaps averaging one ton in weight.

Nothing is more remarkable in flint mining than the total absence of all labor-saving appliances, such as windlasses, or even ladders, for raising the stone. The comparatively small number of men engaged in the business (even during its most flourishing period), and the lack of capital to pay for improved plant, must, we imagine, be held answerable for this state of things.

Roughly speaking, there are three processes in flint manufacture, viz., "quartering," "flaking" and "knapping." The first two are generally carried on by a single workman.

Seated on a three-legged stool, the workman's first task is to "quarter"

the stone. He takes a big stone in his left hand, and holding it on his left thigh, strikes the stone a peculiar rap with a hammer. The stone is broken into more convenient pieces, about six inches square, and from these the "flakes" are struck. This is, perhaps, the most difficult and delicate operation, requiring a true eye and a certain hand. Hammers of various sizes and shapes are used, and the "flaker," with a remarkable nirety of aim, strikes off strips from the whole outer edge of the stone, until nothing but the conical core remains. A smart "flaker" will produce several thousand flakes a day.

In the operation of "knapping" the workman sits in front of a bench, and holding the flint flake, with its fore upwards upon an iron stake driven into a large block of wood, and projecting an inch or two above the surface, he strikes the flint a sharp rap with a peculiarly flat-shaped hammer, and cuts off pieces the shapes and sizes required for the various purposes to which they are to be put. The size of the flint is judged by the eye alone. They are then trimmed to a uniform shape by means of a series of rapid and nicely calculated strokes, and in this way a skilled knapper will produce from 3,000 to 4,000 finished flints in a day. The men to which these flints are still put may be gathered from a brief description of a set I have before me as I write. The largest piece, measuring 2 1/2 in. by 1 1/2 in., is used for the "strike-a-lights" already referred to; a piece about two-thirds the size is known as a "special musket;" then there is "second musket," which is slightly smaller; a piece an inch square is used for horse-pistols, and other smaller pieces are employed for carbines and pocket pistols.

The flints are packed in wooden tubs, and shipped off to the East and West Coasts of Africa, parts of America, and other places where a demand still exists for these useful articles. It is stated that in one year a knapper has made nearly half a million flints for exportation, chiefly to the Gold Coast.

But besides supplying the demand for flints for the antiquated muskets, horse pistols, and tinder boxes of our great grandfathers, which, as we have seen, are still in use in this enlightened century, the Brandon stone workers receive orders for ornamental flint for building purposes. In East Anglian churches squared flints have been used for centuries to ornament the porches, towers, etc., but I understand that at present one of the principal uses of flint is in the manufacture of fine earthenware, into the composition of which it enters, being for this purpose first calcined, then thrown into cold water, and afterwards powdered.

We have said that Britain's oldest industry is a slowly departing one, and this must be so, apart from all other considerations, from the fact that as the old flint workers die there is no one to take their place. The unhealthiness of the work drives youths from remaining at it for any length of time. Consumption plays such frightful havoc in the ranks of the knappers that only an exceptionally strong man, and a very careful one withal, can escape it. This fell destroyer has swept away whole families. How the disease originates is plain—by inhaling the particles of flint. They float in the air, and are drawn into the lungs, where they speedily make their presence felt. Nobody, broadly speaking, can withstand them very long if they are

taken in at every breath, though, of course, it should be possible to avoid doing that. The fact remains, however, that boys, when they leave school, sometimes take to knapping, for the reason that they can earn more at this occupation than at ordinary farm laboring, but, by and by, they drop out of the trade, and thus

the number of skilled flint workers becomes less and less, and must, sooner or later, by the ordinary process of time, disappear altogether.

We hope, on account of so ancient and interesting an industry, and for the sake of the Brandon community of flint workers, that the inevitable will be long delayed.

## A Lesson About Consumption

BY EDUARD WOOD IN EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

In the course of an article on the progress of the campaign against consumption, Eugene Wood gives our readers some facts about the disease and about the remedies which should be used. He is strong in his condemnation of a policy which permits expectoration in public places without severe punishment.

IT is news, in a way, to know that The Great White Plague is enormously more curable when it is taken in its very earliest stages than when it is allowed to run on a little while. Don't lose time about it. When you don't come right back to par after having had pneumonia, or the gripe, or an extra hard cold; when you feel lassitude after any kind of lung trouble (and the best men are coming to look at pleurisy as something a good deal more serious than a mere stitch in the side; they are pretty sure it is a tuberculous affection); when your afternoon temperature, taken at different hours, four, five, six and eight o'clock, is higher than it ought to be, don't imagine that you will save time by waiting. You will be a long time dead. Worse than that, you will be a long time dying. Consumption is a reasonably comfortable death, but an expensive one, since you hang on for so long without being able to earn anything. Find out if you have the least little touch of it. Then drop everything, except the business of getting well. You for

the outdoor life twenty-four hours out of the twenty-four! You for eggs and milk to the limit of your digestive capacity! You for rest, and the careless mind, and gentle exercise under medical supervision. (Easy to say, isn't it?)

It is also a small item of news that for light-haired, blue-eyed people to live out of doors where it is always bright and sunny is a mistake when they have tuberculosis, for then they haven't any too much strength, and the glaring light falling upon skins and eyes unprovided with dark pigmentation to absorb it is a source of irritation and fidgets, which makes recovery rather difficult. A cloudier climate is better for blonds, and there is nothing dangerous or unsuitable in a damp climate so long as the patient is kept comfortable. This additional item will be gall and wormwood to the Get-Strong-Quickists: Those who don't care for most are very likely to die of tuberculosis.

What remains unchanged, and, no matter what discoveries are made by science, will always remain unchanged, is that whatever recoveries are

made from this disease are made solely and simply by the patient's own self. Somehow or other he has got in his lungs a patch of vegetables growing, tiny, tiny little plants like those in mold, or yeast, only immeasurably smaller. The old-fashioned salt-rising bread was fermented by wild yeast that settled out of the air up on the wetted floor. Sweet milk turns sour from these little floating plants that settle in it, and begin to grow. The bacillus of tuberculosis starts inbreeds in the lungs. These cavity-soften, and are ejected by the lungs in coughing. A dry cough will spray the air full of these germs; a loose cough will deposit the sputum on the sidewalk where it will dry, he trodden to powder, whirled about in the wind for healthy people to breathe, and so start up new implantations of these bacilli. Dr. Knopf says that an advanced case of consumption will eject about seven billions of these germs every twenty-four hours.

The air is full of dust, which is for the most part germs. The patient breathes these germs in. They settle on the sore spot, and set up what is called "a mixed infection." The germs of boils are there, pus-making germs and yeasts of every kind. The blood fights hard to kill them all. There is fever in this effort of the system to fight the invaders, just as there is turmoil in a country attacked by its enemies. If that country cannot make good the losses that the war entails, it is conquered. But if it can feed its soldiers in the field, and send more and more fresh troops to the field, it wins. So if the human system can more than make good the losses it sustains from fighting these invaders, it wins the victory; if not, the fever burns it up. All medicine upsets the digestion. We weren't made to thrive on iron and

quinin and strychnin; we cannot live on drug-store stuff. Our stomachs rebel against it. The only things that do us good are tasty food, pure water, and a lot more fresh air than we ordinarily get. Plenty of sleep enables us to heal up the ravages of the disease, and if we are so fixed that we need not worry about our board being paid while we get well, that helps a lot too. But it might as well be understood by all that no medicine—I don't care what it is, or who says it is good—no medicine will cure consumption. The patient's body has to be made strong by food, and fresh air, and rest, and if a cure is possible it will be made. Anybody who announces that he has a medicine for sale that will cure consumption is a deliberate murderer and swindler who wants your money so badly that he will kill you to get it away from you.

The day is past now when men could dispute that consumption is a disease communicated, and not inherited. The day is past when the method of communicating that disease was a mystery. But we try so intensely to escape unpleasant things that we want to avoid even the bare mention of them. Good breeding forbids it. Good breeding forbids a lady to open a conversation with a man to whom she has not been properly introduced; but if the conversation related to a ten-ton safe which was falling from the sixth story and would probably land upon the head of a man, I can conceive of a perfect lady mentioning the matter to him, though he were an entire stranger. Also, since it is a matter of life and death to one in every nine of us that walk along the streets, to one in every three that die between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five—ah, that's the cruel thing about consumption!—I feel myself somewhat

justified in presuming to say that this terrible toll we pay to the captain of the men of death is due entirely to spitting.

The air is full of germs of disease that hope to find a lodgment some place where they can grow and multiply. They want to live as well as we. Our mouths secrete a germicide, of which we take advantage when we instinctively suck a fresh cut. The flowing blood is a germ-killer and the hemorrhages of a consumptive are remedial processes, not something to get scared about. The nasal passages and the windpipe secrete a gummy substance on which these germs, that have no power to move themselves, stick fast. From our noses, throats, and lungs we eject this sputum, and since the air is full of germs the healthiest man in clearing his throat is expelling what would kill him if he gave it anything like a fair chance. A false nicety would prompt him to swallow what he thus expels. But that is dangerous. The germs may find an opportunity to give him tuberculosis of the bowels. And it is not absolutely certain that the germs which start tuberculosis of the lungs always come thither by the way of the air breathed in. Some think they may be carried there by the ingested food. What is rejected by the body is well away from the body. It should be got rid of, but in such a way as not to imperil the lives of others.

When the New York Board of Health prosecutes a spitter, you never see a word about it in the newspapers to lead any one to suppose that the fine was imposed for anything else than a mere exercise of despotic authority, and an attempt to force gentlemanly behavior upon the uncouth. It is a murderous practice to spit where others may bring the infection into a house on shoes

or on skirts; where it may dry and become a powder to be sent into the air to be breathed into the lungs. Fortunately most of us are able to resist and overcome a pretty strong implantation of these germs, but the strongest man will succumb to a big enough implantation, and what is ejected from the respiratory passages of a well man may be just the required amount to turn the scale, to mean death instead of recovery.

In a less complex life, no particular thought needs to be given to the disposal of our exuviae. The fresh air and the sunlight take care of them. But in our air-tight houses, living all huddled together the way we do, we have to dispose of such things in a way that will not endanger the lives of others. Cholera and typhoid fever have taught us some needed lessons in tidiness; consumption should teach us more. In every street there ought to be places kept continually wet where we may spit. In every public place of assembly, churches, theatres, street cars, elevated and underground stations, there ought to be cuspidors. It isn't the least bit of good to threaten people for doing what they must do, unless some convenience is offered to behave tidily. So long, however, as we give the street car companies the right to use our public streets to make money for themselves, so long as we bumbly put up with whatever service they find they can render us without putting themselves out a particle, I suppose it is useless to expect those corporations to furnish spittoons, though we should die in windows.

The hope that ultimately it may get around to everybody that consumption can be prevented because it is communicated only by the ejected matter from the nose, throat, and



hangs; the hope that as soon as any one finds he has the least touch of the disease, he will instantly begin to take care of himself, by living the outdoor life, by resting from work

and worry, and by eating plentifully of nourishing food—that's pretty faint encouragement for the conviction that this great white plague can be exterminated.

## New Orleans' War Against Mosquitos

BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS IN MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

Through the suppression of three United States army officers it was proved that the source of infection in a yellow fever epidemic was a species of mosquito. One knowledge enabled the people of New Orleans to wage a successful war against the yellow fever this, so called summer. The story of the struggle of this nation, the mosquito is an absorbing and that of any war in history.

ALL the world of science now knows that yellow fever is transmitted by the bite of a single species of mosquito and by that agency alone. Patient and perilous experiments have established the responsibility of the little gnat to which is given the name of *stegomyia*, proving to be the deadliest of all creatures of prey. It kills more human beings every year than the dreaded cobra; more, probably, than all the wild animals of the world put together. Yet so little understood and so difficult to combat has been this tiny man slayer that those of our cities which are subject to its ravages have lain supine before its onslaught, up to last year. Then came the yellow fever outbreak in New Orleans, and the first great American victory over an epidemic.

Eight years before, the mosquito-plague had infected the great, busy, joyous metropolis of the South. Ignorant of the real processes of the infection, New Orleans had fought it blindly, frantically, in an agony of panic, and when at last the frost put an end to the helpless city's plight, she lay spent and prostrate. The yellow fever of 1903 came with a more formidable and unexpected

suddenness than that of 1897. It sprang into life like a secret and armed uprising in the midst of the city, full-fledged and terrible. But there arose against it the trained fighting line of scientific knowledge. Accepting with a fine courage of faith that most important preventive discovery since vaccination, the mosquito dogma, the Crescent City marshaled her defenses. This time there was no panic, no mob-rule of terrified thousands, no mad rushing from stunned inertia to wildly impractical action; but instead the enlistment of the whole city in an army of sanitation. Every citizen became a soldier of the public health. And when, long before the plague-killing frost came, the battle was over, New Orleans had triumphed not only in the most brilliant hygienic victory ever achieved in America, but in a principle for which the whole nation owes her a debt of gratitude.

For the foundation of her defenses New Orleans must acknowledge her debt to three young U. S. Army surgeons. Reed, Carroll and Lazear, where the lesser heroes of our Cuban battle fields are acclaimed by thousands. Carroll barely escaped with his life, and Reed, shrinking

Two adjoining houses were selected, presenting precisely the same conditions of hygiene, sanitation, and temperature, and in these squads of volunteers were domiciled. In one was put the soiled sheets, pillows, and blankets from the hospital at Havana in which yellow fever patients had slept and died. This dwelling was carefully screened to prevent the entrance of mosquitos. In the foul bedding the volunteers slept for two months. Not one case of yellow fever developed among them. The other house was kept as clean as sanitary science could make it. Everything used by the men who volunteered for this part of the work, was sterilized. Into the room were introduced specimens of the *stegomyia* mosquito which had bitten yellow fever patients. Of the occupants of this room, fifty per cent. developed yellow fever. Finally, men who had lived unaffected for twenty days amidst the foul surroundings of the first establishment, allowed themselves to be bitten by the infected mosquito, and 70 per cent. of them took the disease. No low order of courage was required in those who submitted to either test, since, on the one hand, the fever was universally regarded at that time as a mysteriously airborne disease, while on the other, the physicians frankly told those who submitted themselves to the mosquito that they would probably take the infection.

On the old military principle of leadership, that an officer must not ask his men to go where he himself would not venture, the three surgeons put their own persons to the ordeal. Lazear died, a martyr to humanity, and is remembered by one where the lesser heroes of our Cuban battle fields are acclaimed by thousands. Carroll barely escaped with his life, and Reed, shrinking

from no peril which his companions braved, came through unscathed by virtue of some natural immunity, only to die of another illness in the following year. At the price of martyrdom for several men (for some of the volunteers died), of patience and peril and suffering for the others, it was proved in the most detail that only through the bite of an infected mosquito does yellow fever attack the human subject; that the fever-bearing insect itself becomes infected only by biting a patient in the first five days of the disease; and that not until twelve days thereafter can the insect transmit the infection. Reduced to its practical terms, this means that yellow fever can exist only where the *stegomyia* breeds; that it can spread from city to city only by transportation of the infected mosquito (practically a negligible consideration) or of human beings in the early stages of the disease going to places where the *stegomyia* is awaiting them; and finally that the infected community which can kill off its mosquitoes can stamp out the infection.

How the fever came, or when, no man will ever surely know. From Havana, some think, but the weight of evidence indicates the infected port of Belize, whence come the United Fruit Company's vessels, bearing fruit, passengers, and sometimes mosquitos. Perhaps it is too much to expect of a corporation that it should give information in the interests of the public health as against its own traffic. Corporations have not, usually, that quality of good citizenship. Yet I am inclined to believe that this year, should yellow fever prevail at one of its ports, the United Fruit Company will make the fact known to the sanitating authorities, regardless of the immediate effect upon its trade. There has been

a considerable change of business sentiment in New Orleans since the bitter lesson of last summer. However, some two hundred refugees from Belize landed in New Orleans, late in May. Subsequent study of the passenger list showed a number of Italian names. Whose the first case no man has ever known. But that there came to the Italian quarter of New Orleans (which is almost coterminal with the famous "French Quarter") late in May a yellow fever patient; that the mosquitoes which breed in the water barrels and swarm in the houses of the Quarter sucked the infection from the feverous veins to spread it to other men, ten or twelve days later when the disease has developed in themselves; that these men, bitten by still other mosquitoes radiated the infection in various circles; and that this ever-widening process continued insidiously until the epidemic had the unsuspecting city in its grip—all this can be mapped out from the form and distribution of the infection when, full-grown it suddenly sprang, nearly two months after the first case, into the light of public notice.

The city rang with the wildest rumors. Monstrous exaggerations grew as they spread. The exodus of the terrified began. Men and women hastily gathered their belongings and flocked to the trains before quarantine should pen them in. Panic was in the balance. In that hour of supreme test the city proved herself. To the grisly voice of impending disaster, as to a trumpet call, all that was best in the citizenship of New Orleans rallied to her from near and far, in courage and undimittable hope. Midsummer is not a particularly pleasant season in the low-lying city. Many persons who are able, get away for July and August. Now they hur-

ried back to the stricken town; business and professional men, physicians, clergymen, cotton-growers, bankers, ready to volunteer.

Money was needed. Charles A. Janvier, one of the leading bankers, cancelled his tickets to Europe and started in to raise a fund of \$100,000; no small sum in the face of a panic. It was pledged at the call. The state contributed a like sum and the city council appropriated \$50,000. Men were needed. In every ward a protective organization sprang into being. Meetings were called and money was raised, each ward providing as a "district" the sinews of war for its own defence. The tons of the newspapers was admirable: no "scare heads," no superlative adjectives; no attempt to make capital of the imminent peril. The very gravity of the situation inspired local journalism with a fine sense of its responsibility. The Times-Democrat struck the key-note of the coming struggle in its call to the people of New Orleans: "To prove our energy and civic spirit before the world." The mayor issued a proclamation declaring the situation to be "serious but not dangerous" and calling on the citizens to protect all open water against mosquitoes. "Kill the mosquitoes! This is the battle cry, and there began the greatest hunt for the smallest game ever undertaken by any community since the Pied Piper fluted the rats out of Hamelin town. The stegomyia was, of course, the chief quarry, but all species were put under the ban. "Let the innocent suffer with the guilty" said a speaker at one of the meetings of education. "We know the other mosquitoes don't carry yellow fever, but they're better dead anyhow. Kill them all, and you'll get the right ones as well as the wrong." It was a truly Herodian plan of slaughter.

Among those who hastened back from their vacations to proffer such help as they might give, was the Rev. Beverly Warner, rector of the fashionable Trinity Church. A ward beeler whom I met afterward it one of the shuns advanced the theory for my consideration that "the Lord made Warner to order for the job." Certainly it was the right man in the right place when the clergymen accepted the general control of the district organizations. These bodies had charge of all the city ("above Canal Street," in the effort to confine the infection to the district below Canal Street. At the first meeting of the representatives from the various localities Dr. Warner found himself facing a crowd of the typical "district leaders" of ward politics. Some of his friends had horrid misgivings.

"Those ward beelers," said they, "will take all the money you give them, use just enough of it to make a showing and to give fat jobs to their followers, and pocket the rest."

Had the new superintendent proceeded on this theory, undoubtedly the pessimistic prophecy would have been widely fulfilled, but he is one of those clergymen, none too common in any church, whose faith in God is paralleled by a faith, almost as strong, in his fellow men. After it was all over he said to a friend of his that he guessed that at the start the ward leaders had more misgivings about him than he had about them. From the first he assumed that they were single-minded in their loyalty to the city. There was money for the fight, he told them, and it would be handed over to them as they needed it. At the same time the war was likely to be a long and costly one, and they must get all the volunteers possible for the labor and use the money for the

necessary supplies. These included oil to kill the mosquito "wigglers" in the water; setting to cover water-tanks and barrels, so that the insect having developed from the "wiggler" could not get out; and sulphur to smother the stegomyia in the houses. Immediately there sprang up a spirit of emulation among the leaders, each striving to keep down the expense in his own district. The outcome splendidly justified Dr. Warner's confidence in his fellow-workers, for, at the close of the campaign, every district turned back to him a surplus.

The task to which the organizations set themselves was a peculiarly difficult one. Few cities in this country—probably no other large city—offer such favorable terms to the mosquito as New Orleans. Nearly every house has its private breeding ground for the little pests. This is because the local water company supplies, at an exorbitant price, liquid so dirty that it is unfit to drink and unpleasant even to bathe in. Therefore, the better class of houses have large cisterns and the poorer class water barrels in which the roof-drainage is stored for family use. Nothing more convenient and comfortable for the mosquitoes could be devised; more particularly for the stegomyia, as she is a house-haunter, and also exhibits a preference for clear water over muddy. Here, then, right at hand, was a device which to her instinct must have seemed providential, a plentiful supply of suitable water within a wing-flap of the house. Pretty nearly every cistern, water-barrel, tub, and other receptacle for storing water in New Orleans was found, when the investigation was on, to harbor the larvae of the stegomyia.

The first move of the district workers was to inspect all premises and

note all conditions favorable to the development of the insects. Then arrangements were made either to spread oil over the surface of the water, so that the "wrigglers" coming up, should be destroyed, or to protect the water by netting. This last method was used for the cisterns. Before it was half done the supply of wire netting was gone. "Use these cloth temporarily" came the order from headquarters. Thereafter many quarters of the city presented a most eerie appearance, especially at night, each house being haunted by luze, shrouded ghosts, towering beside it.

By the first of August every district, outside of the infected region which was in charge of the federal authorities, was able to announce itself approximately protected. Then came one of those dire events that seem like the direct interposition of a demagogue agency. The weather allied itself to the epidemic. A terrific night-storm of wind and rain fell upon the city. It tore loose the cheese-cloth and the lighter netting. It over-drowned the water receptacles, carrying off the asphalting surface oil. It formed thousands of little pools where the stegomyia might drop her eggs. It not only undid the work of toilsome days and nights, but it established new conditions of difficulty.

The call to the work was sounded in every quarter of the city; in banks, in office-buildings, on the floor of the exchanges, in the wholesale districts, in the crowded stores, in clubs, in church meetings, in restaurants and saloons, the summons came to every able man to help rebuild the defenses of the city. That day and the next day and for days thereafter, countless and hatless lawyers and clerks, merchants, doctors,

bar-keepers, book-keepers, ministers, and bankers, perching perilously on roof-slopes and easterly tops, hammered alternately their misprised fingers and the nails that made sound the netting-fortifications of the beleaguered town. And in the evening they betook themselves weary, sore, and enthusiastic to meetings in churches, in halls, in theatres, in schools, in assembly rooms, in every place possible for gatherings, and listened to lectures devoted, entirely to the mosquito and the destruction thereof. A genuine revival spirit possessed the people, arousing such an enthusiasm in the cause of public health as the skilled exhorter produces by his emotional appeals to religious exaltation; with this difference, that the hygienic revival proceeded from the people themselves, with no fictitious or artificial stimulus. The preachers of the common defense even penetrated factories and workshops and got from the employers half-hour recesses in which to give the hands instruction on the mosquito. Never was a city so thoroughly and exhaustively enlightened in any department of science, as New Orleans in this particular branch of entomology.

Meantime, in the infected district matters were growing steadily worse. The city and state health authorities working together had obviously lost control of the situation here Canal Street. Early in August the leading men of New Orleans realized that the fight was going against them. Some of the older citizens remembered with sinking hearts the terrible slaughter of 1873 with its death list of more than 4,000 victims, which, from all indications, might well be equalled or even exceeded. The community was facing a great disaster; and the means at its disposal for the

battle in the infected district, if not inefficient, were at best insufficient. The district organizations, conscientious, and unremittent as had been their work, had been unable to prevent an occasional appearance of the disease in the region above Canal Street. Slowly the volunteer army was beaten back. The time had come to forget local pride and states rights sentiment, and call on the regulars of the Army of Public Health. An appeal was sent to President Roosevelt, who instantly ordered the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service to take charge of the situation. Surgeon J. H. White, a veteran of many epidemics, was put in command at New Orleans. To him, as staff-officers, in a sense, were sent the seasoned men of the service: Richardson, Blair, Stager, Barry and others. Formally, the control of the situation was turned over to Surgeon White on August 8; the campaign of the new staff was actually started actively on August 12. It was now literally a fight for life—for the life of the city. The fever had a long start. It was widely disseminated before its existence had been known, and still more widely before its existence was acknowledged and the city warned. So it was reasonably certain, when the federal authorities assumed control, that there were infected mosquitoes in every part of the French Quarter, that there were probably more than 100 cases in the stage where mosquitoes biting them would become contaminated, and that there were an unreasonable number of people who, having the disease, had not yet developed it.

Another difficulty was found in the nature of the people among whom the disease had its stronghold. Partly because these aliens are held in sus-

picion, partly because they do not understand their new environment, and partly by the heritage of centuries of oppression, the low class Southern Italians are as intensely suspicious people. A superstition is prevalent among them that pestilence are introduced by the Americans, through physicians, to kill off the aliens because of race hatred. Last winter in my hearing an Italian said to one of the physicians who had worked in the quarter, "you bring da fever again dees year, Doctor?" It was said jealously, but the Italian's wife standing near hurriedly made the sign that averts evil. Among such a people the task of discovering and tracking infection was one of the utmost difficulty. At first all cases were concealed, and to this secretiveness is largely due the late discovery of the presence of the disease in the French Quarter.

No sooner had the Marine Hospital Service taken hold, however, than its thorough and scientific inspection at once brought to light a number of unreported cases. In each instance, the house where the sick person lay was thoroughly fumigated to kill all mosquitoes and the patient, unless too ill, removed to a hospital. The first yellow-fever hospital represented one of the few mistakes that was made; and this was due to the necessity of instant action. It was an old tenement, within a stone's throw of the French market. In thirty-six hours after its selection the medical authorities had completely furnished, heated, and wired it, a record in hospital work. But the building was ill-suited to its new purpose. The ventilation was poor. Some of the rooms were wholly dark. The proportion of deaths was higher than it should have been, and owing to the unfavorable surroundings, a large

number of the sick became delirious. Moreover, the people in the neighborhood evinced an active hostility, making it difficult for the authorities to get servants. Threatening letters were sent to the physicians, and there was some alarm lest the place might be attacked. After a few weeks' trial, it was apparent that the location must be changed. The New Orleans Terminal Co. offered the use of the McDonough public school, which it owns and which is fairly central to the infected district. The building was thoroughly renovated: sanitary appliances were put in; the windows were covered with netting, and within a short time the school house was transformed into as good a hospital in all practical senses, as if built for the purpose. Dr. Hamilton P. Jones, a young New Orleans physician, as immune, and a veteran of two epidemics, was put in charge. Realizing that the great point to be gained was the confidence and goodwill of the Italians, he established a system which, a few years ago, would have been regarded as sheer lunacy. He permitted visitors to come and go freely in the hospital. All that was required of them was that they be thoroughly brushed in a screened ante-room, to remove any mosquitoes that might be clinging to them, and that any packages brought in by them be examined for the same purpose. Not a single case of fever developed from these visits. An Italian priest was kept in the hospital, helping to inspire confidence. Measures such as these became a potent educational influence to uproot the suspicions of the Italians. Presently they came to see that, after all, the American's hospital was the best place for a sick man, and before the epidemic was over they had begun to report cases of their own free will. This very class of people it was who in 1897 had

mobbed Dr. Jones and set fire to the yellow-fever hospital on the day it was finished, in the sheer brutality of panic.

All the forces of the Marine Hospital Service were concentrated in a two-fold endeavor: first to discover all cases and so dispose of them that they should be guarded against mosquito bites; second to destroy all mosquitoes. A house-to-house inspection was established with a system of daily reports. Where a case in any way suspicious was found, netting was immediately put over the bed and across the windows. Did it develop into yellow fever, the patient, if able to be moved, was taken to the hospital in a screened ambulance, and the house, having been sealed at doors and windows with gummed paper, was treated to a thorough salubrious fumigation.

All this time New Orleans, harassed by the stringent quarantine, half-strangled in its business life, was steadfastly, cheerfully, bravely fighting the good fight. Even when matters looked blackest, there was no sign of public gloom or despair. The newspapers printed all the news, but with calmness and restraint from sensationalism; printed also optimistic editorials; and almost daily instructions how to destroy mosquitoes and to escape infection. Not only this, but specially prepared articles were sent out to hundreds of newspapers throughout the South by a special bureau in pursuance of an established policy of sanitary education. Business houses ran at a heavy loss, some of them practically at a standstill, rather than tacitly admit defeat by closing their doors temporarily. I remember particularly one advertisement of a large house, denying, in terms of the most inspiring exasperation, that it had shut up shop or had any idea of shutting up

shop, for any such insignificant cause as the trifling local epidemic.

Through August little headway was made. The army of sanitation was barely holding its own; at times it was doubtful whether it was doing that. Always there was the imminent danger that the infection, bursting forth suddenly with renewed virulence, would break through the defenses of science and rage through the helpless city as it had in '78. Up to the end of August, there had been two hundred and seventy-five deaths and one thousand nine hundred and nineteen cases. By midsummer the record was three hundred and twenty-nine deaths, and two thousand one hundred and thirty-three cases. The figures rose and fell, uncertainly; but there was this vitally hopeful feature: that the disease established no real foothold outside of the area below Canal Street. Cases appeared in other parts of the city, but probably none of them spread infection. For this the district organizations under Dr. Beverly Warner were largely responsible. If done as much of their early work was—for it was the effort of amateurs—it was re-done again and again with unflinching patience until the districts were at last fairly mosquito-proof. Finally, toward the end of September, the experts began to realize that they were making headway. The figures were dropping, not regularly, but with a steady downward tendency.

The workers hardly dared admit it to themselves. The test would come early in October after the schools

opened. And when the first of October came, the public school doors were thrown open: the children poured in in almost undiminished numbers, and the venture justified itself, for no increase of the fever followed. It was the first sign of victory. And this, it must be remembered, in a city which only eight years before had gone mob-mad, in abject, brutal panic over an epidemic less serious. Two weeks later the ward organizations ordered a final cleaning-up and fumigation. A real jubilee spirit prevailed; the work was performed like the chores at a picnic. The epidemic was really over by this time; so safely over that the district forces disbanded. Sporadic cases still appeared, and continued to appear, for a month. There was no resumption of watchfulness in the infected district. But it was only the last chance firing of a defeated enemy. New Orleans had fought the greatest fight for the public health on record; she had won as complete a victory as ever was won over an epidemic; for when the pestilence was routed, frost, the only victor heretofore, was still nearly two months away. The reward of valor was this: that whereas, after '97 the commerce of the city lay prostrate for years, there was no business depression following this last epidemic. One other mark of honor must be credited to the city's account: the final establishment beyond all doubting and by the test of fire and blood, of the dogma that the mosquito and the mosquito alone transmits yellow fever from man to man.

# The Theories of Horace Fletcher

BY ARTHUR GOODRICH IN AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Horace Fletcher has dubbed a faddist, but notwithstanding there is a great deal of common sense in his theories. Certainly their practice in his case has proved their worth. Mr. Fletcher's theories all centre around eating. The science of his life strengthens the physical and mental side of life and gives a broader and a more outlook.

THERE are several facts in regard to Horace Fletcher's theories and personal practice which deserve emphasis. In the first place he does not maintain that his ideas are new. He says that Gladstone's famous "thirty-two chews" suggested his first experiments in food nutrition. And back of that there was the story of Luigi Cornaro, the artist. Professor Penzance was responsible for his first theories of menticulture. These originally grew out of Japanese training and Buddhist teaching. His sociological theories were started into him by an experience in Chicago at the time of the Spanish War, and, in their growth, they have owed much to the work of Dr. Batnado in London, and of Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper in this country. Mr. Fletcher has put forth old ideas in new form. He has added the personal equation, and, in his complete earnestness, developed new experiments and new evidence. It is not fat, moreover, to call Mr. Fletcher a faddist. He has not attempted, as yet, to form any cult or sect and he is not likely to do so. He is not a vegetarian nor a Christian Scientist, although he has been called both.

Mr. Fletcher's theory of food nutrition is so simple that the many misstatements which have been made of it seem inexcusable. Taste, he maintains, is the chemist of the body. While the taste of a mouthful of food lasts, a necessary process is going on. Liquid and solid should there-

fore be tasted and chewed until all taste has disappeared. When this process has been carried out, and not until then, he maintains, we swallow involuntarily, for nature has provided each of us with a "food filter" in the throat which works automatically as soon as the preliminary task has been accomplished by the teeth and by the saliva. Any tasteless remains of the food in the mouth, which are not fit for the stomach, should be removed. Otherwise they make extra work for the digestive organs which these organs were not intended to do. His idea is, therefore, that we should chew and taste each morsel of food until we swallow it naturally. Incidentally he says that he finds more enjoyment in eating by obtaining the last pleasure of taste from each mouthful. He does not suggest any particular dietary. He believes in eating whatever he likes whenever he is really hungry. The essential thing is thorough mastication.

The results of Mr. Fletcher's theories put into practice have been, first, the requirement of a much smaller quantity of food than most people eat; second, infinitely less work for the stomach and digestive organs—merely their natural work, he maintains; third, a general purifying of all the organs that work upon the food; and fourth, a buoyant, strong physical and mental condition. Many doctors and scientists and some faddists, too, have come to agree with his ideas, in whole or in part. Many have experimented either upon others

or upon themselves with convincing results. His books have already been widely read and many people are trying his simple remedy for digestive ills, with greater or less success. And Mr. Fletcher himself has been the subject of many trying tests in Venice, at Cambridge, England, at New Haven, in France, and elsewhere.

The first tests at Yale occurred three years ago when for some weeks Mr. Fletcher's food and general condition were carefully observed in Professor Chittenden's laboratory. The results were startling. During one week Mr. Fletcher, who was then nearly 54 years old, lived upon a diet of prepared cereal, milk and maple sugar taken twice a day. He was found to be in continuously good physical condition upon food the full value of which was about half that demanded by scientific standards. His weight remained constant at about 165 pounds. For four days of the seven, moreover, he took, under the direction of Dr. Anderson of the Yale Gymnasium, the regular exercises of the university crew, exercises so severe that they are never given to first year men. Mr. Fletcher gave no evidence of soreness or lameness or distress of any kind. Dr. Anderson testified that he did the work more easily and with fewer bad results than any man of his age the Yale director had ever worked with. This was true, also, in spite of the fact that for several months Mr. Fletcher had taken no regular exercise except that involved in daily walks.

Professor Chittenden naturally was interested. Beside the question of complete body fitness upon what seemed an absurdly small diet, there was obviously the matter of economy. Mr. Fletcher's food during that week cost only eleven cents a day. If

Mr. Fletcher's system—*his*, whatever his diet is, he consumes about the same amount of food daily—were adopted throughout the country, it has been figured that the nation would save \$1,000,000 a day in food cost. Other people were interested, among them Professor Bowditch of Harvard, Sergeant-General O'Reilly of the United States army, and General Wood. The result was Professor Chittenden's more recent experiments—financially supported by Mr. Fletcher—upon himself and a number of his colleagues, upon a group of athletes, and upon a group of "regular" soldiers. Professor Chittenden has described this investigation in great detail in his book, "Physiological Economy in Nutrition." In general, however, each test added evidence of satisfactory body condition upon a very considerably decreased diet. This was the single truth which Professor Chittenden aimed to show.

On his fiftieth birthday Mr. Fletcher made a characteristic experiment. Starting with a young and athletic companion on a cycling trip, he left the young athlete fatigued after a little more than half a day of hard wheeling, and himself journeyed until long after nightfall. He covered nearly 300 miles of road that day and arose the next morning without any feeling of muscular strain. He seems to have good reason for his assertion that his method of living keeps him "in constant training."

Mr. Fletcher says, then, that he used to eat too much, too often and too fast. Now he eats only when he is hungry enough to enjoy plain bread. He eats whatever his appetite craves; he masticates his food thoroughly, and he eats as long as he is hungry. As a result he finds that his digestion, which a few years ago threatened his life, is perfect;

that he has greatly increased energy of body and keenness of mind; and that he consumes only one-third to one-half as much food as he was accustomed to eat formerly. He believes that what was true of him is true of most people, and that what is true of him can be true of them. And, as always, he is in dead earnest about it. All this and much more he has told in his books as frank personal experience and as the experience, also, of many others who have followed his lead in the matter of eating.

Horace Fletcher has read very widely and very wisely during all his active years, but his "menticulture" theories, like his ideas about food nutrition, are largely the product of personal experience. The first suggestion he received from the Japanese. His main contention is based upon the results he has observed in himself. His illustrations are from the thousand and one people and places he has known. Here, again, therefore, is an interesting human document rather than an accurate scientific treatise.

His mental doctrine is as simple as his physical creed. He contrasts constructive forethought and destructive "fearthought." He maintains that fear and anger and worry can be entirely, eliminated like bacteria, not merely repressed temporarily. He says that he has done it, and his cheery, untroubled temper is fair evidence. And he tells how he and others have done it; by having, first of all, sound conviction that it was possible.

It is an old teaching, as old as Christianity, as old as Buddhism. To the majority of people, unfortunately, it is a beautiful theory which breaks down woefully in practice. The interest in Mr. Fletcher's em-

phasis upon it is therefore entirely in the convincing human story of how he has destroyed the "fearthought" germ in himself and of how he has helped to destroy it in other people. It furnishes a new and valuable sidelight upon an exceedingly interesting personality and it will, in all probability, lead many to a more careful consideration of the ways in which they daily jeopardize their own happiness.

There is a third phase of so-called Fletcherism. One night in Chicago, in the midst of the enthusiasm over fleeing Cuba, Mr. Fletcher saw a little four-year-old wail struggling in the hands of a policeman. Some cakes had been stolen and the pleading boy was one of a "gang" who had been caught. In the end the officer let him go with an oath and turned to tell Mr. Fletcher, who was watching the pair with a new interest, of the many children who are taught to steal from their childhood.

This third phase of "Fletcherism" is as yet scarcely more than an idea. A man who has learned true economy in food nutrition he maintains, and who has been able to get rid of his worst mental foes, wishes his entire environment purified. The "submerged tenth" costs upwards of one-quarter the amount necessary to sustain the entire government. It threatens health and happiness and even life. To lift up this low stratum Mr. Fletcher proposes a "social quarantine," with the greatest effort centred upon the children. It would cost less, he says, than the "submerged tenth" costs us now, and, with his principle of economic nutrition, its cost would be still further decreased. He hopes that a central organization can be established with local branches to carry out this plan gradually — to "clean up the backyards of the

different departments of the social structure with an aseptic nutrition as the basis of social cleanliness."

The secret of Dr. Bainsford's success was, and is, through the organization he left behind him, in the home system by which the children are taught how to live as well as how to read and write. A number of smaller organizations have grown up in this country which are doing the same work with similar results. Mr. Fletcher has marked out an infinitely greater task with less definite and less practical lines. It is, at best, only a vague prophecy, allied distinctly to his simple panacea for bodily ills. But here again Mr. Fletcher is completely in earnest. He has already talked upon this theme throughout the country. There is no telling what he may build in time from this third plank of his propaganda.

Horace Fletcher calls himself an epicurean rather than a philanthropist or an altruist. It is said that when, not long ago, a sportsman friend asked him to go duck shooting instead of lecturing on the school quarantine, he remarked that he found more pleasure in saving a child than in killing a duck. He does not consider himself unselfish; he has merely changed his pleasures. He believes in his propaganda as a great duty, and he is finding more enjoyment in the doing of that duty than he once found in his diversified pursuits of pleasure and profit. Luigi Cornaro discovered the secret, he says, and died, after living more than one hundred years, without making anyone understand it. Mr. Fletcher means that it shall not be his fault

if the way of living, which has changed him from a rapidly aging dyspeptic who was refused life insurance to a buoyant man fifty-seven years young, is not known to everyone. He is not only giving his time to the work, but he is giving his money as well. Every penny that comes to him from the sale of his books is spent to further the cause, and he has added many times the amount thus obtained out of his private purse. He has tolerated, in connection with the advance of his theories, a considerable amount of personal exploitation which has been distasteful to him. He permits the term "Fletcherism," merely because it seems the easiest way to express something which originally meant economic food nutrition, and which now has two added meanings.

After all, if the Horace Fletcher of to-day is a good example of the value of his theories, they deserve careful consideration. If his perfectly simple ideas could change him from the restless, adventurous, worrying man of his San Francisco days to the calm, genial philosopher; if they could transform what seemed to be a fatal weakness into really phenomenal strength; if they could make a famous authority on map-shooting find more pleasure in saving a child than in killing a duck, they are worth a trial by those who envy his contentment. His main contentions are obvious and there are abundant scientific proofs of his extreme beliefs. And his books are humanly interesting. Certainly he can consider his mission a success if he is able to make any considerable number of Americans eat more slowly and worry less constantly.

# A European Museum of Security

BY WILLIAM F. TOLMAN IN CONJUNCTION WITH AGA KERN

The museum described is one of the curious sights of Amsterdam. In it are collected all sorts of contrivances for the safeguarding of human life, even with the lives of workers in factories. Information is also to be had as to means of preventing disease, poisons, food and other costly objects.

THE idea of a museum of security excites curiosity. People ask, "What's that?" It is not surprising that there should be general ignorance on this subject, because such institutions are of recent origin, the first having been opened in Amsterdam in 1903, in charge of a mechanical engineer who is responsible for the supervision of machinery and its explanation.

Among the curious sights in Amsterdam there is one that will escape the tourist unless his attention is particularly directed to it, leaving the royal palace behind him, cutting through the narrow streets, crossing the numerous bridges of the Venice of the North, and making his way down a side canal, he comes upon the "Museum van Ongevallen ter Voorkoming van Oorlog en Werkplaatsen." Reduced to its lowest terms, this means in English the "Amsterdam Museum of Security."

This building contains a permanent exposition of apparatus and devices for the prevention of accidents in factories and workshops, so that manufacturers and all other employers of labor may see in actual operation the safety-devices that guard the lives and limbs of their workers. This museum owed its origin to the Association for the Development of Manual Training and Hand-work in Holland. The labor-inspectors of Holland find that the museum is of the greatest service to them, because it meets every objection on the part of a superintendent that the

safety-device in question will interfere with the proper operation of his machinery.

In 1889 an important exposition of devices for the prevention of accidents to laborers was held in Berlin. An effort to preserve the valuable documents and other exhibits as a collection did not succeed at that time, chiefly through the failure of the Government to co-operate. But in 1900 an appropriation of \$142,000 was made by the Reichstag for the creation of a museum of security. The Reichstag also appropriated \$75,000 in 1901 and \$43,750 in 1902. For the maintenance of the museum, which is in Charlottenburg, an appropriation of \$7,500 was made in 1902 and \$10,000 in 1903.

As its name indicates, the museum of security aims to become a permanent exposition not only of devices for the prevention of accidents to laborers, but of the best suggestions originated by any person or institution to help workmen in any way. It is really divided into two great sections, one comprising all that has to do with the prevention of accidents in the various branches of industry, and the other comprising social and industrial hygiene.

"What was your plan for collecting your machines and models?" I asked Dr. Albrecht, the executive director in Charlottenburg.

"In the first place," he said, "we appealed to constructors and inventors, offering a place in the museum where such methods and devices could be brought in public atten-

tion, in this way enlisting the support of all classes. We reserve in every instance, however, the right to refuse any specimen or plan not deemed useful. The exhibits are temporary, and at any time may be replaced by others that are better. The museum is already so full that the question of enlarging it has been brought up."

"How do you guard against the admission of machines or devices that are unsuitable?" I asked him.

"For that," replied the doctor, "we have a jury of twenty-eight experts—engineers, factory inspectors, technicians—and of four trade representatives, namely, a brewer, a cabinet-maker, a worker in metals, and a worker in textiles. Any device that is passed upon by this jury is accepted as a loan by the museum for one year, with the privilege of its renewal. In this way we keep the exhibits thoroughly up to date, replacing old models by those that are new and more highly perfected. It is our aim to display not only miniature models, but those of actual size, in order that workmen visiting the museum may see faithful representations of devices actually used in the workshops and on machines that can be set in motion. Altogether we have some eighty-five machines for motor-power, and thirty that may be operated by hand. The other exhibits are models, designs, and photographs. The machines form five independent groups, and each group can be operated alone. Four large electromotors furnish the power for the five groups, and eleven electromotors direct the machines independently."

For administrative purposes, the building is divided into three parts: (1) The executive, comprising offices

in the basement, rooms for one of the officials, a library, a lecture-hall, and a special museum for tuberculosis. (2) A grand hall; a basement, comprising an area of 1,610 square yards, for the installation of the machinery, and a large gallery of 810 square yards reserved for models, plans, and photographs. (3) The administration building and the grand hall are united by a vestibule in the basement, and above this vestibule is an assembly hall. The ground floor of the grand hall has the greatest amount of space, and here the largest and heaviest machines in motion are installed.

Different kinds of safety elevators are shown, with automatic stops, so that, if the chain is loosened, the weight rests suspended; also, windlasses with arrangements for stopping the winding in advance of the crank handle; elevators with improved closings, regulators for speed, and apparatus that will stop the car without danger; band-saws, circular saws, planes, polishers; boring machines, with protectors of various kinds; metal-working machines for perforating and winding; clipping shears, with all the necessary protectors; printing presses, stamping machines, and machines for the manufacture of soap.

For food stuffs there is a special group of machines for cutting, grinding, mixing, separating, and packing. There are also machines for textile industries, improved carriers in mining, and agricultural machinery of every kind. The appliances of security for boats are very numerous—a system of automatic closing of compartments; various kinds of life-boats, dredging boats, steamboats, a system for lessening the chances of spontaneous combustion of coal in

the store-room; boiler and steam-pipe safety stops, warnings for the ear or eye in case of insufficient water, and systems of safety-sheathing for the water tubes. There are, also, brakes for roadway vehicles, and safety lamps for mines.

The museum has an important collection relative to the nutritive value of foods of the ordinary kind, models for economic stoves; utensils for cooking, and for heating the food brought from home by the workmen, and the right kind of baskets or boxes in which to bring such food to the shop. In a pavilion erected in the centre of the grand hall are exhibited a series of objects relating to the social betterment of workmen—houses, the instruction of children, and the education of the growing girl and boy.

A special section has been set aside for a tuberculosis museum, and here the German Central Committee of Sanatoria has exhibited a series of valuable documents relative to this dread disease and the way being waged against it. Dr. Th. Sommerfeld has exhibited specimens showing how many maladies, notably skin diseases from parasites, are develop-

ed in factories, with the corresponding methods for prevention.

Among the collections for improving the hygienic conditions of labor, pure air is the first consideration. Accordingly, the museum presents various appliances for ascertaining the degree of vitiation. A special group shows microscopic views of the dust generated in various industries, as well as colored photographs indicating the action of dust particles on the lungs of workmen. By the side of these exhibits showing diseases developed from factory dust are the remedies—a series of models of mask-respirators to shield the lungs, and also devices to renew the air. Machines for working in wood are guarded against the dust from chips and shavings, and there are also guards against the dust from emery and other grinding wheels.

A collection of models for the prevention of the absorption of harmful matter while the workmen are eating include rooms where they may take their meals after having changed their garments, with special lockers for their clothes. Lavatories and shower baths enable the men to refresh themselves before entering the dining room.

## Luck vs. Labor

Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up; labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something. Luck lies in bed, and wishes the postman would bring him the news of a legacy; labor turns out at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence. Luck whines, labor whistles. Luck relies on chance; labor, on character.—Cadden.

## The Growth of Christ's Moral Character

BY W. D. MACKENZIE IN CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

This is a portion of a lengthy article on "The Moral Character of Jesus." It seeks to show the two factors that determined the religious and moral character of Christ. The writer approaches the subject reverently and shows how the unique conscience of the Saviour must inevitably enter as a new condition in the experience of mankind.

**M**ANIFESTLY the moral and religious consciousness of Jesus was maintained and developed under certain fundamental conditions. No one would maintain that it had no history, that it was a mere dead level of uniformity, even on planes beyond our vision. Jesus appears as a historical personality, a son of man. As such He is under the laws of growth alike in mind and body, and hence also in the sweep and content of His religious experience and His moral character. Moreover that growth was determined naturally and necessarily by two principal factors—viz., dependence on His Father and temptation. Let us look at each of these in turn.

Dependence on God is the fundamental fact for all the universe. It is given only to rational beings, of course, to recognize and accept this fact. As it is accepted they fulfill His purpose and become the vessels of His joy. As it is rejected they become absolutely disgraced; and then they lose their very right to be, since that is rooted only in His will and His end. Now the whole history of religion, from the most primitive forms to that of the highest Christian sainthood, has been the education of man as to the extent and meaning of his dependence on God. The savage depends on Him for help against his foes, for deliverance from some dreaded demon's curse, or for blessings on his gardens and his flocks. The Christian man has learned that he depends on God even for the forgiveness of sin—i.e., for deliverance

from the very fact that he has no right to deliverance; and no forms of dependence can be more absolute than that. With that has dawned upon him all the glory of that dependence on God for every positive good, for life, even life everlasting. Jesus it was who first made known the full extent of this our dependence upon God. He it was who extended the immeasurable limits of our relationships with God to include all that a sinful man—and who is not that!—can desire from the eternal Father in an endless experience. But that which Jesus revealed as the law of all our life was already the possession of His own mind and heart; it was already the foundation of His own will. No trust, in all the world's story, is so full and rich, so calm and strong, so deliberate and open-eyed, so humble and absolute, as that which breathes forth from all His references to God and even from His very use of the word Father.

He knew what it was to pray; and prayer for Him meant faith in the Father's relation to every moment of life. He knew what it was to accept from the Father the behests that cost a man the sacrifice of all a man counts dear, yes, even of his very self to the uttermost. All that He teaches about this trust in the Father, which is to make anxiety a sin and self-seeking a disgrace, which is to make revenge an insult to the providence of God and hatred a denial of His love—all this he has proved in his own heart's depth. Upon this it was that His recorded temptations bore with



their whole terrible weight; and He won His victory, keeping the will pure and clean and one with the will of God, because He cast Himself with the more energy upon that will and purpose, just as the opposite plan of life urged itself more fervently from without His spirit. Hence it is to be even insisted on that the moral harmony of Jesus did in the best and fullest sense grow with His historical experience. The years, as we have seen, tested His dependence upon the Father. They brought new and wider opportunities of action. They confronted him with new situations which put His whole nature to the test. The spirit in Him had to deal with a world that was pressing ever closer home upon Him the final question, whether there was any limit to His faith in God, to His love of man, to the measure of His sacrificial will.

In the second place, the growth of Jesus was conditioned by the experience of temptation. There is a sense in which it is right to say that temptation is necessary to the development of a free personality. But we then use the word "Temptation" in the sense of a test of strength, each new task demanding more of will and wisdom, more of loyalty and love, and so drawing out and confirming as his own the latent and unabsorbed energies of the individual. In that sense heaven itself may well be filled with temptation, all its happy tasks appealing to and demanding the free and joyous self-devotion of holy wills, and leading its citizens forward in endless and sinless growth. But temptation in the ordinary sense of the word is not thus the privilege of freedom; it is the curse of a morally poisoned world. As such, temptation is not a mere instinctive motion of the will towards growth, unimagined

except by self. It arises when the will discovers itself in an environment that is somehow infected with sin. If the individual will find itself already prone to act in harmony with that discord, consenting to add one more jarring note to the total horror we must remember that it does so just because it is itself the product of the system. In its birth out of that which became its environment, it was already adapted to it. It is true that still there is a light in the world, a principle in every man, which seems to disown and rebuke this moral disorder. Even that is necessary to the existence of sin, and is presupposed in the consciousness of sin. Without it humanity would be purely animal, and all its appetites regulated for it by times and seasons. Evil would be impossible, and anarchy itself inconceivable. That is one of the main differences between the human and the animal consciousness. But that also it is which brings the word "temptation" into our world. Temptation is an experience possible only in an environment that is already corrupt and to a will that is not absolutely destroyed, that is not entirely destitute of light. It is, however, in virtue not of his sinfulness, but in virtue of that remainder of freedom, that unquenched sense of right and responsibility, that a man can be tempted. Further, we must remember that temptation in our world grows fiercer as holiness of will grows stronger. The man who falls has not done his best. The man who yields to temptation has not tasted the full measure and bitterness of temptation. To him it became suddenly sweet, or he had not fallen. It is the man who conquers who has paid the full price of living in a world of sin, as Jesus did on the Cross. He has pressed

on and on, meeting ever wider tasks and fiercer appeals to his deeper will. Perplexity increases as the kingdom of God is seen in its true glory, as the will that would live wholly there is yet found entangled in human situations. To be human and also fulfill God's will is ideally easy where we think of humanity as it ought to be. But to be human is to live in relation to a society and to individuals in whom self-will and self-seeking, the lucid prejudices of pride, dominate in varying measure every heart and every mind. The man who will feel this most is the man who knows God best. To him all the inner contradictions of his situation are apparent, and to him temptation becomes a horror, as constant as his shadow, as deep as his fathomless consciousness of God and self,—of the Father and the Son. For here we have been speaking of Jesus, guided in our thought of temptation by the picture of His experiences in the Gospels. There we find that temptation assailed Him in ways and with results which humble and awe us. Those marvellous pictures, symbolic summaries of the temptation in the wilderness, which could only have come from Himself, the Master of parabolic utterance, reveal a supreme intensity of trial, an unforgettable period of titanic struggle with ultimate principles of conduct. During His ministry crises arose which belokened a recurrence of this warfare of His soul. Such were His indignant words to Peter, as if His disciple in urging Him to forego death were actually opening the attacks of hell upon His will; His manner when they went up towards Jerusalem with a face steadfastly set, and with a bearing, as He moved on before His disciples, determined, self-mastered, which, Mark tells

us, made them afraid; His brief sharp struggle of soul, of which John has the only record, when He challenged Himself as to what His real will was, while disaster drew visibly nearer; at last the awful story of Gethsemane, when the conflict reached its climax at once of agony and of victory.

Throughout this dark side of the experience of Jesus we can see His consciousness appealed to by and through His human environment. It is this that would fain break His immediate and constant dependence on the Father; it is this that would turn that very faith of his into a public and unpopular weakness; it is this environment of evil—the very hearts He loved—that put the final stress on His faith by taking His life, blotting out His one little spot of influence on men. Can He still believe in the Father's purpose with Himself, in the Father's way of unlimited love, in the Father's power over all things, including even death? It is vain to try to express what Jesus seems to have felt in the agony of that trial of His faith, when the Father put the cup to His lips. The fearful element in the situation was this, that the Father's will was that He should drink it; but the cup was fashioned out of human nature and its contents out of human sin.

Here, then, we have at the centre of the Christian religion, creative of the Christian consciousness, the sinless conscience of Jesus. His will faced the environment which has overcome every other human will and compelled it to sin. If we hold that sin is not a mere product of the human will, but rises out of the very substance of the evolutionary process, then a sinful moral consciousness appears even more inevitable, so to speak. If we hold that the system which gives birth to the in-

dividual human will has impressed itself on that will from the beginning and makes each man's fall a necessity, all the more startling is the fact that here is a moral consciousness in Jesus that is without the sense of sin. You, rather it is full of the presence of God, full of the knowledge of the Father. It has proved itself morally the most stimulating, spiritually the most illuminating, historically the most imperial will in all history. And yet here it stands apart, alone, the will without sin, the heart that is at one with God, Can we hold all this, and also hold that the system called human nature, out of which every other will is born, produced that will?

Such a consciousness must inevitably enter as a new condition into the experience of mankind. As it is true that each work of real genius makes its own contribution to progress, bringing the human spirit to see and to grasp what had been hitherto beyond vision and beyond reach, so, but immeasurably more, does the Person of Christ make a new departure and become a new element in human history. By that consciousness a new order of being

has been opened to man's apprehension and brought into contact with his nature and history. All relationships have not only been re-interpreted, but are actually changed by that one fact. Humanity is not the same, because its own self-consciousness has been altered. Relationship with God, with nature, with sin, with death, with time and eternity, cannot be the same for a race whose highest dreams have been of ghosts, and whose highest messages have been the dim words of Hebrew prophets, and for a race in the midst of which has appeared a being with a consciousness which is superhuman, which betrays in every move and word an origin other than that of man, which stands to all the facts of experience in a new relation.

His presence and His experience must not only constitute a fact surpassing any other incidental word or movement of the human spirit. They must become permanent and universal conditions of experience for the race. Not until all men have been brought to face those conditions as He creates them, can they know what it is henceforth to be a human being and to fulfil a human destiny.

## Idleness Not Happiness

The most common error of men and women is that of looking for happiness somewhere outside of useful work. It has never yet been found when thus sought, and never will be while the world stands, and the sooner the truth is learned the better for everyone. If you doubt the proposition, go around among your friends and acquaintances and select those who have the most enjoyment through life. Are they idlers and pleasure-seekers, or the earnest workers? We know what your answer will be. Of the miserable human beings it has been our fortune or misfortune to know, those were the most wretched who had retired from useful employment in order to enjoy themselves—Smith's Weekly.

## The Real Victim of Hobbies

NEW YORK POST

There is much truth in the statement that are laid on the people who weary as with three before. The man with the hygienic hobby, the man with the home-making mania, the man who makes and the man who delights in the theatre, who never does taking more than respective hobbies.

THE sanitary value of having a hobby is generally recognized. No one who sticks too close to his last is likely to be sound in body or an agreeable companion. But certain hobbies, innocent in themselves, make their riders seem extremely foolish, and add to the burdens of social intercourse. Among these is what may be called the gastronomic hobby. There is perhaps no more ostentatious form of pride than that of the gentleman-cook. Food prepared in a chafing dish is occasionally palatable, but there are men who look upon and talk about such cooking as if it were a religious ceremony. Almost everybody has been obliged, at one time or another, to eat some horrid mess in order to please a friend who believes that an alcohol lamp and a sputtering pan have some mysterious virtue. There are those who think that no cook or butler can dress a salad, and one can see them as they gird themselves for the undertaking. A superior social plays about their lips as they flourish the bottle of oil and the wooden spoon. A peculiarly annoying species are the camp-cooks—men who have roasted fish and game in the woods. The open-air life gave them an appetite, and they pretend that their cooking is good. But when they tell about it at the restaurant or club, we know that the Lord hath put a lying spirit in their mouths, and that the trout and birds were burnt without and underdone within.

Equally unpleasant is the man

with the hygienic hobby. He is not to be mistaken for the valetudinarian. He is far from being alarmed about his health. On the contrary, he has discovered the secret of physical well-being. He has original ideas about underclothing and overcoats. His hating, eating, drinking, and manner of sleeping are all according to inflexible rules. He gives you a history of his day, of his draughts of mineral water, his gymnastic method. If he does not recommend to you some obscure physician who has "done wonders" for him, he will at least tell you about his own favorite nostrums—the sneezing which he carries in his waistcoat pocket (for he eats no sugar), the little pill taken after meals to promote digestion, or the tonic which did his wife so much good.

All wise men dread the approach of the friend who wishes to show them the plans of his new house. They have usually been drawn by his wife and himself: the architect has simply "put them into shape." As the structure rises, the owner entertains his friends with accounts of the architect's delays, or the builder's duplicity. He carries about with him schemes of decoration, samples of tapestry, designs of sideboards and bookcases, all of which he displays upon the slightest provocation. He will lead the murray into the half-finished place, will enter him up ladders and down into damp cellars. They emerge looking as if they had been in a flour mill. He grows elo-

quent as he explains the work of the bricklayer and carpenter. Not content with this, when the house is finished, he must needs show it to his friends, from garret to basement. Who has not been obliged to follow the proud householder through his new possessions, and to hear his discourse upon plumbing, electric lighting, and upholstery?

The amount of pleasure afforded by the automobile is appreciably counter-balanced by the conversation of those who have made that useful machine a hobby. For it is surprising how much valuable time is consumed by automobile owners in lecturing their less fortunate friends. We are willing to grant that every man has the very best car that can be bought. This should be sufficient; and in return the amateur chauffeur should spare us his long discourses about sparks and gear, lamps and tires, the abuses of the garage, and the tedious experiences of the road. Of course, there is a certain novelty in hearing stories of village constables who have haled him into court, and of the untimely fate of dogs and chickens upon the highway; but, for excitement, we prefer the Newgate Calendar.

We are also disposed to shun the man who, being neither a playwright nor an actor, makes the theatre his hobby. Talk about the play is no

doubt a valuable social asset, especially in the case of those who do not read books or see much of real life; and criticism of the drama has its importance. Not so the stereotyped ecstasies which begin with the question: "Have you seen Mrs. Dash at the Blank Tientree?" For sooner or later the man with the theatrical hobby will try to tell you the plot of a play which you have not seen. If the piece is comic, he will laugh at his own narrative so that you will not understand a word of what he is saying. If the plot is intricate, you will almost pity him as he tries vainly to gather up the threads of the story, and bring you to the end. The person with a monomania for concerts belongs to the same class. When he hears the motive of some symphonic poem, it is difficult for the courteous listener to know how to signify his appreciation and yet conceal his dismay.

These objections are doubtless marks of a cross-grained and sally disposition, and we may be reminded that these hobbies relieve hard-worked men and women from the wear and tear of life. It is indeed to be hoped that such is the case. There ought to be some compensation for the wear and tear of those who have to endure the man with a hobby.

## The Problem of Mechanical Flight

BY GEORGE CALVERT IN APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE

The solution of the flying machine has been slower than that of any other mechanical device of which we have record. The problem before the aeronauts is reduced to the question of deriving an ascension that will maintain its equilibrium and support a human being during the process of flight through the air. Just how far they have succeeded is explained in the following article.

THE theory of flying mechanically is an interesting and pretty study, but in practice it has experienced a gloomy record. Many of the theories advanced work out similar to the case of a uccle floating upon the surface of a tumbler of water. For if the size of the needle were increased to that of a telegraph pole and the water body increased in proportion we would at once find the comparison theoretically inaccurate. So the flight of birds must not be too closely imitated in the machine, as there are several laws which do not apply in the same relations between an animate thing and a mechanical apparatus. It is remarkable how well poised a human being is and how easily walking is accomplished, yet how difficult it is to construct an automaton that will walk at all.

While the world is ready for the airship it is interesting to observe how nearly ready the bona fide airship is to serve the varied needs of mankind. Ever since the Montgolfier brothers made their spectacular discovery of the principles underlying the balloon, the latter has been exploited more or less as a royal route to artificial flight, and those who advocate it point out that it is the only method we are acquainted with by which a body can be sustained in the air for an indefinite length of time, and which can be made dirigible within certain limits. Its inherent fallacies greatly offset these admirable qualities, however, and

engineers who have studied the mechanics of the air are largely of the opinion that practical flight is not to be found in its employment.

The chief defect in the dirigible balloon will be obvious to the veriest tyro when it is stated that it requires fourteen cubic feet of the lightest gas known, namely, pure hydrogen, to lift a single pound; this being the case, by the time a balloon has been made large enough to lift any considerable load, it offers such an enormous surface to the resistance of the air that a very moderate breeze is sufficient to buffet it about and drive it out of its course, rendering it in consequence a useless means of intelligent aerial navigation.

The dirigible balloon is interesting, nevertheless, from a number of viewpoints, and to treat fairly the cause of aeronautics it cannot be ignored. A dirigible balloon is always an inspiring and an impressive sight as it sails smoothly and gracefully through the great aerial ocean, and the recent experiments of Roy Knabenshue will be remembered by thousands of New Yorkers. His exploits practically duplicated those of Santos Dumont, who manoeuvred his frail craft around the Eiffel Tower and back again to the point from which he started in Longchamp. Stanley Spencer a summer or two ago sailed in various directions over the city of London, his balloon seemingly under very excellent control, while the LeBandy brothers with a similar type of nirship performed

A life merely of pleasure, or chiefly of pleasure, is always a poor and worthless life, not worth the living; always unsatisfactory in its course, always miserable in its end.—Theodore Parker.

like evolutions over the suburbs of Paris, in one instance covering a distance of nearly eight miles in twenty-five minutes.

Prior to these essays in flight—that is to say, in 1883—Commandant Renard, of the French Balloon Corps, had designed and constructed an elongated gas bag which he fitted with an eight-horse-power motor. The total weight, including the auxiliary appliances, being approximately 220 pounds. This was the first instance where the propeller was placed in front instead of at the rear of the balloon; a plan that the later workers cited above found it expedient to adopt. Although in advance of Santos Dumont nearly fifteen years, Renard demonstrated it possible to sail against the wind if not too brisk; this he did by starting from Chalais-Meudon and, after traversing a predetermined course of a few miles, returning to the place where he ascended.

Only a year before, the Tissandier brothers had built a balloon that seems to have been utilized by Santos Dumont, but since the internal-combustion engine was in its infancy it was deemed a more favorable plan to employ an electric battery and a motor to generate the power needed. The battery provided current for two and a half hours and the electric motor developed one and one-third horse power, turning the propellers at a rate sufficient to drive the airship along at a clip equivalent to about 750 feet per minute. When we have considered Drupey de Lome's cigar-shaped dirigible balloon, built in 1872, in which a two-bladed propeller twenty feet in diameter was operated by eight men equal to about one horse power, and Giffard's sausage-like balloon, constructed in 1852, in which he placed a crude and cum-

bersome steam engine, we have resolved the art of aerial navigation, in so far as the elongated gas bag is concerned, down to its source.

Looking backward over the past fifty years, we find that the only improvements in dirigible balloons are those of propulsion; and since the action of propeller screws has been very carefully analyzed and internal-combustion engines have been built weighing only five pounds to the horse power, it is clear that the limits of speed and of controlling the course of balloons of whatever size and shape have been practically reached.

Another method for the accomplishment of mechanical flight is that of impelling bodies heavier than the air with such rapidity that they will remain suspended until the impulse gives out. A leaf or a sheet of paper is an example of the above, but neither possesses stability. The boomerang is in reality a toy flying machine, and when thrown will speed through the air in long, graceful curves and return to the thrower before it strikes the ground, thus vividly demonstrating its stability, and its capability of being guided.

A boomerang and a kite may not appear to have anything in common, yet the laws governing them are identical. A kite usually comprises a plane surface, and it is therefore called an aeroplane, the principles involved forming the basis of the second type of flying machine. The names "kite" and "aerodrome" are usually employed to designate in the first instance planes made of paper or cloth attached to slender wooden frames which are flown in the air by means of a cord held by a boy or man, while in the last case the device is formed of similar surfaces, but is self-supporting when propelled

through the air. That confusion may be avoided, it has been suggested that it would be well to designate kites as aeroplanes and flying machines built on this principle as aerodromes, and these definitions will be adhered to in the present text.

A bird's wing is really a curved or, as it is more properly termed, an arcuated aeroplane, and those who are helivers in flying machines having rigid plane surfaces point out that the movements of a bird's wings do very little in the way of actual flight, but that the purpose a bird has in view in beating its wings is to get a good start; this being accomplished, it then makes its wings rigid and sails on the air like a kite.

In the same year that Giffard exhibited his dirigible balloon, namely, 1852, Stringfellow showed the model of an aerodrome in the Crystal Palace, London. Though the machine only occasionally left the wire track along which it was run to get its start, there were strong indications that the design was inherently correct, and it gave considerable encouragement to this form of flight.

Since then there have been many attempts to imitate the soaring action of birds, those of Lilienthal, Piche, and Chanute being the best known, though by no means the only ones. Lilienthal, the Prussian who lost his life in an effort to describe a circle, proved that it was possible to sail the air by using a pair of fixed wings, though it was necessary to start from an elevation. Under proper conditions the descent was about one foot in eight, depending upon the strength of the wind, and in several trials when the wind was blowing with sufficient velocity he was enabled to actually soar upward, though the

wings had a surface of only seven square yards.

Piche, of England, like Lilienthal, lost his life by the overturning of his apparatus. Chanute, of Chicago, who was the next to vie with the soaring birds, having the tragic experiences of his predecessors before him, proceeded with the utmost caution, and finally did develop a kite-like apparatus in which he and his assistants sailed through the air without accident and apparently without danger. Chanute's contrivance was built along the lines of Stringfellow's, but not until Hiram Maxim, the inventor of the machine gun, built and tested out an aeroplane with motive power, in 1892, could it be said to have really had an adequate trial. Maxim performed a great number of experiments for the purpose of determining the most effective form of surface for the impinging air, for the form of screw that would give the greatest pull per unit of power, and for an engine which should be at once both powerful and light enough for the performance of its purpose.

The Maxim aerodrome consisted of a slight covered framework resting on a small flat car and extending outward and upward above it, while projecting before and after this central structure were horizontal surfaces that served as rudders, and these were movable at the will of the operator. The complete machine weighed 8,000 pounds, and the surfaces, which were both plane and arcuate, comprised some 5,600 feet. To get a start the machine was run down a track, when the resistance of the air became great enough to lift it from the car, or at least this was the intention of the designer. The aerodrome was driven by a 300 horse power steam engine, the lightest ever

made up to that time, but in the tests which followed only forty horse power of the total amount was used, and thus developed a lifting power that caused it to rise prematurely from the rails, when it toppled over, the sudden impact with the earth leaving it a wreck.

While the result of the experiment was a failure, it served to show, firstly, that an aero-surface can be made to lift itself by simply driving it forward with the requisite speed, provided it is fixed at a small angle of inclination relative to the direction of its flight; secondly, that the propeller screw is an eminently effective instrument for the propulsion of the aerial craft; and thirdly, that an engine at once light and powerful enough for driving a practical flying machine can now be made.

But there is an obvious mathematical law stating that the area in bodies in general increases as the square of their dimensions, while their weight increases with the cube; hence it is an apparently plain inference that the larger the creature or machine, the less the relative area of support—that is, if we consider the mathematical relationship without reference to the question whether this diminished support is actually physically sufficient or not—so that we soon reach a condition where we cannot imagine flight possible. Thus, if in a soaring bird, which let us suppose weighs two pounds, we should find that it had two square feet of surface, or a ratio of a foot to a pound, it would follow from the law just stated that in a soaring bird of twice the dimensions we should have a weight of sixteen pounds and an area of eight square feet, or only half a square foot of supporting area to the pound of weight, so that if flight is possible in the first case it

would appear to be highly improbable in the second.

The difficulty grows greater as we increase the size, for when we have a creature of three times the dimensions we shall have twenty-seven times the weight and only nine times the sustaining surface, which is but one-third of a foot to a pound. This is a consequence of a mathematical law from which it would appear to follow that we cannot have a flying creature much greater than a limit of area like the condor, unless endowed with extraordinary strength of wing.

Some years ago Prof. Simon Newcomb concluded that "the construction of an aerial vehicle which could carry even a single man from place to place at pleasure requires the discovery of some new metal or some new force." The process of reasoning by which this scientist arrived at this remarkable result was undoubtedly correct, but his deductions were very wide of the mark.

Dr. Alexander Graham Bell finally hit upon a means by which he was enabled to circumvent this law of mathematics which eminent authorities have long looked upon as standing forever ready to defeat the hopes of human beings to navigate the air. The scheme is simple enough after it has once been discovered. Take three straws and join their ends together so as to form a triangle. Then at each angle or corner of the figure so formed place another straw of the same length as those first used and bring their free ends together at the top. This forms the framework of one of Bell's famous tetrahedral cells; that is, a frame having four bases or sides. By covering any two sides, since they all are of the same form and area, a one-cell Bell kite is produced. By joining cell to cell,

the largest structures may be built up, which absolutely defeats the law that the weight must increase faster than the spread of surface, for his largest kites, having hundreds of square feet of surface, remain in every particular, weight, surface, and strength, proportioned to those of the smallest size.

Mr. Langley's aerodrome of 1896, the most successful model of a flying machine that ever flew, weighed only thirty pounds, equal in weight to the pterodactyl, but had a supporting area twice as great in square feet and four times the horse power. The sustaining planes were oppositely disposed and formed rigid wings, two on a side, like the wings of the insect known as the devil's darning needle. These measured fourteen feet from tip to tip, were fastened at an angle upward and outward from the body, which was eighteen feet long, and they were concave on their under sides. The centre of gravity was not nearly so low as in the Maxim make, and the propellers, which were screws thirty-six inches in diameter and placed amidships, were so swung as to take a part of their air from above and a part from below the machine. The motive power was furnished by one of the lightest and most efficient steam engines and boilers ever built, developing one and a half horse power with a total weight of about seven pounds.

This machine flew repeatedly over a distance of a mile and only ceased when its steam was exhausted, and then it gently alighted on the water of the Potomac River over which it was flown. These interesting and successful tests led Langley to build a machine on a much larger scale, capable of carrying a man. This he completed in 1903; the new aerodrome weighed, together with its

servant, 830 pounds; its sustaining surface measured 1,040 square feet, while the engine, of the internal-combustion type, developed fifty-two horse power and weighed considerably less than five pounds to the horse power. This machine has not yet been given a fair trial, and in each of the two preceding tests the launching device failed in the performance of its part and precipitated the machine into the water below. The difficulty in all the preensory experiments with aerodromes is that encountered in launching, and in every instance this has proven more troublesome and discouraging than the construction of the original apparatus.

This brings us vividly to the realization of yet another and a third method for solving the flight problem, and this is the beating wing. It is the opinion of Dr. T. Hayard Collins of New York, and others of the younger class of investigators that in this lies the way to success. These students point out that there is not a bird, great or small, but that depends upon the flapping of its wings when it arises from a state of rest, when it hastens its flight, when it carries a load, when it alights, and especially in the maintenance of its equilibrium—the very points wherein the aeroplane fails. The beating wing would supply the requirements of a successful flying machine in precisely those respects where the rigid aeroplane fails. It would enable the machine to rise without the aid of apparatus especially designed for the purpose; it would insure stability, and finally it would settle the question of poising and remaining stationary in the air, and a machine so built could alight at any time and place.

Lawrence Hargrave, of New South Wales, made some beautiful flying models, that were propelled by the operation of beating wings, while the lamented Libenthal constructed a machine having these wings on either side of a central structure, and these he kept in motion by pedals similar to those of a bicycle. By his own efforts, with this clumsy device, he was enabled to raise one-half his own weight and that of the machine, and had he utilized a gas engine, the machine must have ascended. It is not necessary that the complicated movement of the natural wing should be imitated—indeed it would not be desirable to do this, even though it were possible; but what would amount to the same thing—that is, beating the air on the down stroke and avoiding it on the up stroke—is easily attainable by proper mechanism. Such a mechanical movement need not be jerky, but as smooth and continuous as the operation of the engine running it.

It is interesting to mention that such men as Peter Cooper Hewitt, Alexander Graham Bell, John P. Holland, and S. P. Langley are now engaged in devising improved constructions in flying machines, though some of the above will give out any information as to their latest discoveries at the present time. Israel

Ladlow has conducted some very interesting experiments during the past summer along the Hudson River with an improved construction of kite. On several trips Ladlow's kite carried a human aeronaut, who manipulated the steering apparatus at an altitude of nearly one-quarter of a mile.

With these considerations of the difficulties and the advantages of these different methods in view, the writer sees in the first practical flying machine a composite structure, comprising an elongated balloon of very small dimensions serving to sustain to a limited extent a series of unmovable arcuate wings which will also act as aeroplanes; these will be used for rising, poising, and alighting, while propeller screws will drive the machine forward. Such an arrangement will not be swift-flying by any means, but it will obviate the awkward features found in the other individual types and will serve as a working basis for improvement. As the art unfolds the balloon will gradually be made smaller and beautifully less until it disappears altogether, and then the flying machine will begin to grow in dimensions, in stability, in speed, and in answering the problem when aerial navigation will become a concrete fact instead of an abstract fancy.

Keep the faculty of effort alive in you by a little gratuitous exercise every day. That is, he systematically asetic or heroic in little, unnecessary points; do every day or two something for no other reason than that you would rather not do it so that, when the hour of dire need draws nigh it may find you not unmoved and untrained to stand the test.—Professor William James.

## A Glass Bridge Half a Mile High

BY ELLIOT PALMER IN TECHNICAL WORLD

Across the big famed Royal Gorge of the Arkansas River will soon be hung the highest bridge in the world. It will be floor with plate glass, through which objects below can be clearly discerned. Its construction will be a triumph of engineering skill.

THE State of Colorado will possess, within a few months, the highest bridge in the world, over the deepest chasm in the Rocky Mountains—one of the deepest found anywhere. This extraordinary structure is the outcome of the ever-alert western spirit of enterprise, and especially is it one of the logical goals for which rival aspirants for supremacy in the tourist business in the Centennial State are ever straining.

Probably by the midsummer of 1906 travelers between the Mississippi Valley and the Pacific Coast may enjoy the opportunity of passing over this high bridge, which is indeed regarded as the pinnacle of sensational features of entertainment that are continuously being introduced for the greater attraction of pleasure-seekers to the peaks and valleys of the Continental Divide.

The proposed highest bridge in the world is being constructed over the far-famed Royal Gorge of the Arkansas river; and the Royal Gorge is the narrowest point in the also phenomenally famous scenic Grand Canon of the same stream—the great gate, as it were, through which the Arkansas river empties its enormous accretions of water, very soon after the same have been gathered from the melting snows, 150 miles above, in the vicinity of Leadville, onto the plain once known as "The Great American Desert."

At the point in the Royal Gorge where the bridge is to be stretched, the abyssal rent in the earth's crust

is but 50 feet wide at the bottom and 230 feet wide at the top. The walls rise almost perpendicularly, and are granite, decomposed and iron-stained until the colorings blend into innumerable pleasing effects upon the senses. The rent discloses the oldest geological formations known to writers of textbooks on that subject. The herculean strength of the stupendous forces which have here displayed their handiwork in such exceptionally peculiar manner, suggests many subjects for theory and speculation. The Gorge, therefore, has always been a most attractive point of rendezvous for all classes of travelers "over the range."

Its spanning is one of the most daring attempts made since the abilities of engineers have been taxed by capitalists, during the last ten years, to increase and enlarge advantages for seeing the wonderful alpine-like features that are afforded by the west in such profusion as fully to verify the statement of the late Washington Irving that "never need an American look beyond his own country for the sublime and beautiful in natural scenery."

Little wonder that what the Indians held in such terrible awe has proven of superior interest to the pale-face. Its scenic phases are transcendent, even as disclosed by the heretofore available resources for witnessing its indescribable solemnity, which no pigments on the artist's palette can paint; and now that the prospective additions to facilities for witnessing the grandeur of this world's wonder

are to include the highest bridge in the world, an added attraction is expected to receive public acknowledgment.

The Royal Gorge was not wide enough to admit a railroad track alongside the river, and engineers who built the Denver & Rio Grande railroad thirty years ago were compelled to devise what is known as "the hanging bridge," which has always been considered a monument to the skill of that profession—mostly, however, from the fact of its being the embodiment of an original idea rather than a triumph over obstacles to the end sought.

Huge steel trusses, anchored in the rocks on each side of the river, carry the central weight of the bridge, the subsidiary supports being large steel rods depending from the trusses to the ordinary bridge construction, which is seventy feet long, extending parallel to the course of the stream. Upon this structure, Rio Grande trains have been stopped by the management for many years, to afford passengers opportunities for witnessing the interesting sights of the vicinity.

From the railroad tracks, the eye, looking upward, can scarcely comprehend the stupendous height of the cliffs whose summits pierce the heavens half a mile above; and while in the past the view from the hanging bridge has been voted one of the most sublime and imposing in the Rockies, the advantages for gaining good views of its most picturesque aspects were sadly insufficient.

The canon is seven miles long, hemmed in by continuous exalted walls of variegated hues; and from the viewpoint occupied by the bridge the kaleidoscopic panorama will include the circuitous canon itself, with its cathedral-like spires rising here

and there amidst the ever-changing colors and shadows, and, in the distance, the peaks of the mighty range to the west, south, and north. Eastward the vast undulating plain stretches to the horizon. A perfect eyesight can distinguish details of the landscape at distances of 25 to 50 miles in the sacred Colorado atmosphere from this great height, while tourists carrying field glasses can easily locate independent objects 150 miles away.

The bridge will be 2,550 feet above the railroad track, 22 feet wide, and 230 feet long, and constructed of flat steel and steel cable work as is utilized in suspension-bridge construction. The supporting, curved girders will find substantial lodgment, at each end, in the granite sides of the canon, where enough space will be chipped out to afford anchorages which nothing but an earthquake can dislodge.

The floor of the bridge will be of plate glass one and one-half inches thick, set in steel framework, through which objects below can be easily discerned. It is expected, by most visitors, without experiencing dizziness. Railings at the sides will be so high that, while those who desire may gaze below by craning their necks through interstices, no danger of falling into the chasm will be present, either to children or adults. The cost of the structure is estimated at \$100,000, which, however, does not include the total expenditure involved in the perfection of the promoters' plans.

Tourists will be embarked from the Denver & Rio Grande railroad trains at Canon City, a pretty town nestled in the midst of highly developed fields and orchards in the Arkansas Valley, six miles east of the hanging bridge.

From this city an electric railroad

is being constructed on the north side of the canon. The route is past the Colorado State Penitentiary, through irrigated orchards and alfalfa fields, thence up and around innumerable terraced hillsides, on and on to the heads of short gulches, over shallow chasms that must be bridged to perfect the switchback system involved, and finally to the summit of the Front range. Although a bee-line distance of but six miles will then have been attained, it will have required the riding over twelve miles of track, laid on an average maximum 4 per cent. grade. The cars, which are of the usual interurban pattern, will reach the bridge in twenty-five minutes. The ascent by rail will have been 2,800 feet, while the altitude at the summit is 7,800 feet.

A hotel of modern design and large capacity is being constructed there, as well as other necessities of a summer resort of high class, including trails into the canon via its steep sides, over which mountain climbers may journey afoot or on the back of the patient little burro.

Cars upon which the traveler will have journeyed from Canon City will be sent over the bridge, minus passengers, on grade, and all visitors therefore will walk across the chasm.

Once on the south side, the cars will roll back to Canon City over another 4 per cent. grade track, fifteen miles long, built in the sides of moun-

tains and hills, and affording many new and novel views which are impossible from the ascending car. This part of the system will not be equipped with trolley wires, but will depend entirely on gravity for its momentum, and upon improved air-brakes for government.

Upward of \$1,000,000 is expected to be spent in developing this new enterprise by the controlling corporation—the Canon City, Florence & Royal Gorge Interurban Railway Co.

The idea of bridging the chasm had occurred to but a few people before F. S. Granger, who is a promoter of original ideas and considerable constructive ability, undertook the task, to inaugurate which has required several years of experimenting with surveys. It is only within the past fifteen years that it has been deemed possible to overcome the engineering difficulties thought to lie in the path of building a railroad on either side of the Gorge. Previous to fifteen years ago, engineers would have declared any man a lunatic who suggested such a route as a possibility, even with unlimited capital; but in accordance with the modern advancement in civil engineering, broad-gauge railroad tracks are now constructed over mountain passes formerly considered wide enough only for burro trails, and bridges are built over chasms where geography illustrators twenty-five years ago declared "one false step would be fatal."

# The Future of the U. S. Steel Trust.

BY WILLIAM H. HILLIER IN MODERN MAGAZINE

Here we are given an analysis of the business of the great steel corporation with a view to comparing what will be the result upon it of the inevitable period of depression that is sure to follow the recent boom of prosperity.

ANDREW CARNEGIE'S dictum that "Steel is either a prince or a pauper" has become a household word. Nothing is more evident than that the prosperity of the Steel Corporation depends wholly upon the activity of the iron and steel trade, and this in turn is dependent upon the general industrial condition of the country.

It may be conceded at the outset, therefore, that the Steel Trust will have its ups and downs as the country is prosperous or otherwise. But the problem that confronts the investor and student of economies, is whether the Corporation will prove its ability to survive, despite the inevitable periods of depression.

The surplus of the United States Steel Corporation compares as follows at various dates since it was organized:

## STEEL TRUST SURPLUS.

June 30, 1901.....	\$39,950,249
December 31, 1901.....	43,620,950
December 31, 1902.....	77,874,597
June 30, 1903.....	90,131,821
September 30, 1903.....	90,899,836
December 31, 1903.....	66,696,682
December 31, 1904.....	61,265,445
December 31, 1905.....	78,598,709

It will be seen that there was a steady increase in surplus from the date of the first report until the report for the quarter ending September 30, 1903. After this date the rapidly decreasing earnings made necessary the payment of dividends from surplus on the preferred stock, and the surplus dwindled from \$99,-

000,000 to \$61,000,000 by the end of 1904. Dividends upon the common stock had been meanwhile suspended. It may be observed, in passing, that the increase of dividends upon this stock, and the forced suspension thereof, constitute a criminal blunder quite without a parallel in financial history.

Now that the industry is prosperous again, optimists are predicting a resumption of dividends on the common stock. When it is remembered that to resume such dividends at the rate of 5 per cent. would require something over \$25,000,000 a year, the magnitude of the undertaking may be well imagined. It is not likely, however, that the first dividend will be at any such rate. Two per cent. is generally the starting point for the common stock of an industrial corporation. One can but wish, by the way, that the promoters of the enterprise had fixed the common dividend at that figure at the outset, in which case it would doubtless be drawing 3 or 4 per cent. to-day.

Now that the Corporation has passed through a complete cycle of *pride* and *pauperism*, we can judge more intelligently of its future possibilities. Let us examine briefly, therefore, the current annual report. Let us forget, if we can, that the Corporation is the biggest thing in the world, and that its millions are so vast as to confuse our ability to analyze them.

Here we have a going concern with outstanding capital stock of about \$770,000,000; \$360,000,000 of which

is preferred stock, with a dividend rate of 7 per cent. Against this capitalization we find a bonded indebtedness approximately of \$570,000,000.

In order for shares to be worth *par*, therefore, the property represented should have the market value of \$1,430,000,000. This the condensed balance sheet seeks to do, showing total assets of \$1,637,000,000, which, after deducting current and underlying liabilities, as well as the bond and stock liabilities above mentioned, leaves a surplus of about \$85,000,000. This surplus consists partly of \$25,000,000 provided for the organization, and \$44,000,000, accumulated since that time; also \$15,000,000 of accrued profits on account of subsidiary companies.

The principal item in the property account of the Steel Trust is that somewhat uncertain one of *ore-lands*. These lands are carried on the books of the Corporation at a valuation of approximately \$750,000,000. There is no way of ascertaining just how much of this valuation is pure optimism. Certain it is that if these lands were put on the market to be sold for cash, they would not bring that amount. The financial digestion would be overtaxed by so vast an offering. Just what these lands are worth for earning purposes to the Corporation itself, is another matter. Time alone can determine their actual value, as shown by their net productiveness. Let us suppose that the valuation placed upon these lands is about equal to the actual net cost of the ore which they will furnish. The Corporation is constantly using this ore, and to that extent, therefore, is eating up its capital. Much is made of the liberal charging off for depreciation of mills and plants. We fail to find

anything charged off for depreciation of *ore-lands*. We find that the total iron-ore mined from the various ranges controlled by the Trust during the year of 1905 amounted to eighteen million tons, which, at the average market price of \$2 per ton, would give \$36,000,000 as the value of iron ores consumed by the Corporation. In addition, we find the production of coal—not including that used in making coke—of over two million tons. Most of the coke was manufactured from coal furnished by the company's own mines. It is safe to assume that the consumption of coal, at \$1.50 a ton, amounted, during the year to \$15,000,000. Thus we get \$51,000,000 as the value of ore and coal consumed in one year. At this rate, it would seem that something like half the above amount, or twenty-five million, should be charged off for depreciation of ore and coal lands.

It may be put forth as a reply to this theory, that the natural appreciation of these lands from the standpoint of intrinsic worth, will more than offset the decline in value resulting from exhaustion of ore supply. The trouble is that this appreciation is neither certain nor dependent. The lands are valued mainly for their production of iron ore, and so far as the Steel Corporation is concerned, they would not be of much service after this supply is exhausted. It would then be necessary for the Corporation to purchase other ore lands, possibly in Mexico or some other foreign country; to raise funds for this operation, the Trust would be compelled either to rapidly dispose of these now depleted ore lands, or to assume new bond obligations. In either event, the financial position of the Corporation would be as uncertain one. In fact, despite the appar-



ently inexhaustible richness of the ranges controlled by the Trust, it is conceded among all those who have made a study of iron and steel works, that the great corporation will eventually be compelled to purchase from the James J. Hill interests those vast deposits of iron ore acquired some years since by the Great Northern Railway. No trustworthy estimate has ever been placed upon the extent of these deposits. Mr. Hill himself can but guess at them. Expert authorities regard them as equal if not superior to those controlled by the Steel Trust. In any event, their purchase would mean an increase in the stock and bond obligations of the latter concern.

Another point to be considered—and that is the more familiar problem—is the ability of the Corporation, with its tremendous fixed charges, to survive a period of general depression in the trade. It should be remembered that the so-called depression of 1903-4 was only a setback, the result of temporary financial conditions, and trivial in extent, compared to the profound stagnation which has in former times marked certain years of the industry. What, for example, would be the condition of the Steel Trust if pig-iron should drop to \$12 a ton, and stay there for a year or more, and if rails should fall to \$22 a ton as they did in 1894? It has been calculated by officers of the company, that something over \$20,000,000 per year are required to be deducted from earnings in order to provide for ordinary extinguishing funds, and extraordinary and replacement funds and other special charges. When the Corporation first began business, about half of this amount was considered ample; but it was soon discovered that a serious mistake had been made. The policy of

strengthening the various plants and increasing the general earning capacity of the Corporation, added \$10,000,000 a year to the depreciation and replacement account, and was largely instrumental in abolishing the common stock dividend. The Corporation started out upon the fateful theory "that earnings were earnings," and that, after keeping the plants in ordinary repair, and paying the fixed charges on the various bond issues, the common stockholders could step in and divide the pie. This theory is now obsolete; indeed it never existed in any well managed concern, and was peculiar to the enthusiastic vendors of steel securities.

Nearly \$30,000,000 a year are required for interest on bonds and bond-sinking funds. This money must come from somewhere, or the whole structure will collapse. The cumulative dividends on preferred stock require \$20,000,000 more. While such dividends are not regarded as fixed charges, yet it is clear that, should any considerable arrearage accumulate, a re-organization would be necessary in which the common stock would be either scaled or wiped out. Fifty million dollars a year, then, is what the Corporation must earn, after paying all expenses, in order to keep on its feet. When we remember that the earnings dropped to \$30,000,000 in 1904—within \$9,000,000 of the dead line—and that the dividends paid during the year ending September 30, 1904, exceeded by \$1,000,000 the actual net earnings available for dividends, we can get some idea of the dangerous situation the giant concern would be in if confronted with a prolonged stagnation in the steel industry.

Over against these dangers may be placed the sure increase of steel con-

sumption, which must take place in the next five years. It has been pointed out that if the Corporation enjoys three or four years of prosperity equal to the one just closing, sufficient surplus can be accumulated to provide against almost any depression. Much depends, therefore, on the next few years. If the Corporation is allowed to accumulate a surplus, say of \$20,000,000, its future will be assured. In that event, dividends could be resumed on the common stock and the preferred stock might be regarded as a permanent investment security. At present, however, conservative investors can regard neither as an established proposition.

One fact in regard to the Steel

Trust seems to have been overlooked by students of its economic situation. It is so large that the ordinary standards of value are not easily applied to it. If it were offered for sale, nobody would buy it. If it has exhausted its ore lands, then we, as a nation, are eating up our capital. The future of the Steel Trust is indeed more intimately connected with the economic future of the United States, than the ordinary citizen would suppose. Its collapse would precipitate a panic of unprecedented magnitude. For all these reasons the problem which confronts this giant institution is of more than ordinary interest, and should be studied by all business men, whether directly interested in its welfare or not.

## The Value of Time

One of the most important lessons to be learned by every man who would get on in his calling is the art of economizing his time.

A celebrated Italian was wont to call his time his estate; and it is true of this as of other estates of which the young come into possession, that it is rarely prized till it is nearly squandered; and then, when life is fast waning, they begin to think of spending the hours wisely, and even of hushbanding the moments.

Unfortunately, habits of indolence, listlessness, and procrastination once firmly fixed cannot be suddenly thrown off, and the man who has wasted the precious hours of life's seed-time finds that he cannot reap a harvest in life's Autumn. It is a truism which cannot be too often repeated, that lost wealth may be replaced by industry, lost knowledge by study, lost health by temperance or medicine, but lost time is gone for ever.

The men who do the greatest things achieved on this globe do them not so much by prodigious but fitful efforts as by steady, unremitting toil, by turning even the moments to account. They have the genius for hard work, the most desirable kind of genius.

# White Coal and the New Italy

BY G. D. SKELTON IN WORLD-TODAY

Hydraulic power, as it has been aptly termed, white coal, is bringing about a revolution in the industrial life of Italy. This country, poor in coal mines is rich in water power, and it is because of this recent development that a new day is dawning for Italy.

THE coming exposition at Milan, held to celebrate the opening of the Simplon Tunnel, promises to be as great a revelation to Americans as the World's Fair at Chicago was to Europeans. We are prone to think of Italy, when we think of it at all, as a land of only historical and artistic interest, or as the breeding place of the hordes of illiterate immigrants who form the substructure of our industrial organization. That it is neither living on its past reputation, nor wholly to be judged by the street navy contingent will be made abundantly clear by the Milan exhibition.

To reveal to the world Italy's remarkable industrial expansion in the past decade is indeed the underlying purpose of the exhibition. Northern Italy is prospering beyond all record. The product of the silk industry has doubled in the past eight years. One-third of the silk thread used in the world is now produced in Italy. The cotton mills, scarcely in existence a decade ago, now have an annual output worth over \$50,000,000. Textiles have advanced almost as rapidly. The six thousand workmen employed in iron and steel foundries in 1881 have become ninety thousand and Italy to-day is exporting steel instead of importing it. The new industries of electro-chemistry and electro-metallurgy are now especially flourishing in various parts of Italy.

"Houille blanche," as the French call it, or white coal, has been the chief agent in the transformation. In more prosaic language, white coal is

simply hydraulic power, but the epigrammatic French phrase was such a happy invention that it has become current throughout Europe. Strictly speaking, it applies only to the power derived from glacier streams, rising in the eternally snow-capped Alps. The analogous term, "houille verte," or green coal, has been adopted at M. Henri Brisson's suggestion, to designate the more common form of energy provided by streams of humbler source.

Call it what you please, this newly harnessed power is revolutionizing European industry. It is shifting the seat of industrial leadership, giving a new start to nations hitherto hopelessly out of the race. It is more than a coincidence that the great manufacturing countries to-day are those which are rich in coal — the United States, Great Britain, Germany and Belgium. Other causes no doubt have contributed to their success, but the possession of cheap power lies at the foundation. Now the tables are turned. By an almost providential compensation, the nations which are poorest in black coal are richest in the white. Austria is much better supplied with hydraulic power than Germany, France than England, Switzerland than Belgium, Canada than the United States. When it is further considered that the white coal is subject to neither exhaustion nor interruption by strikes, the full richness of the promise it offers begins to be realized.

Italy is one of the best endowed of European nations in this regard, the

available power her rivers hold is estimated at between nine and ten million horse-power, an amount equal to the total steam power of the world to-day, exclusive of that used on railways and steamships. And although only a beginning has been made in utilizing this great heritage, more power has been developed than in any other country in Europe. The chief source of the power is in the lakes and streams fed by the rains and melting snows of the Alps. Some of these lakes, twenty-five miles long and a thousand feet deep, at varying elevations above the sea, form ideal reservoirs of energy. The streams flowing from the Apennines, which, unlike the Alps, are bare of snow for eight months of the year, can not be relied on for as abundant or as constant power and consequently the chief development has taken place in the north, especially in Lombardy and Piedmont. The power is applied to an endless variety of purposes. The great steel works at Cornigliano are driven by electricity. The street railway of Milan is operated by power from the waterfall of Paderno on the Adda. Teganos lights its streets and runs its factories from power generated at Vizola on the Ticino. Electric traction is used on many of the lines centering about Milan, and it is proposed to divert the historic Volturao to provide for the electrification of the road between Rome and Naples. Everywhere the electric current has stimulated the peninsula into new life.

A momentous aspect of the movement is the effect it is having in reviving domestic industry and making farm life more attractive. From the central distributing stations power can be transmitted in as small quantities as desired, without appreciable loss. Italian economists are predict-

ing the passing in many lines of work of those huge ugly coal-vannations of toil where the modern factory system holds its workers by the thousand. Already statistics show a decided increase in the number of petty industries. On the land again, electricity is being applied with remarkable results, though not very extensively as yet. On some large estates every part of the farm is lighted by electricity, threshing mills, grist mills, feed cutting machines, chinks, are run by its magic aid, and even electrical plows are in use, run by batteries charged from sub-stations in the field, or by cables stretched between power cars on either side the field.

The new power is not to be credited with the whole of the improvement in Italy's condition. The easing of the crushing load of taxation — thrice as great in proportion to income as in England and France — by more economical management, has been a helpful factor. Italy's labor, too, is a valuable asset; cheap it has always been, and efficient and adaptable it is now proving itself in many a Lombard factory. On the land the growth of co-operation is lifting the peasant out of the slough of despond, he buys his seed and implements and sells his products through co-operative syndicates, uses the co-operative threshing machine, the co-operative olive press, the co-operative distillery and creamery, and borrows money at a reasonable rate from the co-operative village bank.

Wholesale emigration, again, is reducing the pressure of population, every year half a million of Italy's children leave her shores. In some sections, it is true, the drain has been so enormous as to be a danger rather than a relief. When Signor Zanzielli, the late premier, was

making an official tour through the Baschiato, he was surprised on entering a certain village to find no arches of welcome, no effusive deputations, only the mayors with his pessimistic greeting: "I welcome you in the name of our eight thousand inhabitants, of whom three thousand have just left for America, and the other five are preparing to follow." But on the whole the emigration has been beneficial. A new Italy has sprung up on the Piatte and in Brazil, furnishing an immense outlet for Italian exports, while the remittances sent home from Italians resident in the two Americas are estimated at \$15,000,000 a year. Nor are all the emigrants lost forever. The official returns put the proportion of temporary emigration at fifty-five per cent. One-half the half million emigrants, that is, intend to return to

Italy as soon as they have sufficiently spoiled the Egyptians. Many go and return the same year; all the dogmas of political economy as to the immobility of labor seems set at naught by the spectacle of thousands of men sailing every year half way across the world to help harvest the wheatfields of Argentina, and then returning to spend the other half year cultivating their little olive orchards on the slopes of the Apennines.

With white coal providing almost unlimited power, finances on a sound footing, the surplus indigent population drained off by emigration, Italy seems well on the highroad to prosperity. The past generation worked out her political freedom, shook off foreign rule and welded the discordant fragments into one. The next promises to achieve her economic salvation.

## Little by Little

A great deal more can be accomplished by systematic reading or study for fifteen or twenty minutes daily than appears possible to one who has never tried it. It would suffice to keep up French or German, and to become conversant with the best authors. Or a little time given daily to the earnest study of science, and one might become a skilful botanist or geologist. Or, if English literature be more attractive—as it undoubtedly is to the great majority—how soon would one become familiar with Milton or Shakespeare, Bacon or Macaulay, if a few sentences were read and considered daily.

Above all things, it is important that one should read systematically, and not be guided by chance. Have always a good book, a standard that will repay careful study, at hand, and to that devote a part of the time that may be set apart for reading. Before opening the book recall as fully as possible what was read the day before, and on closing it see by reflection how many of the thoughts of the same author you have made your own, and so cultivate memory.

## Some Secrets of Success

BY CLAUDIUS CLEAR IN THE BRITISH WEEKLY.

As long as there is work to be done in this world there will be articles written on how to succeed. Generally speaking, the public never seems to weary of reading such articles. Claudius Clear, in the following story, takes the opinions of three of our standard writers on the subject and distills them in an enlightening manner.

LORD PALMERSTON laid it down that the whole secret of success consists in taking pains, and pointed to his own career as an illustration. Mr. Disraeli lectured on the thesis that every man has his opportunity, and that in preparing for that opportunity lies the art of getting on. Sir J. Pakington, who is now forgotten, though he had some prominence as a politician of his day, contributed the condensed result of sixty years' experience of a varied kind in three or four short maxims. "The others," he said, "judge what you are fit for." "Refuse no position which competent observers offer you;" and "Do your best." There may not be much help in this, and yet any instruction sincerely uttered and surely drawn from personal experience has its own value.

Then I find the redoubtable Dr. Emil Reich writing on success in the Daily Mail. I missed his earlier articles, but found some suggestive sayings in the third, which is entitled "Strategy." Two things in particular deserve to be repeated. Dr. Reich says that man has seldom more than one line of success. Life is, generally speaking, a game of cards, in which the player has but one trump to play out. He thinks that for the average man and woman "one man, one line," is the truth of all truths. Dr. Reich pushes this very far. He says that one man, he may be an Englishman, will succeed only in France or in America, the other only in Scotland. "Who has not been struck by the singularly successful

careers made by Irishmen outside Ireland? Who in England ignores the strange fortune enjoyed by Scotsmen in England, where in politics, in the church, as stewards of rich estates, as teachers and publishers, Scots have proved incomparably successful? It is morally certain that these persons would in their own countries have failed to be equally successful."

Dr. Reich goes on to say that there are two ways of succeeding, first by merit and next by influence. Some persons have the knack of using influence. They please the powerful, and are successful in securing high posts. Others, though not less able, have some magnificence of manner which prevents them from winning the favor of the man in power. Those not gifted with talk and good manners should throw themselves on their abilities, while others who can intrigue and pull wires may strike out on the path of triumph.

A not less interesting and suggestive article appears in Monday's Evening News. It is entitled "A word to the Junior Clerk by the Senior Partner." The writer points out that the junior clerk is very apt to stick at £3 a week, and that often the errand boy who begins with ten shillings, and learns the practical side of the business, climbs the ladder quickly. He advises the junior clerk not indeed to despise his power of typewriting, or using shorthand, or comprehending foreign languages, but to understand that none of these things will carry him very far unless

he has ability. The tools are invaluable in good hands, but if the hands that use them are weak and inefficient, they will come to little. He tells us that he himself learned in his youth to speak French well. He was close on thirty before this accomplishment did him any good. A Paris customer was in the chief's room with the chief and himself. The clerk had been talking French with the visitor on the way up. Suddenly he said, "Elliott, why don't you send this young gentleman over to represent you in Paris, and persuade our poor old Whitman? He speaks French perfectly." This was his first lift into the cabinet council of the firm. French without the business talent he had shown would not have got him the position, but when the chance came the French was ready. General culture and special knowledge are sure to be useful sometime, and they may possibly be all essential. But the ability to speak all the languages of Europe may not excite an extra thought in the mind, though tools are just as necessary as hands. It has to be remembered, however, that tools are tools and hands are hands, and that unless the hands are capable of using the tools, nothing happens. But given the tools with business ability, with general culture, with perfection in the use of figures, weights, measures, money, coinage, and thus equipped the junior will not be long before he rises high in any business firm with which he may be associated.

All these sayings deserve to be pondered. They have all at the very least a strong element of truth. I agree with Dr. Reich that very few people can be conspicuously successful in more than one line of life. Brougham was in his prime a very great speaker, but his literary productions are all dead. His hydros-

tatics, his Greek, his philosophy have gone the way of all smattering. Mr. Gladstone was an orator and a statesman, but he has not left a line that will live unless, perhaps, his translation into Latin of the hymn, "Rock of Ages." I am not saying that the translation is good, but it serves its purpose. Lord Macaulay was not a failure in Parliament. His glittering speeches always attracted a crowd, and sometimes even influenced votes. But they were not true speeches. They were read from the back of the head, and in debate he was quite helpless. As an administrator he made no mark in any of his offices. He spent a long time preparing an Indian Penal Code, but though it remains for those who care to read it an able and interesting book, it was not a practical contribution to legislation. He was eminently a man of letters, and it is by his writings he lives. So one might go over the story. The tragedy is that not seldom a man who might have excelled, let us suppose, as a lawyer, turns out a very second-rate doctor. In other words, the man who does not take the line in which he could best have developed himself, is in the worldly sense a failure.

Some twenty years ago there were two prominent men in Scotland belonging to an eminent legal family. One of them became a minister and the other a lawyer. Neither was a failure in his sphere, but it was commonly remarked that the minister would have been a great lawyer, and the lawyer a great minister. The minister had a magnificent judicial intellect, but no sentiment; the lawyer was good, though not great in his own profession, but he had a fine vein of sentiment and eloquence which would have carried him far in the pulpit.

I am not sure that I agree with Dr. Reich in thinking that the Scotsman who succeeds in England would have failed in his own country. Most of the prizes are in England. I do not suppose for a moment that Archbishop Davidson would have failed if he had been a minister in the Church of Scotland. He might not have been a popular preacher, but he would have risen to the chair of the General Assembly. The Scottish kirk, however, cannot reward her leaders in the manner of the Anglican establishment. Scotsmen who come to England often do better than they would in their own country, simply because they have more scope. The same is true of Irishmen. The great men of Ireland, men like Provost Salomon, the Archbishop of Armagh, and the like, would certainly have succeeded in this country, but of greatly rewarded positions there are comparatively few in Scotland and in Ireland, and thus the way of success may be easier. Perhaps, however, there is some truth in what Dr. Reich says. It may be that some Scotsmen and Irishmen get on better with the English than they do with their own

people. It is difficult to speak with certainty.

On one other point I am tempted to offer a remark. Sir John Pakington advises people to accept the positions they are offered, allowing others to judge of their merits. Perhaps this is good advice on the whole. The only man that I remember in the Church of England who persistently declined to be a bishop was the late Dean Vaughan. He would have made an excellent bishop, but perhaps he consulted his own happiness by remaining Master of the Temple. There were many who questioned the wisdom of Lightfoot and Westcott accepting the bishopric of Durham, but there is no reason to think that these eminent men ever regretted for a moment the step they took. Still, there must be cases where a man knows himself better than any outsider can do. He understands his mental and physical limitations, and he is quite sure that in a hardensome sphere he would break down. There are such people—men to whom ceremony and show and routine are detestable. These must in the end of the day be allowed to judge for themselves.

## Enthusiasm

"Without enthusiasm," said Montaigne, "your life will be a blank, and success will never attend it. Enthusiasm is the one secret of success. It binds us to the criticisms of the world, which so often damp our very earliest efforts; it makes us alive to one single object—that which we are working at—and kills us not with the desire only, but with the resolve of doing well whatever is occupying our attention."

# The Childhoods of Some Millionaires

BY G. R. CLARKE IN WORKER'S MAGAZINE

Of all self-made millionaires of America very few can look back on childhoods, disconnected from work. Harrison was the average age at which they set out to earn their own living. The stories of the early struggles of some of these great men are objects lessons of the value of courage and determination under difficulties.

"THE man who never was a boy," is the term often applied to J. Clayton Robinson, the English railway promoter. The description fits many millionaires. There has always been a running infringement of the law—moral if not actual—against child labor by this class.

"Anybody can become rich," says Andrew Carnegie, "if he works hard enough," and the early beginning with work for many years as the only portion must be included in counting the cost of most successes.

So many successful Americans have begun at 13 that this may be taken as the average age. Lewis Nixon applied for his appointment in the navy at 13 and had it the next year. Samuel Sloan, former president of the D.L. & W., began life sweeping out a big dry goods store in New York at 13. Col. Pope was selling fruit and vegetables, besides working on a farm, at 13. Chauncey M. Blair, president of the Merchants' National Bank, started in the same bank as a messenger boy at this age. Senator Gorman started in the senate as a page at 13 and never left political life afterward. Frederick Gilbert Bourne, president of the Singer Machine Company, left school the Summer he was 13 with a farewell to everybody that meant he would not come back. He had his own way to make and it was decided at home that he must begin. John Mitchell, classed by Lincoln J. Steffens with industrial monarchs

under the name of the "mining king," began work in a coal mine when he was 13.

When Henry Phipps was 12 he began work in a shoe factory and by the time he was 13 he left it and went with a jeweler, where he got \$1.25 a week. Here he had an experience which he remembers to this day. He accepted for his employer a counterfeit \$10 bill. This meant the loss of two months' wages. It was county fair week and the town was full of strangers, and it apparently was a hopeless task to find the man who had cheated him. The thought of the two months' wages, however, spurred him on, and he started out, got on the counterfeiters' track, and did not lose it until he had ran him to earth and got the money back.

Senator Beveridge's boyhood was one of great toil and hardship. At the age of 12 he was a plow boy, at 14 he was working as a laborer at railroad construction and doing the work to which the strongest men are put—driving an old-fashioned scraper. At 15 he became a logger and a teamster, and by reason of his natural command of men he was put at the head of a logging camp.

George W. Cable was left the eldest of four children, his mother being without any means of support. This was when he was 14, and he went to work in a custom house and supported the family.

Hugh Chisholm's business career is one which shows wonderful precocity. It began in 1860, when he was

13. He secured a "ran" as a newsboy on a railway train. He became a train newsboy because it was necessary for him to earn his own livelihood. His ran was between Detroit and Toronto on the Grand Trunk, and he became fast friends with Edison, who ran on the same road between Detroit and Port Huron.

Newsboys then, as now, were paid by commission on sales, but young Chisholm saved a few dollars and got together a stock of his own. From that time his daily earnings were nearly twice as large as before. His next investment was in a course in bookkeeping and penmanship in a business college in Toronto. He took his instruction on the week day evenings that he passed in that city, studying at odd minutes on trains and at the western end of his ran.

His next step was to get control of the news routes on the Grand Trunk as far east as Portland, Me., selling on commission. He took his brothers into partnership, and they kept getting new routes until in 1866 they had contracted to sell papers on trains from Chicago to Portland and Halifax and also in northern New England, northern New York, and far up in Canada, as well as on steamboat lines. Their routes altogether covered more than 5,000 miles.

They had 200 newsboys and put them in uniforms and caps, which was the beginning of railway uniforms and brass buttons. Soon after he established a printing business at Portland, and turned out for sale by his own agents pictures, pamphlets, albums, tourists' guides, and souvenir publications descriptive of scenery along the principal lines

of railway. All this was accomplished before he was 20.

When William Lewis Douglas was 5 years old his father was drowned at sea. His uncle ran a cobbler's shop and when he was 7 years old he was bound out and put to work pegging shoes by hand. His uncle kept him at work from sunrise till sunset and worked him beyond his strength and only sent him to school for short periods each year. When he was 11 years old he went back to his mother and then his uncle made a proposition that he would allow the boy \$5 a month and his keep if he would return, and back to the little shoe shop and unremitting toil he went. He stayed another four years, when an opportunity came that looked great.

He got work in a cotton mill in Plymouth, where he was to get 33c a day. He worked there four months and broke his leg. The accident gave him a term at school and then the family poverty lashed him back to work, and he was put at heavy boots. He gave out under this and went into a store as shoemaker and learned the commercial details of his business. With another bootmaker he learned how to cut and fit shoes, and then started a little place of his own. Later with \$875 of borrowed capital he started to manufacture shoes.

Herbert Vreeland started at 13 handling ice. He is the son of Abraham Vreeland, who was the pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church at Glen, N.Y. Herbert was the youngest of seven children and after going to school until he was 13 he started to earn his living by filling ice carts. The family moved to Newark, N.Y., and the boy worked hard and faith-

fully at handling ice until he struck his first railroading job.

When Carnegie was 10 his father came home one day and said, "Andy, I've no more work." That was the last of his boyhood. They came to America soon afterwards and he started to work in a steam cotton factory tending bobbins. In less than a year he had been taken from the factory and put to running an engine in the new works. Here he got 20 cents a day. Then he got an increase of salary by doing a little clerical work in the office between times. This is his own account of his next rise:

"I awoke from a dream that has carried me away back to the early days of boyhood, the day when the little white haired Scotch laddie

dressed in a blue jacket walked with his father into a telegraph office at Pittsburg to undergo examination as applicant for a position as messenger boy. If you want an idea of heaven upon earth imagine what it was to be taken from a dark cellar where I fired the engine from morning till night, and dropped into an office where light shone on all sides, and around me books, papers, and pencils in profusion, and, O, the tick of those mysterious brass instruments on the desk annihilating space and standing with throbbing spirits ready to convey intelligence to the world. This was my first glimpse of paradise."

He was 14 soon after this when his father died and he was the support of his mother and his younger brother.

## Work and Worry

"Too much work" is the frequent verdict of men who die from nervous prostration and mental and consequently bodily exhaustion.

The verdict requires amendment. It is too much worry rather than work that breaks health and eventually destroys life. The man or woman whose undivided attention, for the time being, is quietly devoted to the business on hand is seldom prostrated by overwork.

This is because nothing is attempted which it is not reasonably expected can be done. The systematic worker can make a full day's record, and at the end of the day be ready for rest. His operations, mental or other, are, to a satisfactory degree, forwarded or completed when the time comes for rest. The day's anxieties—if even there have been anxieties—are not prolonged in his dreams. One thing at a time is the safe motto. Following it, method and diligence will permit a distinct thing for every convenient division of the working day.

## What Life Means to Me

BY EDWIN MARKHAM IN THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Edwin Markham, whose little poem "The Man with the Axe" passed into poems, once a few years ago, thinks deeply on human life. One of the clues of it all he sees a guiding principle, which he calls a greater and a better world. Common Christianity resting on the reproducible rock of the humanitarian idea, is to him the final religion.

WHEN a boy I often stood on a mountain top high above the Pacific, looking away into the interminable distances and wondering over the world and its mystery. I was then a shy lad, herding a flock of sheep among gray crags and green upland pastures. Now after forty years, on my island facing the Atlantic, I am still looking into the vast fading horizons, still as of old wondering unsatisfied over life and its inexplicable meanings. The only difference between the boy and the man is that the man finds more mystery than the boy ever dreamed of. The boy was touched with a sense only of the world's mystery, while the man has added to that a sense of the unintelligible mystery of existence.

I am descended from a people given to spiritual posing and wondering. So there came a day when my young soul began to seek anxiously for the unifying principle of life. I found myself in a chaos of creeds and doubts. My reason rejected their petty "schemes of salvation" and their crude guesses at God. It was a glad moment when, after many stumblings, I came to see that the idea of Humanity is the core of religion, the core of the spiritual fact. It was easy then to see that Fraternity in action is the holiest of all ideas—is the spirit of all gospel and the fulfillment of all revelations. These triumphant convictions sponged out the old billboards of religion, pasted with lifeless eastwards and

faded labels, and swept away at one stroke long rows of sawdust effigies that had been set up to serve as signposts and milestones on the path of life. The "Hebrew old clothes" of religion, serviceable in their day perhaps, were carted away to the dust heap; and little was left but the radiant indignation of Isaiah and the martyr-love of Jesus.

But enough was left to make it clear as light that genuine Christianity is the final religion, resting upon the impregnable rock of the humanitarian principle. I became a believer in the person and the politics of Jesus. And now I see in him the supreme statesman and lawgiver of nations. His words are all in the logic of the universe: They are the indices of the universal wisdom of the Father.

My new convictions swept the old effigies into the dust heap; but this did not deliver me into a godless universe, did not surrender my hopes to the clutch of a blind chance, a nameless something, forever numbing enigma. I still felt that there is One who watches, One who sorrows in our sorrows. This faith cannot answer all the wild questions of the heart, but it can do something to alleviate the pain of failure and the pathetic uncertainty of life. We are all aware that there is something wild in the world—glance at the newspaper with its catalogue of murders, poverties, and cruel luxuries. Still there is something in me that makes me believe

that there is a Purpose striving in all this tumult of nature and history. Perhaps life will be seen to have reason and symmetry when looked at from some watchtower in eternity.

For long years I was confused as to man's place in the world-order. Is he merely a higher animal? and does he find the principle of his life in the nature-passions and carnal battles of the wilderness? Is he a brother to the wolf, finding his only hope in the brute struggle for existence? Men certainly have joined in the brute struggle since the rise of recorded history. It is only from the tongue of old tradition that we get tidings of the ages before history, when men lived in a wise innocence, moving in all their ways and works in the sweet and reasonable law of brotherhood.

When man appeared upon the planet, the ages of animal evolution ended and the ages of spiritual evolution began. The competitive struggle among men is simply a part of our brute inheritance. This struggle must give way to something nobler, or man's soul will never rise to the full measure of a man. Man's spirit needs a ground higher than the nature-ground. For his deeper and dormant nature is not wolfish; it is brotherly. The struggle for his own life must give way to a struggle for the life of others. The survival of the fittest must give way to the fitting of all to survive. The Golden Rule must displace the rule of gold. Man was made for the adventure of love. All true morality for man must be based on unselfish service.

It is to this glad spirit of the early world that weary men must return if they would find their lost paradise. With Ego as the god of

their worship, they have heaped and hoarded; found all treasures but the one worth finding—happiness. Men have stormed across the planet, seeking their selfish pleasure, searching forever for something that will ease the heart's desire. Riches wrung from destitutions, palaces built on poverties, satieties founded on starvation—is this spectacle the end of the moving mystery of life? We were not called into Time to curl up in these hollow shells; we are here to evolve rational and immortal souls, and to perfect them in the practice of the social and heroic virtues. Man realizes himself only when he identifies his life with the common life. There is no rest for man but in fellowship—in the beautiful comrades, sympathies, and services of a Comrade Kingdom. Jesus saw this, and came preaching the Kingdom of Heaven, that new order wherein men should love and labor and keep themselves "unsponsored from the world."

The great souls in all ages have moved under the inspiration of this divine idea. They have called on all men to subordinate the private self to the public self. In this spirit, the patriots of all lands have defended the national honor and built up the fabric of the public safety. In this spirit, Socrates drank the hemlock that he might not seem to betray the ideal he had lifted for the eyes of Athens. In this spirit, Gustavus Adolphus and William of Orange poured out their lives to make secure the imperiled liberties of man. In this spirit, Savonarola thundered against the social iniquities of Florence and carried to the end his dream of a Christian commonwealth. In this spirit, Garibaldi rejected the crown of a kingdom to become in

that moment the king of Europe. In this spirit, Shelley sang the sorrows of the toilers through the melodious passion of his Prometheus. In this spirit, Mazzini pressed on with heroic hope through his long, lonely, and stormy apostolate. In this spirit, our Lincoln held the duties of his public service sacred as the worship at an altar. And in this spirit, Carlyle, "the wisest and the saddest of this group of titanic men," came preaching his grim gospel, picturing the Pools of Erebus hidden in our social abyss, and calling on the strongest and the best to descend into that human deep to lift the burdens of the people.

Our world, more than we ever dreamed of, is touched and kindled by the World Unseen. "The Visible becomes the bestial when it rests not on the Invisible." For the invisible and the beyond are more real than the actual. The ideal brooding above the universe draws man ever

on and on. It will not let him rest. It is forever breaking and sweeping away the ephemeral facts and forms in which man houses for a moment his eager hopes. Back in the ages when the monsters battled in the teeming slime, there was something more real than they. It was the ideal, the God-purpose, brooding above and transforming them to a nobler use and beauty. Above the buried acorn forever calls the architectural oak. Above these tribes of men now rending one another stands the ideal man, stirring them out of their easy conceit and kindling them with the passion for perfection. Arcturus and Orion are finished, but man is just begun. Above men is the ideal man; and above our poor imperfect social order, shines the radiant ideal of the Free State, fixed and forever beautiful. Human governments are heavier with ceaseless unrest under the shaping power of this invisible Presence.

## Get Ahead!

Every energetic man desires to get ahead. If his work in the world is to amount to anything, he must try to make it more excellent than it has ever been made, and so to distance all competitors.

There may be some kinds of work of the best quality done in solitude and with no such stimulus; but most of the world's labor is performed by men and women who stand side by side, and whose efforts afford strong and equitable incentive each to each.

Just as in the race the energy of each runner is brought out by that of his competitor, so, in the manifold exertions of the world, the powers and faculties of men and women are constantly sharpening and strengthening each other by honorable contest.

# Big Promotions in Railroad Service

BY NELSON WARREN IN WORKER'S MAGAZINE

That young men have unusual chances to rise in railroad work is evidenced in the recent promotions at three offices of the New York Central, who started several years ago in the railroad profession. The stories of how these three men rose to their present responsible offices are an inspiration to all others.

THREE changes in the vice-presidencies of the New York Central railroad within a week have involved as principals in promotion three men who began their railway experiences and work in the lowest positions possible in the economy of railroad construction and operation.

Three men whose careers began in the unidentified dark of the railroad service a quarter of a century or more ago have worked their way to a place in railroad reputation which gives each of them a vice-president's position with one of the conservative great systems of the east. That favoritism could not have been shown is indicated in that each of these men has had to make his moves from system to system in order to find the best of opportunities. And finding them, they have grown strictly according to merit, each within the scope of his opportunities.

W. C. Brown, Chicago, head of the New York Central interests in the west, has been moved up from the position of "wooding" engines on the St. Paul road in 1889 to the first vice-presidency of the New York Central road with headquarters in New York City.

A. H. Smith, general manager of the New York Central, has been promoted from an odd jobs man in the shops of the Lake Shore road to be the eastern vice-president and manager of the lines east of Buffalo in the New York Central system.

Charles E. Schaff, general manager of the Lake Shore system, has passed

up from twisting the brakewheel of a freight car on the Big Four system in 1871 to be the western vice-president of the New York Central and having operating control of that road west of Buffalo.

Perhaps the conditions that existed when each of these men took place in the lowest ranks of the workers of his time are by no means the conditions that exist in material shape and atmosphere to-day. Perhaps no other line of great industrial magnitude has been more blackened in its possibilities for young men than has the railroad business of the country. Yet it is one of the incontrovertible facts that within a week three men who began at the lowest rung of the railroad ladder have gone up round by round almost to the top, and that each of them is yet a young man.

The experienced, practical railroad man will tell you that the railroad business always has suffered in considerable measure from the class of man who is drawn to it in line of promotion and length of service. This is shown in the ease with which brakemen may be secured for a passenger train when there is no promotion from this first position—once a passenger brakeman, always a passenger brakeman. The uniform, the comparatively light service demanded of the brakeman, and the attractions that pertain to traveling sixty miles an hour with clear right of way makes this passenger post acceptable, where the hard ragged life of the freight brakeman, with its infinite possibilities in promotion may be

something to hush aside in despair.

In the life of the freight brakeman and the yards switchman, however, these days of the air brake and the automatic coupling have much in them that is trying to the souls and bodies of men. The switchman in all weathers holds one of the most dangerous positions in the world of the workers. The freight brakeman has a life of hardships and dangers, too, that are scarcely second in measure. In either of the positions the employee finds himself in a trying out process in which the grim philosophy of the survival of the fittest holds sway.

First Vice-President Brown, who has just passed up with the New York Central, began his railroading when he was 16 years old. His first work for his company was as a section hand, from which he was promoted to the woodyards with the duty of flinging wood fuel into the tenders of the locomotives hacking in for fuel. He found opportunity soon afterward to become a telegrapher, and for two years was a station operator, from which he was passed up to be a train dispatcher for the St. Paul line.

He was a train dispatcher for six years, working for three or four roads in that time, finally becoming the chief train dispatcher for the Burlington route in 1881. In fifteen years from this promotion he was the general manager of the whole Burlington system. In 1901 Mr. Brown became the vice-president and general manager of the Lake Shore road and of the New York Central, holding at the same time vice-presidencies in the Michigan Central, Big Four, and two or three smaller railroad organizations. These are the steps in his career from settling ties and wooding engines to his present promotion to the second highest position in one of the greatest of the railroad systems in the east. Just how many men in

the several fields of his work Mr. Brown has passed and left behind would be impossible to estimate—as impossible as it would be to assign the causes for these thousands not having kept the pace that made for his success.

Charles E. Schaff, the new vice-president for the western interests of the New York Central system, began his brakeman's experiences at 15 years old, twisting the wheels on cars of the Pittsburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis railroad. On half a dozen lines he acted as locomotive fireman, train haggamanager, conductor, yardmaster, trainmaster, and general superintendent. In 1893 he was general superintendent of the Peoria and Pekin Union railroad, with headquarters at Peoria, passing from that position to be assistant to the president of the Big Four road. In 1894-95 he was assistant general manager of the road, and in 1895 became the general manager. Only recently he had passed to the Lake Shore road as general manager, and he left that position for the vice-presidency of the New York Central.

It is to be remarked that the tastes of Mr. Brown in railroading drew him more away from the activities of transportation than did the best of Mr. Schaff. Mr. Brown took to the telegraph key, at which tens of thousands of young men have stopped and grown old and unaccomplished. Evidently the romance of railroading appealed to Mr. Schaff and in the locomotive cab or baggage car alike he found inspiration for his work. Yet the two men are meeting close to the top of railway attainments in its broad sense.

Through the greasy jumper, the scrap heaps, and the machine shops of the railroad Mr. Smith has taken place alongside the other two men. From the shops he became foreman



of bridges for the Lake Shore road. In 1890-91 he was superintendent of the Kalamazoo division of the road, was passed to the Lansing division, to the Youngstown division, to the Michigan division at Toledo, and finally in 1902 was made assistant general superintendent of the road at Cleveland. In 1902 he became the general superintendent of the New York Central, and a year later was promoted to the general management of that system. Four years later he is one of the vice-presidents of the company.

But whether from section hand, brakeman or machine shop helper, these three roads, leading through sober fields of earnest application, have led to the same goal.

In the present day there are thousands beyond count who take the pessimistic view that things are not as once they were; that opportunity is "bald in front," as well as having no hair behind; that in all probability were the successful men of yesterday to grapple with the problems of life to-day they might easily

be counted among the failures who are now piling up the scrapheaps of humanity.

But the proposition remains that if these three men who have been singled out for success have succeeded under favoring general circumstances, their paths to success have led them past the thousands of others who must have had like general opportunities. Where are these men who have been passed? Why are not three of their fellow workers who were with them in the beginning holding the positions which these three "favored" have attained?

The question answers itself. If there are thousands of men in railroad service to-day where a quarter of a century ago there were only hundreds, at the same time there are positions in the same proportion that are to be struggled for along the lines of enable, intelligent application to duty. If one shall be too inherently pessimistic to recognize this general truth, let him throw up his hands and quit.

## Five Arab Maxims

Never tell all you know; for he who tells everything he knows often tells more than he knows.

Never attempt all you can do; for he who attempts everything he can do often attempts more than he can do.

Never believe all you may hear; for he who believes all that he hears often believes more than he hears.

Never lay out all you can afford; for he who lays out everything he can afford often lays out more than he can afford.

Never decide upon all you may see; for he who decides upon all that he sees often decides on more than he sees.

## A Mayor of all the People

BY ISAAC F. MARICSSON IN WORLD'S WORK

Already favorably known to the name of James N. Adam, the mayor of Buffalo, who is conducting the municipal government of that city just like a big business establishment is conducted. He has studied in the school of experience and has learned in trade thirty years of successful life.

EVERY morning a carriage drawn by two spirited horses dashes up to the Buffalo City Hall. A man with white hair and beard and wearing a silk hat and frock coat steps out. A newsboy rushes up to hold the door and says: "Good morning, 'J. N.'"

"Good morning, lad," says the man. Then he steps briskly into the big grey building. It is long before eight o'clock and the scrub women are washing the tile floors. As they see him they say:

"Good morning, 'J. N.'"

"Good morning, ladies," is the reply. It is too early for the elevators to be running and he goes up the steps to the second floor and enters a stately room hung with portraits of Grover Cleveland and other mayors of Buffalo. Here a group of people—peddlers, hucksters, merchants—is already waiting and they too greet him as "J. N."—familiarly but with respect. "J. N." is James N. Adam, the new Mayor of Buffalo. Nobody there bothers to address him or to refer to him by his full name; it is always "J. N." Yet for twenty-five years that name has been linked with the highest commercial integrity of the city; and to-day it has come to be a symbol for clean and efficient city government. Formerly the saying in Buffalo was, "Go to 'J. N.' and get your money's worth;" now it is, "Go to 'J. N.' and get a square deal," and the people get it. He has made a fortune in business with clean hands; he has

achieved success in politics without being a politician. He has sacrificed a well earned leisure and comfort for the duties of an office that he has made the busiest and most fruitful perhaps in its history. Under him the municipal government has become a great business establishment with the citizens as stockholders. There are no "insiders."

This hard-headed but kindly mayor was raised in a grim Scotch school. He was born sixty-three years ago in Peebles, twenty miles north of Edinburgh. His father, the Rev. Thomas Adam, was such a strenuous preacher that it was said of him "he danced the goats out of two Bibles" every Sunday. He was noted for his directness of speech, a quality that his son inherits. The minister put a round stone on his father's grave, whereupon a neighbor remarked that it was a fitting symbol of eternity.

"Na," was the reply. "It shows he was a wheedwright."

J. N. Adam grew up in a pious, intellectual atmosphere, supplementing a meagre schooling with much reading. At twelve he was an apprentice in an Edinburgh dry goods store, making one dollar a week. One of his very best friends was Alec Barrie, brother of J. M. Barrie, the novelist, who was a pupil of Mr. Adam's sister. Meanwhile his brother, Mr. R. B. Adam, had come to Buffalo and established a dry goods business. He persuaded "J. N." to come to America, which he did in 1872, and started a store in New

Haven. In 1881 he was visiting his brother in Buffalo. The latter said, "J. N., there is to be a dry goods store in the new White Building I'd as soon have you as competitor as any one else. Why don't you take it?" "J. N." did take it and founded the firm of J. N. Adam & Co., which became Buffalo's greatest department store. He laid down this rule for his clerks: "Never misrepresent anything, keep your promises no matter what the cost." There was nothing that his clerks could do that he could not do better, from wrapping a bundle to selling a household outfit. This store became known as "J. N.'s" to distinguish it from his brother's which was across the street. He was proud to be called a merchant. Every Summer he went to Scotland, where he had built a home for his sister at Bowden.

One day in 1893 some Democratic politicians were conferring about nominations for the council at the Iroquois Hotel. It was hard to get good men to run—besides, a Democrat had little chance to win. One of the men looked out the window and said:

"There goes 'J. N.' Let's nominate him." He rushed out and brought the merchant in. On being told their purpose he at first protested, saying:

"What do I know about politics? I am only a business man."

But he ran and was elected in an iron clad Republican ward. For years he was the only Democrat in the council but he was an untimely minority. He began a systematic study of municipal affairs and acquired a vast fund of statistical information. When he became councilman he sold what corporation stock he had. "I don't want my invest-

ments to influence my vote," he said. His colleagues said that he was "hard headed and positive," and that he "poked into things too much," but his honesty became a city tradition. When he completed his fiftieth year in business in 1904 he retired. He was then, as now, the third largest tax payer in Buffalo and a millionaire for, like the late Marshall Field, he believed real estate was the best investment. He had public duties and a fine library to engage his mind, ample means, and an honored name, and he settled down to enjoy the remaining years of his life.

For years a corrupt Republican administration had plundered the city. The county, for example, bought an abandoned cemetery for an armory site and a favored contractor got the job to haul away the bones. He was to receive a fixed sum for each skeleton. But every bone was billed as a "skeleton" and the bill was paid. There was a foreman for nearly every employe in the department of public works. Graft was rampant. Last Fall the Democratic politicians looked around for a candidate for mayor. They wanted a man strong enough to swing the rest of the city and county ticket in with him. "J. N. is the man," they said. Mr. Norman Mack, Democratic National committeeman, asked him by cable to accept the nomination and when he could sail, for he was in Scotland. This characteristic cable was the reply:

"Yes 26 Adam."

When Mr. Adam was nominated the opposition said: "'J. N.' is honest but he is an old man." But he surprised them. He upset all electioneering precedents. He spent no money. He had no headquarters. "I

carry them in my hat," he said. At a little table in a corner of his old office at J. N. Adam & Co., he transacted all his campaign business. His platform was "Honesty vs. Graft." What he did was to send a frank letter to every voter guaranteeing a business administration and saying:

"I pledge myself, if elected, with whatever ability and experience I may have, to work for your interests, and to see that every man, woman and child of this city enjoys, for the next four years, an honest administration of affairs, and that every one, big or little, gets a fair, square deal."

His opponent, a lawyer and much younger man, started a "whirlwind" speech-making campaign. Mr. Adam sat back and did nothing. His friends became alarmed. "'J. N.' you'll get beat," they said.

But the old man smiled and replied: "Have you ever stopped to think that it is only about two weeks before the election that people really become interested?" So he waited while his opponent talked. When he did start campaigning he proved that he was the youngest old man in town. He spoke four or five times a night. His speeches were filled with hard business sense and abounded in epigram. Some of them, like the following, stuck in the people's minds:

Graft is non-partisan.

The way to climb upward is not to live downward.

A public office is not a private graft.

Economy is not parsimony but efficient administration.

The trail of the political dollar should be as publicly known as the route of the Empire State Express.

He was elected by a majority of 10,000. Instead of resting he at once visited a dozen large cities throughout the country, studying municipal conditions. He appointed Mr. Victor Speer, a well known newspaper man, as secretary, and more than doubled his salary out of his own pocket. He did the same with the official stenographer. "You cannot get efficiency with small salaries," he declared. "Men who are inadequately paid find it hard to resist temptation."

His first message to the common council has become a sort of classic in municipal documents. Near the beginning he said:

"I desire to make clear at the outset that as there is no authority in law there will be no toleration in private practice or political interests to direct or control the transaction of municipal business. The affairs of our city are not a question of parties or of politics, but of business pure and simple. In his own business, a man does not submit his affairs to the dictates of political or outside parties. He manages it so that each dollar spent brings in the fullest return. The rule of private business is simply the law of public business. We are employed by the people to work for the public interest. We are not paid by individuals to work for private or corporate interests. Let us all bear this constantly in mind, thereby obviating any future necessity for my impressing it upon your memories."

The mayor declared for municipal ownership; for lower taxes, adding: "What is fair for an individual tax payer is equally fair for a corporation tax payer. The less it costs a contractor to get a city contract, the less it costs the city for the

work done under that contract. Further, the less paid in private transactions, the more paid in public taxes." In closing he said:

"I believe graft should be scotched by not only arresting and trying, but by convicting and imprisoning the grafter, whether he be an office holder or not. Disguise should not be permitted to keep a thief out of jail, and a grafter is a thief in disguise. I will do all in my power to put any grafting public official not only out of office, but into jail. I will do all in my power to expose and punish bribery or corruption or any attempt to wrongfully control or influence the conduct of our public affairs, no matter how high or low the wrongdoer may be."

So great has been the demand for the message from all parts of the world that it has been repeated twice.

When the people read the message they said: "It's 'J. N.' all over." He had practiced in business what he preached in office. His appointments startled the professional office holders. He wiped out party lines, and recognized no creed. "Office holding is not an occupation but a service," he said. There had been mismanagement of the police pension fund, so he appointed a leading bank president police commissioner. To the civil service commission, which audited pay rolls and examined into the fitness of men to hold public jobs, he named, among others, a prominent merchant, an eminent physician, and a union printer. The doctor, for example, takes time from his rich and extensive practice to examine a policeman and a fireman, and the result is that the city gets efficient servants.

"The city charter is old and ham-

pered by useless and contradictory amendments," said the mayor, so he appointed a charter commission to frame a new charter. The first man he named on it was his Republican opponent for mayor.

Being a business man, Mayor Adam at once set to work to organize the city on a business basis. He said, "I believe in single heads of departments with a definite and fixed responsibility. In a great private business the various departments are not headed by a committee ranging from two to seven members. Each has a single competent and responsible head." He pointed to the case of the great railroads, saying: "Has the Pennsylvania Railroad a commission of motive power? No. It has a superintendent." He had a measure for single head departments drawn and put through the council, and it has been introduced before the Legislature at Albany.

There are 60,000 Poles in Buffalo. They sent a delegation to Mayor Adam asking him to recognize the race by appointing one of their number a license clerk. He looked at them squarely and said: "License clerk—name your two biggest men and I will give them high positions." One of them, a doctor, will be deputy health commissioner.

Yet he will defy public opinion if he believes he is right. Recently the council passed an ordinance authorizing the sale of a strip of land that had been part of the old Hamburg Canal. A big price was offered and most of the citizens thought it was good business. But the mayor vetoed it with a vigorous message that showed his foresight. He saw that the development of the strip by a private corporation would result

in damage suits against the city that would cost more than the price paid. I heard a leading business man say: "Well, if 'J. N.' is against that sale, it is a good reason why I should be."

The mayor believes in frank discussions. When half a dozen railroads and as many corporations were in a controversy over a strip of water front he invited representatives from all interests to meet at his home and talk it over. They all agreed to reach a settlement in three weeks.

When he was in business, Mayor Adam worked harder than any of his clerks: He now does more work than any two city officials. He is at his office before eight o'clock, he sees personally every letter that comes and dictates the instructions (often with the law or precedent) for those that go to various departments. Every letter is acknowledged the day it is received. He knows the system and details of every branch of the city service. Heads of departments are constantly going to him for advice. "I want the people to come to me with their grievances," he says. When his big reception room fills up he does what President Roosevelt does, goes out

among the visitors, greeting them cordially, answering with firm "Yes" or "No," never changing his decision and passing quickly from one to the other. The old negro seeking from him permission to wash buggies in front of the city hall gets the same courtesy as a millionaire merchant. The mayor's secretary keeps a record of every visitor and all business transacted in the office in a red book that Mr. Adam scans at the end of the day. His working day runs far into the night, for he takes his official papers with him to his home out in Oakland Place. There his big library becomes the workroom. But his firm Scotch mind is not always intent on business and the strenuous affairs of men. It shifts to the pleasant highways of literature, too. He has been a prodigious reader. He knows his Browning almost as well as his Burns, and often to illustrate a point he will lapse into a verse from a Scotch poet or quote a sentence from the addresses of the Rev. Frederick W. Robertson—"Robertson of Brighton," so he calls him—a brilliant, fearless and eloquent preacher of democracy in England fifty years ago. The mayor can discuss the writings of James Beve as easily as those of John Burroughs.

He who defers an unpleasant duty does it twice. Anticipation of it may become a continued torture. It is wise to be done with it in the first place, and then contemplation of it becomes a pleasure.

# Tillman, Defender of the Senate

BY JAMES CREEKMAN IN FEARSON'S MAGAZINE (AMERICAN).

Recent events at Washington have brought into renewed prominence Benjamin Ryan Tillman, senator from South Carolina. Tillman is a dramatic figure in American political life and the character sketch of him that follows throws into relief an extraordinary nature.

**B**ENJAMIN RYAN TILLMAN is the most violently outspoken as well as the most unshrinking of radical Democrats. His is the fiercest and roughest spirit that has ever found voice in the "great advisory council" which constitutes the federal side of Congress, the "paladium to the residuary sovereignty of the States."

Senator Tillman speaks from an inner knowledge of the Senate, extending over a period of about eleven years. He has studied the senators at close range. He has entered into the penetralia of their official life. With a suspicion and cynicism that has found vent in many picturesque, and sometimes shocking, outbursts on the floor of the Senate, he has searched patiently for evidences of senatorial corruption. No sense of delicacy, no regard for the proprieties or for personal associations has ever hindered that wild tongue.

And what is the testimony of Senator Tillman after eleven years of service in the body which is now pictured as a breeder of corruption and treason? Here are his own words:

"I believe the Senate to be a great body of great men. When I came to Washington at first I thought that the senators were generally corrupt or corruptible; that was my honest opinion.

"Since that time I have been compelled to change my belief. Nothing could be false than the idea that the Senate is corrupt or treasonable. I am convinced that, with rare exceptions, the senators are honest and

patriotic personally, and that when they have failed to do their whole duty in the Senate it has been because of party loyalty and prejudice, rather than personal crookedness.

"The truth is that the Senate continues to be a deliberative body, with freedom of debate and of action, while the House of Representatives merely records the will of the speaker.

"The Senate is still what Washington described it to be. You know that Jefferson was in Europe during the great Constitutional Convention. When he came back he visited Washington and, it is said, reproached him for consenting to the creation of the Senate. He demanded to know why Washington had not opposed the idea.

"When Jefferson asked this question he was, so the story goes, walking up and down with a cup of tea in his hand. The tea was too hot and he poured it out into a saucer.

"Washington smiled. 'You have answered yourself,' he said. 'The Senate is a saucer in which we will cool the legislation brewed in the House.'"

In order to judge the value of Senator Tillman as a witness for the Senate one must know something about the man and his antecedents.

He is tall, deep in the chest, sinewy, loose-limbed and awkward. There is not a more formidable figure to be found in America.

The countenance is singularly coarse. The brow is wide but not high. It overhangs a dead eyesocket and a single living brown eye. The nose is large, long, and fleshy. It is

the nose of a born commander of men. The cheeks, which once were flat, are now pudgy. The jaws are heavy and have a terrific grip. The mouth is thick-lipped and has a brutal suggestiveness. The chin is wide and square, the chin of a desperado. The neck is thick and muscular.

But the head is almost Napoleonic in its strength and symmetry and it is ordinarily carried high, with an air of defiance.

The face makes one think of piracy, cannibalism. It is the splendid outline of the head that redeems and explains it. Not that there is any trace of cunning or treachery in the countenance; yet it is beyond comparison as an example of savage masculinity.

Still, that fierce brown eye can soften compassionately and can twinkle with sunniest humor; and those terrible lips can quote Greek and Latin and talk of flowers and poets and little children. For the face is but a mask to hide a very honest, very human man, who entered the Senate at the head of a fiery farmers' revolution, a mob-leader, cursing all things conservative—to grow into a national legislator whose intelligence, industry and rough integrity have won the respect, if not the love, of his most fastidious antagonists in the Senate.

In considering Senator Tillman's defence of the Senate against the carefully worked-up plan to undermine the confidence of the people, it seems hardly necessary to recall the fact that he is not ordinarily an optimist. He has a jaundiced mind, which looks with distrust and suspicion. But he is, in his own way, heartily honest. It was into his hands that the railroad rate regulation bill was committed in the Senate, and his strongest incentive in the

long fight against proposed amendments was due to his measurable distrust of a part of the federal judiciary. So that it is hardly likely that a senator who does not hesitate publicly to assail the national courts would be likely to overlook or condone treason or corruption in those with whom he is engaged in herculean strife in the Senate.

The day of Senator Tillman's first speech in the Senate! Who that was there can forget it? Walking down one of the aisles to the front row of desks, he wheeled about in his long black coat, folded his arms tightly across his broad chest, threw his head back—his eye glaring from his pale visage, his lip lifted in a mocking, snarling sneer—and in a speech of almost unexampled virulence, he scoffed at the dignity of the Senate, ridiculed its smothering traditions and denounced President Cleveland as "a self-idolatrous, hulk-necked despot."

And how the orator's face lighted with a sudden, cruel pleasure when his rough language to Senator Hoar crimsoned the face of that silver-haired leader and caused him to throw up his hands despairingly. For it was in the law of destiny, foreshadowed many times in American history, that South Carolina and Massachusetts should find joy in the clash of their opposite temperaments and traditions. And the spark of anger that flashed across those rows of seats, from the infuriated face of Tillman to the mild, round countenance of New England's most venerated and cultured spokesman, was of the same fire that blazed in the breasts of Roundhead and Cavalier before they left England to resume their struggle in the western world.

It was Senator Tillman's shocking frankness, couched in language never before heard in the Senate—for not

all the Southern States together could prevent him from admitting, sometimes glorifying in, the barbarous political methods made necessary by the fear of negro domination—it was this that made men like Senator Hoar loathe his very presence.

It was reckless truth-telling that finally startled Senator Hoar into a revision of his first judgment of the South Carolinian, and the time came when the Massachusetts senator acknowledged him to be one of the most useful men in American public life, a man of brains and purpose without whom the Senate would be incomplete. The thing came about in this way:

The Senate was in executive session and the appointment of a negro to Federal office was under discussion. Senator Tillman was on his feet, his face livid, his clenched hands swung above his head.

"I tell you," he cried, "that you can keep up this kind of thing till you compel the people of the south to get shot-gun and kill every man you appoint."

"What?" exclaimed Senator Hoar, rising. "The Senator from South Carolina would not admit that in open session."

"Open the doors right now and see whether I will admit it or not," shouted Senator Tillman.

"Your predecessors never acknowledged it," suggested the astonished Massachusetts senator.

"Maybe not," replied the South Carolinian, "but if they didn't they concealed the facts. We don't intend to submit to negro domination and all the Yankees from Cape Cod to hell can't make us submit to it."

There was something in that incident which aroused Senator Hoar's interest in Senator Tillman, and from

that time on these grew up a friendship which lasted until Senator Hoar's death.

This picturesque man, who has been variously estimated from a hero and statesman to a loutish charlatan and crank, is by origin half English, a quarter German and a quarter Irish. His ancestors were South Carolina farmer folk who served in the War for Independence. The senator was born fifty-nine years ago in a large, old-fashioned house on his father's ample cotton plantation in Edgefield County, South Carolina. His father died and his mother, assisted by her elder sons, managed the farm. Mrs. Tillman was a woman of great intelligence and courage. But misfortune came when the Civil War broke out and her hundred slaves deserted.

"A hundred thousand dollars' worth of property promptly walked off our farm at that time," said Senator Tillman the other day.

Although his brothers were old enough to serve in the Confederate Army, Benjamin R. Tillman was a school-boy of fifteen when the great struggle began. He knew that at sixteen he must join the Confederate forces, and his brothers wrote back from the field entreating him to get as much education as possible, because the war might last so long that he would never again be able to go to school.

Even at night young Tillman would continue his studies, frequently carrying a lighted pine knot into the woods and lying down with his books beside it. He was a lank, tall, silent boy, dictatorial and brusque, but a natural student. The heat of the pine torch injured his left eye and a plunge in cold water brought on a tumor that destroyed it. It was the almost two years' illness following

this mishap that prevented the youth from serving in arms against the Union.

Those who have raised their hands in horror at Senator Tillman's pitiless war against the political aspirations of the negroes of his state should remember that the most impressive years of his young manhood were passed in the Reconstruction period, and no humane person can contemplate the experience of South Carolina at that time without a shudder. It was a race struggle pure and simple, and there were days when the desperate white population threatened to renew the war unless they were relieved from the horrors and disasters of negro domination.

In 1876, he was captain of a company of volunteer husars in Edgefield County, and he led his men in the anti-negro riots at Ellenton and Hamburg. Afterward he rode at the head of his company to Aiken to be tried for insurrection. As a mark of defiance to northern politicians of the John Sherman type, the entire company, including Captain Tillman, appeared at their trial in blood-red shirts presented by South Carolina women.

Until 1886, Senator Tillman was a farmer, innocent of oratory or politics. He had violent opinions on the race question and his tongue was the dread of the country side. But it was not until that year he became a public character. He was drawn from his farm in a movement to extend the scope of the State Agricultural Board, to transfer the control to the farmers and to establish a college on agricultural and industrial lines. That sounded the keynote of a policy that was soon to develop a scheme of modified socialism founded upon the right of the farm to govern the town.

The political power of the negro

had been trampled under foot. The remnants of the fine old Bourbon political oligarchy had resumed control of South Carolina. City, town, factory and store worked together at the polls. The farmers scattered throughout the state constituted a majority of the electorate, but they were without organization or leaders.

In 1889 the Farmers' Alliance was organized, and through that organization Senator Tillman fashioned the discontented and dejected rural mob into an army. In 1890, he was nominated for governor by the farmers, and elected.

After serving a second term as governor he was elected to the United States Senate in 1895.

One of the most vivid incidents of his career in Washington occurred when his colleague and former political follower, Senator McLaurin, declared in the open Senate that Senator Tillman had uttered "a deliberate and malicious lie."

Instantly Senator Tillman bounded at his colleague and bent him in the face with his fists. The sergeant-at-arms and a number of senators intervened, but Senator Tillman managed to strike his opponent again over the shoulder of the sergeant-at-arms.

"I just had to do it," he explained. "If I hadn't done it I needn't have gone back to South Carolina. It isn't that kind of a state."

For that original style of senatorial retort, the Senate suspended Senator Tillman for several days and President Roosevelt roughly recalled an invitation to the White House banquet to Prince Henry which he had sent to the senator.

Taking Senator Tillman all in all, he is the last man in American politics to be suspected of sheltering corruption, especially the corruption of rich men or private corporations.

# Defects of English as a World-Language

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS IN MUSEY'S MAGAZINE

*The chief weakness of the English language and the greatest obstacle to its general adoption as the world language of the future, according to Professor Matthews, is its chaotic and unpractical spelling. "That this is true, as a matter, all well-doubters agree who follow the professor's line of argument in the following article."*

IT would be an immense boon to the whole world if a single language was now spoken by all the chief peoples. The ease of intercourse which has always existed between Great Britain and the United States would be extended to all other nations. A single world language would make commerce easier; it would spread knowledge more rapidly; it would help rival countries to understand one another better; it would lessen the likelihood of war; it would tend toward the brotherhood of man; and it would have untold advantages needful to point out.

Once and again has there been a world language. When the whole of civilization was included in the Peace of Rome, Latin was understood by every man of importance on all the shores of the Mediterranean; and with Latin any one could go anywhere and talk with anybody. For a thousand years, and more Latin was really the world language; but at last the Roman Empire fell apart, and the several modern languages won the right to exist. In time the idea of nationality gave intensity to their expansion, and sharpened the rivalry of the peoples that spoke them.

Again, when Louis XIV was at the height of his power, French bid fair to take precedence of every tongue. For a century and a half it was the language of literature, as it was the language of courts. In French, Gibbon composed his first book; and the

great Frederick wrote French in preference to his own ruder German. French held the foremost place until the sunset of Waterloo; and then its chance of establishing itself finally as a world language, as the successor of Latin, departed forever. The sea power of England had conquered; and for a hundred years the French have had to look on while the stock that has to English for its mother tongue has gone on expanding.

Of late so clear has been the need of a language familiar to all men, whatever their native tongue, that many attempts have been made to devise an artificial speech, easy to acquire and fitted for universal use. Volapuk was one of these; and for a while it attracted wide attention. Esperanto is another, more popular for the moment; but its vogue will also be fleeting. An artificial language is not likely to have the simple directness of a speech that has been made by the people who use it, shaping it to their necessities through the long centuries. But even if any artificial language had all the merits claimed for it by its inventor, this would not help it. Nothing is more certain than that the majority of mankind can never be made to learn an artificial language.

History shows us that it is not by reason of its own excellence that a language spreads abroad and is spoken by increasing millions. Latin did not drive out Greek because it was a better instrument for convey-

ing human thought, but because the Romans were a sturdier stock than the Greeks—because they had shortened their swords and enlarged their boundaries. Nor did French once bid fair to extend itself all over Europe and half over North America because it was a nobler tongue than Italian or Spanish, but because of the character of the French themselves, the valor of their soldiers, and the skill of their diplomats. If there is ever again to be a world language, it will be no artificial tongue for the purpose, it will be the native speech of a masterful race, reaching out to the corners of the earth, as the French did two hundred years ago and as the Romans did two thousand years ago.

If there is to be a world language in the future, it will be English. That much is certain. English may fail to win world-wide acceptance; it may see its opportunity slip out of its hands. But if not English, then there will not be a world language. English is already the speech of two great nations—the two which are most vigorously expanding. Those who have it for a native tongue already far outnumber those who speak French and those who speak German added together, and they are also more rapidly increasing. On the continent of Europe, English seems to be slowly taking the place of French as that second language without which a man cannot consider himself educated. And what is even more significant, it is beginning to be adopted in preference to their own native tongue by authors belonging to the lesser nationalities—Naarten Martens, for example, and Joseph Conrad.

If our own speech is to become the world language of the future, this

will not be due to its own merits but to the vitality and to the energy of the peoples that speak it. Yet as a matter of fact, English is, on the whole, better fitted for this honor than any of the rival tongues. It is a language of surpassing richness, with a double vocabulary, partly Roman and partly Teutonic. It has a marvelous power of absorbing needed words from every other language, dead or alive. It has the gift of refreshing itself, of keeping itself ever fit for all the varied uses of a race at once intensely practical and fundamentally imaginative. Above all, it is the most advanced language in its structure, in that it has rid itself of most of the grammatical complexities, the declensions and conjugations, the arbitrary genders and agreements, which still cumber every other tongue. English may not be quite grammarless; but it is far nearer to that goal of simplicity than any of its rivals. Therefore it is easy to learn by ear, by word of mouth.

In one respect, and in one respect only, does English lag behind the other modern languages. Its spelling is barbaric, chaotic, unscientific. Its alphabet has several letters which are useless; and it is without letters needed to represent several sounds. What is worse, the same letter has often to represent several different sounds; and the same sound is often represented by several different letters or combinations of letters.

We may go farther and declare that our established spelling causes a waste of time to every man who has to write and a waste of money to every man who has to print. It is a cruel hardship to our children when they are forced to master it;

and, what is wickeder, it does them harm, in that it violates all those principles of logic which the teacher is ever trying to train his pupil to apply. And it deters foreigners from attempting our tongue, since the task of learning to read and write English is appallingly difficult, although they find it easy enough to learn to speak English so long as they use their ears only and resolutely close their eyes to our midst orthography.

It is our spelling which is the chief obstacle to the adoption of English as a world language. Grammatically, English is the fittest tongue for the future, orthographically, it is the least available. The spelling of Spanish is absolutely phonetic, and that of Italian is almost phonetic. Although the spelling of French and German is not as scientific or as satisfactory as that of Spanish or Italian, still it is far simpler than ours, since the variations from the strictly phonetic are fairly regular and reducible to rule. Quite recently, also, the orthography of both these languages has been still further simplified—a fact not without significance when we remember that French and German are the foremost commercial rivals of English. Our own language has spread in spite of this disadvantage, and there has been no concerted movement to remedy the defect. Truly it is most astonishing that the two most practical peoples, the Americans and the British, should so long have rested content with an unpractical orthography.

That is the situation now; and the immediate question is, "What are we going to do about it?" The evil is flagrant. What is the remedy?

The answer would be easy enough

if we who speak English were logical and radical. We should reform our orthography altogether. We should readjust the alphabet, casting out the three useless letters—c, q, and x—and restricting every letter to a single sound. We should then add new letters to represent the remaining sounds. We should first provide ourselves with an alphabet which would permit us to spell phonetically; and, second, we should make our spelling absolutely phonetic.

This is the course which has been advocated by the late Max Müller and by other distinguished students of language. But they have not reckoned with the fact that we who speak English are not radical or logical, and that we are intensely conservative. However desirable a perfect phonetic spelling may be, in practise it is hopelessly unattainable. As a people we are always hostile to any project of root-and-branch reform; and to advocate the immediate overturning of our orthography and the remaking of our alphabet will lead only to vanity and vexation of spirit. It is not practical politics.

But if scientific phonetic reform is impracticable, is not some improvement possible, less radical, yet still scientific? Some thirty years ago the philological societies, which contain the most learned students of language in the United States and in Great Britain, were moved to action. They urged a long series of changes in our spelling, and they drew up a list of rules to guide those who were willing to follow their advice. Their recommendations were excellent; but they proved to be ineffective, because the scholars who made them had overestimated the general interest in

orthographic improvement; and because they had suggested more than the public was ready to accept at once. They asked for too much and they got too little. The average man, even if he wanted to make spelling easier, was too busy to be bothered with learning a set of rules.

Yet the action of these scholars was not without influence. It pointed out the path of progress. It set men thinking; and it won over many scattered sympathisers. It might have had more obvious results, if it had been supported by an organization. Perhaps, too, it would have been more favorably received if attention had been called to the fact that it was not an innovation, but merely an effort to help along a movement toward a more accurate spelling which has been evident in every period of the history of English. The public might have been instructed that our spelling has never been fixed; that it has always been tending to better itself very slowly. There have always been divergences of usage; and there has never been any standard orthography unhesitatingly accepted by all.

This, then, is one thing which every one of us can do to help make English fitter for its future as the world language—we can inform ourselves as to the words now spelt in two ways, and we can adopt the simpler of the two.

These simpler spellings are no longer innovations. They are all supported by the weight of the Sim-

plified Spelling Board, including the editors of the three leading American dictionaries; and they are all certain to establish themselves in the future. We can every one of us hasten the day of this general adoption by accepting them ourselves now, once and for all. We can use them in our private correspondence. We can employ them in our public advertisements. We can get them taught in the schools. We can urge them upon editors and publishers. And we can keep our minds free from prejudice and ready to accept still other simplifications when the time shall come to take the next step in advance.

It is perhaps needful to note here that, although the present organized effort to simplify our spelling has had its origin in the United States, it is sure of the support of all enlightened students of the language in Great Britain. The British have been slow to take action, but those best equipped feel the need of it as keenly as we do. For example, Mr. Gladstone once declared that if he had been younger, he would be glad to lead such a movement. And Dr. Murray, the editor of the Oxford dictionary, that monumental storehouse of information about the history of our language, has been frank in urging the rational reformation of our orthography. He told Mr. Carnegie that the dictionary he was editing was an arsenal of weapons for the fight in behalf of a better spelling.

# A Visit to the Island of Java

BY WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN IN *SUN* MAGAZINE

Mr. Bryan was delighted with his visit to Java and suggests that the island should be included in every tour of the world, whether undertaken for instruction or pleasure, as few sections of the earth have been so blessed by the Creator—blessed

WE had not thought of visiting Java, but we heard so much of it from returning tourists as we journeyed through Japan, China and the Philippines that we turned aside from Singapore and devoted two weeks to a trip through the island.

Steamers run to both Batavia, which is the capital and the metropolis of the western end of the island, and Soerabaja, the chief city of eastern Java, and a railroad about 400 miles long connects these two cities. A tour of the island, can thus be made in from ten to fifteen days, according to connections, but unless one is pressed for time he can profitably employ a month or more in this little island, attractive by name and made still more beautiful by the hands of man. There are excellent hotels at the principal stopping places, and the rates are more moderate than we have found elsewhere in the Orient.

The lover of mountain scenery finds much in Java to satisfy the eye. The railroad from Batavia to Soerabaja twice crosses the range, and as the trains run only in the daytime one can without leaving the cars see every variety of tropical growth: from swamp to mountain top, from coconut groves and rice fields on the low land to the tea gardens and coffee plantations of the higher altitudes, not to speak of mountain streams, gorges and forests.

Java is the home of the volcano and contains more of these fiery reservoirs than any other equal area

on the earth's surface. While only about 600 miles in length, and from 60 to 120 miles in width, it has, according to Wallace, thirty-eight volcanoes, some of them still smoking, and all of them interesting relics of a period when the whole island was deluged with molten lava.

Some assert that almost all of Java has been built up by the eruptions of volcanoes. Two extinct volcanoes, Salak and Gede, can be seen from Buitenzorg, and from the top of Boro Boedoro temple nine volcanoes can be counted when the air is clear—at least Groneman so declares in his description of this temple, although not so many were visible the day we visited there.

Java reminds one of Japan in the appearance of its rice fields, its cultivated hills and its terraced mountainsides.

Though the island is diminutive in area, containing a little less than 410,000 square miles, half of which is tillable, the land is so wisely used that it supports a population of 28,000,000.

With so many mountains and with a rainfall amounting to ten feet per annum in some places, the island has, as might be expected, an abundance of springs and running streams, and these make possible a very perfect system of irrigation, which has converted Java into a vast garden.

Sugar is the chief export, followed by tea, coffee and copra, although rice is the product to which most attention is given. It is the chief article of food, and so much is re-

quired to support the dense population that its importance as a crop is not indicated by its place in the table of exports.

As a traveler is more impressed by the unusual things than by things with which he is familiar, one who visits Java immediately notices the numerous fruits peculiar to the island. They have here all of the fruits usually found in tropical countries and several not found elsewhere.

The pineapple grows in perfection and can be bought in the market for about a cent apiece. The Java orange is not equal in taste or variety to those of California or Florida, but the banana, of which there are more than 1000 varieties, makes up for the deficiency.

Mrs. Seidmore, in her book on Java, is authority for the statement that 4,000 pounds of bananas will grow on the space required to produce ninety-nine pounds of potatoes or thirty-three pounds of wheat; if her calculation is correct and the ratio of productiveness anything like the same in the case of other fruit, one can understand why the problem of living is so simplified in warm countries.

A fruit closely allied to our grape fruit is found here, a variety of which grows in China and Japan. The papaya, which we first tasted in Honolulu; the mango, whose season had passed in the Philippines; the sour Manis, and the durian are all to be bought in the market here.

The last named fruit has succeeded in arraying into ardent friends and inspiring critics the tourists who have ventured to eat it. Some declare that it is delicious, while others cannot bear the taste, and all agree that the odor is exceedingly repulsive. It is rough skinned, very large, sometimes weighing ten or fifteen pounds,

and resembles in appearance both the breadfruit and nanga.

Among the fruits which we have tasted for the first time the mangosteen and the rambutan are rivals in popularity. The first is a delicately flavored, orange shaped morsel of pure white, encased in a thick half of deep red. It melts in the mouth and leaves a memory of mingled flavors.

Its fame has spread abroad, and there was for years a standing offer of £30 to any one who would put Queen Victoria in possession of a ripe mangosteen, but it decays so quickly that not even ice will preserve it during a long sea voyage. The rambutan has not received as much praise as the mangosteen, but I am not sure but that it is superior for continuous use.

The word rambutan means hairy, and the name was given to this fruit because it has a covering something like a chestnut hurr, except that the so-called hairs are soft instead of spikelike. There is a variety of the rambutan which has a smoother covering, without the hairlike projections, and this is very appropriately called the kapeclassen (which means bald) rambutan.

The usual covering is a bright crimson, but there are several different shades, and the trees present a very attractive appearance when laden with ripe fruit. The pulp of rambutan resembles a pigeon's egg in size and shape and contains a single seed. The flavor is half tart and half sweet, and recalls all the good things one has ever tasted.

Another Javanese fruit is the doko, which on the outside looks like an apricot, but is divided into sections like an orange and has a taste peculiarly its own. The jambon, or



Java apple, is conical in shape and has a white, waxy appearance.

But enough has been said to indicate the variety of fruits exposed for sale on the street and peddled at railway stations. The natives usually carry an assortment of fruit as they go to or return from market, and the floor of the third-class railroad coaches is always littered with rinds and peelings. Verily, one can revel in fruits to his heart's content in Java.

One of the most interesting days that we spent in Java was devoted to a trip to Boro Boedoe, the great Hindoo temple near Djokakarta. Leaving the through train at this station with the jaw breaking name we went by tram line about twenty miles and then drove six miles further.

Near the temple the road crosses a ferry, the substantial bridge which once spanned the river there having been swept away, and when we reached this point we found the stream so swollen by recent rains that the natives were not willing to risk their boats in the angry flood. We returned to the tramway station and spent the night in the hospitable home of the Dutch stationmaster, the only white man in the town.

Returning to the river early the next morning, we found that the waters had sufficiently subsided to enable us to cross, and we reached Boro Boedoe while yet the sun was low. What a monument is Boro Boedoe to the zeal of the Buddhist priests, the skill of the Hindu architect and the patient industry of the Javanese! As a temple it is not surpassed, in labor expended upon its construction it is comparable with the pyramids, and in artistic skill displayed in design and execution it is even superior to them.

According to archaeologists it was

built about 1,200 years ago, when the Javanese were worshippers of Buddha, but the invasion of the Mohammedans of the fifteenth century was so complete that that stupendous pile was first neglected, then deserted and at last forgotten. It was so overgrown with trees and shrubbery that the Dutch traders were in the country for two centuries before its presence was discovered.

When it was found and unearthed during the occupancy of the English under Sir Stamford Raffles in 1814, the people living in the vicinity were as much surprised as the foreigners, for all tradition of its existence had been lost. This seems hardly possible when it is remembered the temple stands upon the summit of a mound, is 500 feet square at the base and towers to the height of 100 feet.

The structure is pyramidal in form and rises in eight terraces, the first five being square and the last three circular. Each terrace has a wall at the outer edge, which, with the wall of the next succeeding terrace, forms a roofless gallery, either side of which is ornamented with bas-reliefs descriptive of the life of Buddha.

These carvings if placed side by side would, it is estimated, extend for three miles, and the story which they tell has been interpreted by eminent archaeologists who have visited the place. These pictures in stone not only portray the rise and development of the great Indian teacher, but they preserve a record of the dress and customs of the people, the arms and implements used, and the fauna and flora of that time.

At the centre of each side there is a covered stairway leading to the summit, and there is evidence that the galleries were once separated from each other by doors. In the

niches along the gallery walls there are 432 stone images of Buddha, life size and seated on the ever present lotus.

On the three circular terraces there are seventy-two openwork bell shaped structures, called dagabas, each containing a stone image of Buddha. Surmounting the temple is a great dagaba, 50 feet in diameter, and in it was found an unfinished statue of Buddha similar to those found on the various galleries.

As the stone employed in the construction of the temple was of a hard variety the bas-reliefs are well preserved. No mortar was used for cementing the stones and no columns or pillars were employed.

Besides Boro Boedoe there are hundreds of other temples scattered over the island. Within two miles of the elevation upon which the great temple stands there are two religious edifices, one, a shrine of exquisite proportions, restored in 1904, and another, a temple of considerable size, now being restored.

At Brambanan, about twenty miles east of Djokakarta, there is a large group of temples scarcely less interesting than Boro Boedoe. One of the reports received by Sir Stamford Raffles describes this territory as the headquarters of Hinduism in Java, and the temples as "stupendous and finished specimens of human labor and of the science and taste of ages long since forgot."

## Gold Won't Satisfy

Riches may gratify you to a large extent. They may give you opportunities for pleasure and preferments. They might help you to widen or blind your outlook.

Riches are convenient, but they do not feed the man within. A soul cannot be fed on bricks and mortar. The man who rides in carriages and drives the fastest horses, who drinks the most sparkling wine, and sits in the fastest company, does not revel in these things long. He turns away from them, weary and tired, and sick at heart.

If gold could feed a soul, then happy should that man have been who went down in that seething whirlpool and left two millions of money behind him. There was not a ripple to mark the place where he sank. His millions made him a suicide.

A millionaire died a while ago and left twenty millions. His own family said he was the most miserable wretch they ever knew.

You cannot satisfy the man within with riches. You are not built that way. You are built with different material—the material out of which God builds the planets, out of which God builds the eternities—Gipsy Smith.



She is imitative, she is adaptable, she seems to have no ingrained vulgarity, no radical commonness which, given the proper example to follow, she cannot shake off.

And where, in the matter of shopping, does she find this example?

In the newspapers, in the reports of what is being purchased from day to day by the elite circle who have devoted their lives to the enthralling of their tastes.

The owner of one of the largest stores in New York said to me: "In France they have periodical sales, which are advertised by the different shops a year in advance. Such a thing is impossible here. If you go any day to one of the big dress stores in Paris, you will see exactly the same pattern that you saw there ten years before: there is a whole class of people who, no matter what the passing fashion may be, dress about alike. Here"—he threw up his hands and laughed—"everybody wants to be dressed like the leaders of society. If they see in the paper that one of them has worn some new thing at a ball, there are five thousand of them the next day who want that thing, and who are going to have it, whether they can afford it or not."

"So you give it to them?"

"That's our business—watching every caprice of the buying public. We can't plan for any sales, we can only every now and then take advantage of a chance we may have to get cheap something the public is after. Then we can offer them a bargain."

This lightning communication of the fashion news among shoppers extends to the smallest towns. One of the "queens" of society having appeared at the races last spring in a plum-colored Paris gown, a ripple of "plum color" ran over America,

sounding in the ears of the manufacturers, ever on the alert. One of them said to me: "There's nothing pretty in that plum color, but our mills have had to put everything aside and run the looms on plum color for five solid weeks."

The number of women in New York who spend fifteen thousand dollars a year on clothes is estimated at two thousand! It is not surprising, is it, that the New York shops should have the air of existence for women only? There are a few men's furnishers and tobacco dealers who have made a name for themselves, but one finds them in the basement entrance of mansions whose facades are gay with the lints and gowns and laces that form such a gigantic item in the New York woman's daily expense.

The result is just this: everything that is fashionable is hastily copied in cheap qualities. If you are looking in a New York shop for a solid, sober dress-goods, for example, to offer to a family retainer, you will be given, unless you are very explicit, the flimsy, low-grade copy of some stuff you have just seen on the backs of the rich.

This system has its advantages: in the matter of boots and shoes the cheapest ready-made dealer provides his clients with foot-covering copied in form at least from the best models procurable. And his customer, whatever may be his rank in life, ear conductor or country store clerk, wears good-looking boots of which he is very evidently proud!

In all the large department stores, and in the first-class boutiques generally, the credit system is in vogue. Doubtless this is a whet to the reckless spirit of the assiduous shopper. We read of a certain lady belonging to this category, who died quite re-

cently in Brooklyn, New York. It was found that her "mania for shopping" was such that, during four years' time, she had had charged to her account at the stores two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of things for which she had no use whatever! Her spacious home was filled with unopened parcels! One room, it was found, contained nothing, from floor to ceiling, but handkerchiefs. Shopping at this rate, it will be seen, becomes something in the nature of a passion, and perhaps it could not reach this degree of intensity without the facility for charging."

If the American shopkeeper be lenient, and very leniently so, in trusting his customers, he is uncompromising about taking back things that have once been delivered. "No goods exchanged" is the warning which stands in glaring evidence at the threshold of the different departments. Exceptions, of course, are

made for customers of long enduring reputation.

The "strenuousness" of the shopper's life is indicated by the presence in all large stores of an emergency hospital, a physician and a trained nurse to take care of the "women who faint" or collapse on their busy rounds.

The usual traditional empress manner of clerks is debarred in American shops. Urging and coaxing, proposing, suggesting, are the salesman's trump cards in France. They act only as an irritant with the westerner, whose psychology, as we have seen, is somewhat peculiar. At one of the large New York stores frequent complaints were preferred, by the customers, regarding the "angerness" of the clerks. "They only annoy us," the fair shoppers explained, "by their politeness. We can choose for ourselves, I guess—that's just what we go shopping for!"

## "Backbone!"

The man who learns to seek power within himself, who learns to rely upon himself, is never disappointed; but he always will be disappointed when he depends upon any outside help. There is one person in the world that will never fail you if you depend upon him, and are honest with him; and that is, yourself.—Success Magazine.

# Re-organizing a Big Business.

BY ARTHUR WARREN IN SUCCESS MAGAZINE

Mr. Warren opens his article with a dissertation on the modern director, whom he describes as a clever manager. He then proceeds to outline, in the portion of his article which we reproduce, the work which he believes the executive head of a big business, who is required to reorganize the entire system. The difficulties lying in his way are pointed out once by one

REORGANIZING a business, a big business, a big "trust," is harder work, far harder work, than organizing a new undertaking. The new president has an uphill road before him. That is why he is selected. He has had no connection with any of the cliques of the corporation, or with any of the concerns that were absorbed. He finds himself at the head of a huge business whose several manufactories are hundreds of miles apart, and whose directors, as likely as not, meet a thousand miles away from the head office. His selling organization, that is supposed to cover the country, is going to sleep, and a capital of, say, forty or fifty millions, half of which is water, is not earning dividends. Of his board of directors he is the single member who has had a practical experience at manufacturing.

No diagram can suit all cases. It suggests actual conditions rather than elaborate details. As the business management of the nation is divided into three parts—executive, legislative and judicial—so the management of a many-millioned company has its three branches—executive (which furnishes the money and the policy), manufacturing, and selling. It is one thing to lay this out on paper; it is another thing, a very different thing, to carry it into effect. For, consider: the company has bought, leased, and absorbed smaller companies. Each company thus brought into the fold increases the friction, for it brings in a fresh field

for the exercise of jealousy, and jealousy is a very powerful force in business. The concern that is newly taken over finds very quickly that it is playing second fiddle, or even third, where formerly it was a star soloist, or, at any rate, the first violin. Now it takes orders instead of giving them. Its president becomes merely a director in the larger enterprise; its treasurer is swallowed up in the general accounting department; its chief engineer misses the "chief" from his title and is instructed to report to another chief in a distant city. The superintendent finds that he superintends only a wing of the army and reports to a general superintendent, perhaps a thousand miles away. The former sales manager directs the sales of Department Q, under the orders of a general manager of sales of whom he never heard until yesterday. A good part of his former authority has gone from everybody in the absorbed concerns, but his human nature remains intact.

There is resentment, of course, although it may not appear on the surface, and by dealing with it the new organizer will show what manner of man he is. If he is a hully, as some men in authority are, he will fill the rank and file with discontent; if he permits subordinates to approach him over the heads of their superiors, or behind their backs, as some men do, he will disrupt the service. If he mingle firmness with courtesy, and if, at the same time, his directors have the good judgment to back him, he

will win. He may have these qualities, but the directors may not have the judgment. Under the best of conditions it will take him a year, at least, to straighten out all the tangles, find the new men he needs, and get his organization on a strong productive basis. You want time and money for this sort of thing.

First of all, it is a search for men. Some of the great companies have an understanding that they will not take men from one another. Others take them where they can be found. A company employing ten thousand men does not easily fill its roster. There are not so many geniuses, or exceptional men, in the woods as some professional preachers of progress appear to believe.

The three main branches of the business have to be co-ordinated, authority has to be defined, and overlapping has to be diminished, as far as possible.

At the head of the manufacturing end of the business a thoroughly trained man must be placed, responsible for all designs, all methods of production, and all products. A prodigious share of the reputation of the company will come from what he does for it. Under him is the general superintendent, and under the latter are the superintendents of the respective works; under the superintendents are the various shop departments and foremen, and under the foremen are the operatives.

Between the receipt of an order for a cumbersome piece of machinery and the completion of the machine there is a vast and intricate system of records, instructions, and requisitions which is the despair of the layman. You pass through a huge manufactory where furnaces are glowing, forges roaring, steam hammers pounding, and lathes, planers, milling machines,

boring tools, and so on, turning out thousands and tens of thousands of metal parts, and you wonder how it is that these myriad pieces traverse the great acreage between their design and completion and are ultimately assembled at their proper time and place to make a perfect-fitting, perfectly operating mechanical giant. Think of the clerical work that has been required to keep track of it all—all the material, all the parts, all the time, and all the costs! If the mechanical processes must be exact, the clerical processes must be not less so; yet there are big concerns that do not know their costs with anything like accuracy. That is one of the troubles with which our new organizer must deal. It took many pounds of paper to get this big machine through the shops.

Costs are too high. What costs? Shop costs. What about costs of administration, selling costs, general expenses, the "burden,"—"long costs"? They are too high, or your long cost is not high enough. We need a new plant at Brastown. Impossible! Our old plant is valued at so many millions and should be sufficient. Yes, but it isn't. You have valued your old machinery at what it cost you ten, twenty, or twenty-five years ago. Ah, that must have been done before we were taking in, that is to say, combining other concerns, and before we had unloaded, that is to say, before we had admitted the public to our new flotation. That may be so, but the present fact is that the whole concern needs overhauling.

The new president reduces the non-productive costs by a couple of hundred thousand dollars, or a couple of million. He knows how to produce more work for less money. He discovers interesting things as he digs

into the old organization. A head of a department had contracted to equip a great power house in an important city. The machinery was built and shipped just before the new administration came on the scene. The new administration finds that the head of the department had forgotten to provide foundations for the mighty machine. There is a sudden vacancy.

The selling force, it seems, had been accustomed to modify designs to meet competition, and had been in the habit of instructing the works to make these alterations without in any way consulting the management. The results were heavy expense, lack of standardization, and unnecessary multiplicity of patterns and drawings. Costs, too, were made up on the road instead of at the works. The company's inspectors were under the shop foremen, upon whose work they had to pass judgment! The directors didn't know these things and a hundred things like them. How should they? Most of them never set foot in the works. Their meetings were held a day's journey away. Besides, the average director wouldn't know a pattern from a pill box. But they all knew that the many millions were not earning dividends.

A great business has grown up partly on the strength of a great reputation, partly through the prosperous conditions of the country. The business amalgamates with others. A large corporation is the result. It is the work of a mighty group of financiers. Now, the merits of democracy have no relation to business. Autocracy is needed. Where every man's judgment is as good as another's the business will go on the rocks. The component companies which have been taken over retain their respective officers and conduct business in the same old way. The men who had

made the reputations of the component companies have died, or have been succeeded by their sons—estimable gentlemen, but not masters of affairs. They had been friends, but they become enemies, and they both oppose one another in the board meetings and out of them. Then there are too many vice-presidents with ill-defined authority. Each of them wishes to be president. Each thinks the concern he had formerly headed should have the strong hand in the new corporation. Each suspects the other of seeking undue advantage. Their subordinates take sides. Subordinates are very quick to perceive these contests, no matter what pains are taken to conceal them. The internal contest goes on. The new president has to call upon the board to reorganize itself. This is a bold step to take. The board reorganizes, but he is not forgiven.

A strong man is bound to make enemies in business as well as in politics. He may be forced out of his position for doing his duty to the shareholders. In such cases the powerful directors take good care that he will never become connected with any of the ten, twenty, thirty, or forty other companies which they so wearily direct. They have a good deal of power in this way and can make the fortunes of a man, or mar them.

There is no secret about successful organization. The method is clear enough; first, you must know what you want to do; second, you must get the right men to do it. The commonest error, in these days of large enterprises, is to permit managing men to swamp themselves with detail. But some concerns compel this by declining to pay adequate salaries for proper assistants. If you see that a manager's desk is always

choked with work you may be sure that he has not learned the most successful part of management—division of labor. He hasn't the right kind of assistants. Perhaps he thinks he doesn't want them. Perhaps the company won't give them to him. In any case the result is the same, for the right kind of man will relinquish his position and will decline the responsibility when he finds that the company will not employ the right kind of men.

The concern has a large staff of salesmen, all more or less technically trained. The country is divided into districts. Each district is in charge of a district manager with his office in the most important city in the district. The territory allotted to him may cover five hundred thousand square miles, or it may cover fifty thousand. The district manager may have five salesmen under him, or he may have twenty, according to circumstances. There are thirty districts, perhaps more. A wide-awake sales manager has to direct them all—a man who can do something more than squabble over expense accounts, screw down salaries, and bully his men. All contracts above a certain figure have to be referred to him. The new executive must overhaul the contract forms used by the company. The chances are that they were not adequate to the purpose. The sales manager watches the records of his men, and knows who sells at the least expense. He must, in conjunction with the executive, fix the prices in important transactions, in spite of any tables put forth by the price-list department.

Some companies have a man-of-all-work to pare down expenses wherever he can see them. He may be a vice-president, or he may be an assistant to the general manager. It

doesn't much matter what he is called, so long as he is eyes and ears for his chief. He watches everything, makes confidential verbal reports of everything he hears, "pumps" and "jolts" with the same breath, questions subordinates when their superiors are away on duty, looks for leaks, and busily makes suggestions for changes and improvements. His is not the pleasantest job in the world, although some men seem to like it. It requires a peculiar talent and temperament.

There was a vice-president, once, who watched his heads of departments and district managers by the aid of detectives. This man was known as the greatest disorganizer in forty states.

He was the most successful trouble breeder in the temperate latitudes. The telephone switchboard in the general office of his company had a detective wire to his desk, and the chief operator was privately paid by him to switch on any conversation that he might be interested in overhearing. A reforming president stumbled on this condition of affairs, removed the operator, cut the connection, installed a new switchboard, and persuaded the directors to relieve the vice-president of his duties, in spite of the fact that the overthrown busbody was one of the largest holders of the company's stock. The irate vice-president never forgave this intrusion upon his cherished and long-standing prerogatives, and he intrigued until he succeeded in removing the reformer. Square dealing is powerless against some men.

Jealousy is one of the obstacles which the organizer must encounter. Any business which needs reorganizing is bound to be well satiated with this disturbing spirit. Many men are little-minded. They may be

good enough men, in their way, as human entities, but brush them up together in a big business undertaking and you ruffle all their little weaknesses. The ten thousand men represent every sort of human nature. The strong character at the head dominates all these, if he is given time enough. Most men represent their leaders fairly well. The file is apt to reflect the qualities of the rank. So a great business organization, in its policy, its product, its methods, and its men, comes to reflect the character of its executive. A broad-minded, liberal man wants men about him who can appreciate his methods and carry them into effect. A mean spirit seeks its kind. But, let the executive be as big and broad as he may, there are not enough liberal spirits to go around and supply all the positions of authority.

A great corporation contains a good many prizes, and there are always men who will intrigue for them and knife their friends in the dark. Almost every great concern has these characters meddling with affairs within it. Business is like politics in this.

The sort of reorganizer we have been considering will be a just man, and square in his dealings. He will not permit any man to accuse another behind his back. He may be severe but he will examine both sides of a question and will not jump at any conclusion. He will recognize faithful service and will know how to get under the appearances of things. He

will do his best to suppress "company politics"; he will not permit men to go over the heads of their superiors, or around the back way, for when that kind of affair goes on things happen which don't get into the papers.

The great art in successful business management is that of managing men. The right men, rightly managed, will take care of the material in the right way. Managers who ride roughshod over their staffs, and who browbeat and encourage tale-bearing, never obtain the best results. They never inspire loyalty, and loyalty is a more powerful force for business success than many men realize. A mere board of directors does not inspire loyalty. What men want is a man. Square dealing breeds loyalty, but only a square man can deal squarely.

Every man in a position of responsibility should have an understudy. Illness, death, promotion, resignation and the growth of trade may, and do, cause vacancies. Too much time is lost, too many experiments are tried, and too much bad feeling is engendered by a policy that drives men too hard, on the one hand, or, on the other hand, always seeks for outsiders to fill vacancies or newly created positions. A concern may easily be "penny wise and pound foolish" in this regard. For one thing, a good understudy would be a capable assistant, especially under a liberal management.

## The Feelings of Children

SCHRIENER'S MAGAZINE.

The writer of the editorial writes sympathetically of the feelings of a child. He analyzes the childish mind and shows how the most sensitive point is the very realization of its childhood. He puts in a plea for a more considerate and thoughtful treatment of the child.

I HAVE often wondered at the slight consideration people show at times for the feelings of children. Having a pretty good memory, I can remember distinctly how I felt about it when a child myself. Of course, most of us, young and old, have to put up with a good deal of roughing it in life, and I dare say it is in the main good for us, still, so much of it is inevitable that most of us feel instinctively that needlessly adding to its amount is not well. Yet some of us allow ourselves to wound children's feelings in ways that seem utterly needless and wanton. Thoughtlessness is doubtless at the bottom of it in most cases, but it would do us no harm to think a bit more than we do. The matter is really of importance, for wounding another person's feelings is surely incompatible with the well-bed consideredateness we all try to instill into our children. And if we show ourselves carelessly lax in this in our dealings with them, they must naturally conclude in their own minds that the preaching which goes with such practice is not worth much.

Both the crosses and the ideals of childhood are different from ours, so it is quite natural that children should be sensitive where we are not, and vice versa. What is the chief besetting cross of childhood? Not being allowed to do what older people do. What is its highest ideal? Being grown up. To a child's mental vision the good things in life—among which may be accounted the esteem of oth-

ers and favorable opportunity in the pursuit of happiness—are distributed by Providence in an ascending progression directly proportionate to the ages of the recipients. It sees older children allowed to do things that it is not; it accordingly concludes that they have richer opportunity in the pursuit of happiness, and respects and envies them therefore. Older children still seem to have still richer opportunity, and so on, until the progression ends at maturity. For to a child's apprehension grown people can do as they please. Need there be any wonder, then, at a child's idealizing being grown up? The wonder would be if it did not.

So the tender point with children, the point on which they instinctively tend to be most sensitive, is their own childhood, the very fact that they are children; and they are most sensitive to things that remind them of it and emphasize it unpleasantly. Probably the reminder that comes oftentimes (to take an instance) is being sent early to bed. I am surely not trying to preach a crusade against so wholesome a regulation. I merely wish to point out that being sent to bed at an hour fixed independently of their own wishes is felt by them to be something of an indignity. It is a sore point, and none the less so for their having an inkling that it is really all right, a not-to-be-stilled consciousness of their own unfitness for the later hours kept by their elders. It galls both ways. Ce n'est que la vieite

qui offense, and the sharpest barb of the thing is in its recognized justice.

Our dealing with this is an instance of our want of consideration. A sensitive child is allowed to sit up for an evening party or reception; as an exceptional boon it is even allowed, on good behavior, to sit up to the end until all the guests are gone. Any child is rather proud of such a permission, it is like having a few hours' vacation from childhood, a delicious foretaste of grown-upness. When the time comes the novelty of the scene is so interesting and exciting that the child is quite content to amuse itself with the play of its own powers of observation—always keener and more at half-trigger than a grown person's—and has a great, good time of it, so diverting does it find all it sees and hears, so engrossing is its elation at being there, that it does not care to speak to or bother anyone, and is good as gold all the evening, and would be surprised at its own moderation when the entertainers come on, if it had time to think of it. When all is over and the guests are gone it is still in a sort of rapture, quite unconscious of

fatigue or sleepiness, feeling perfectly ready for as much more, if it would only come. Then up steps some elderly relative, perhaps very tired herself and speaking more on general principles than from immediate observation, and says with a smile the significance of which may be open to misconception. "Aha! I think somebody's peepers look pretty heavy! Somebody looks quite ready for lilo!"

This is simply fiendish. What earthly need is there of taking the poor little thing down in that way? Why not let it luxuriate blissfully on in its new-found ecstasy and send it to bed without touching it rudely upon its sorest spot? Why not say: "Heigh-ho, I'm tired to death, though you, little chicken, seem to stand it very well; I think we both had better go to bed now." But, no, instead of that, here has this abominable elderly relative recalled to the child its unfitness for doing the very thing it has most idealized doing, what every grown person can do as much as he or she pleases—sitting up late. Can inconsiderateness go farther?

## Success and Enthusiasm

A great philosopher said that success without enthusiasm would be a very poor thing. You must be interested in your work if you want to get on.

Columbus and Luther were enthusiasts. Every great inventor has something in him of the enthusiast's spirit, which leads him to give his useful gift to the world, careless of the indifference with which it may be received.

There are many things to be interested in, and enthusiastic about. Be always on the look-out for them—that is one way to success.—Smith's Weekly.

## The New York Man of Fashion

SUN MAGAZINE

Here we are given a glimpse of what is considered the correct thing in men's wear that is done in New York. It will be found that there is a fairly close adherence to certain fixed styles. As New York influences the whole continent, it is worth while paying some attention to what is being worn there.

**T**WO women met the other afternoon. One was in her office, for she is a member of the large army of those who work. The other, who is one of her customers, is the wife of a man whose name is a symbol for millions.

"How I wish I had kept on my tailor made," said the visitor, looking over at her elaborate gown of silk and lace. "But women all dress so much now in the afternoons that it is almost necessary. And you always have such beautiful clothes."

The other could hardly suppress a smile. Her visitor's gown had cost at least \$400, while her own short pleated walking skirt and coat had not cost more than \$60.

"I paid \$50 for the linen shirt-waist and collar, though," she said later. "For I have learned that a woman is chic in dress in accordance with the degree of attention she gives to small matters. The wise woman who has not endless money will devote what she has to these details."

In a measure the same rule will hold with the dress of men, although there is nothing of so much importance in a man's dress as its cut. If a coat is not well cut nothing will make a suit look smart. It is only the improvement in the work of ready made tailors that could make it possible for a man to rely on them for the details of his dress.

There are many ready made clothing concerns that turn out very well cut coats even if they are not made according to the measure. In such cases one need only avoid the ex-

cesses. Young men run up and down Broadway in these spring days wearing coats that are cut in the back to knee depth. Of course, no well-dressed man would buy such clothes.

Clothes are cut better by even the least expensive tailors than they ever were before. Slight men of good figure are able to save money on their suits in order to spend it on other details of dress. The reason for the improvement in ready made clothes is the prevailing looseness of the styles.

Take the question of the handkerchief. There has been an undisputed reaction from the highly colored styles of the past three years. The body of the handkerchief is now white with a border of not more than three-quarters of an inch. This border, in a pastel shade of blue, pink, mauve or brown, matches the shade of the embroidered initials. It also matches with more or less exactness the shirt and the socks. These bordered handkerchiefs usually supply color enough nowadays.

Equally smart, however, are the white handkerchiefs which have stripes running across them in both directions at intervals of two or three inches. These have the effect of a white ground checked by squares. These handkerchiefs come in all colors. In dark blue they look especially well with the dark blue serge or flannel of summer suits. Plain white handkerchiefs are practically abandoned now for anything but evening wear. They come in very beautiful and costly forms for

full dress and have altogether supplanted the silk handkerchief which is not possible with well dressed men to-day, however expensive it may be.

There are linen handkerchiefs, striped with damask hands half an inch broad. Then there are others adorned with damask stripes that form a square on the linen, diminishing constantly and regularly in size until the square in the middle of the handkerchief is formed by a narrow thread of damask and is not more than an inch each way. Inside this middle square the monogram is put. Some handkerchiefs with colored stripes come in this same pattern, but they have rather too much color for the present style.

The most expensive white handkerchiefs for men cost \$8 each, and are so fine they could be easily rolled up and put into a waistcoat pocket. They have the initials or the monogram in the corner and sometimes they are divided into squares by a narrow thread of coarser linen. Others are perfectly plain with only a line of hemstitch between the body of the handkerchief and the narrow border. In handkerchiefs like these the monogram or the initials are put in the corner.

Nowadays there are socks to be had at low prices which combine color effects that would have been possible some years ago only in expensive hosiery. There are, of course, no colors smarter for men's wear than the solid blues, grays and greens. They are still expensive in the best qualities. Blue socks, for instance, are always difficult to find in any but the most expensive makes. Why dark blue socks should cost more than any other color does not appear, but it is

a fact that a good shade of dark blue can never be had in any but expensive hosiery. In the cheaper lines, they are either not of the right shade or they fade entirely after the first washing.

Green and gray socks in the solid color are also expensive when the right shades are desired and they are expected to wear. It is the disadvantage of the cheap socks that they lose their color almost with the first washing. Their charming color schemes last for a very short time, but probably as long as could be expected from the price.

The very thin black socks that are to be as much the mode this summer as they were last are really the most expensive investment in socks, as they usually go through at the toes on the very first wearing. They may be worn again, but never with the original comfort. Silk socks, unless they be of the most expensive and heavy weaves, are likely to last only a short time. With any walking or exercise they are soon punctured.

Solid colors matching the shirt, tie and handkerchief in a fine quality of linen thread are as smart for day wear as any socks that are in the shops. Openwork of any kind is bad form for men. In the evening plain black silk goes best with pumps and the dinner jacket. In the informality of this summer fall dress the black silk socks may have a colored clock or even be striped with a small vine in green or any other color. Bolder spirits do not hesitate to wear with the summer dinner jacket socks that are purple, red or dark green. The temptation is always to go in for the fanciest colors that the shops offer when the summer feeling is having its effect, but the well dressed

man is proof against these gaudy colors.

The necktie is bound to be a more expensive consideration this year than it has been in the past. The smartest summer ties are those that are made in England. There has been no attempt to make cheap imitations of them for the simple reason that they cannot be copied. They cost \$2. They come in solid colors and stripes, but the former are regarded as smarter. These striped silk ties that come from England are the only rivals to those knitted tubular scarfs as they are called.

The sporting ties come in the most extravagant shades and colors. Bright yellow stripes alternate with brilliant purple, while between them comes a narrow strip of vivid green. There are glaring allowances of color in all these ties and it must be said to the credit of British taste that they are not designed with an eye to their beauty. They are all the colors of some athletic or sporting club and it may be that they are so attractive to New Yorkers for this reason.

The majority of these ties are to be had only at one store. For years it has made a specialty of importing them. This circumstance has in a way kept these ties from becoming common. Not everybody knows where to buy them. American imitations of these scarfs have never succeeded in reproducing the effect of the English originals. The cheap imitations of these scarfs never wear well.

One must beware of the gayly colored English hand on his straw hat. These are just as loud and varied in color as the scarfs and are imported by the same firm. The English straw hat, which always sets the

style in this country for the men who dress most carefully, is somewhat higher in the crown than it was last year and must have a rather narrow brim. It should also have only a plain black ribbon. The colored bands imported from England are made only for the members of the clubs whose colors they are. In England only a member of the club would be allowed to wear them. Only such membership excuses a man for appearing in such a gaudy hat band.

If it must be a colored band one should wear that of his school college, club or regiment. Nowadays even the preparatory schools are provided with their particular bands. The colleges all have them and so have the regiments. A club of bank clerks has had a ribbon designed for the straw hats of its members. So it is no longer a difficult matter for a man to find a hat band to which he has a real claim. There is no excuse for his using any other, since he can be quite as smart in a straw hat with a plain black band.

The yellow chamise glove is a thing of the past, but its successor is still lighter in color. The dress glove for spring and summer wear is white chamise, much thicker than that used in the yellow gloves of the same material for the past two years. It washes just as well, however, so the new gloves, although they cost more in the first place, are just as economical in the end.

With white gloves white duck spots are a smart and striking accompaniment. Naturally they are only for dress in the summer—for weddings, the races or for coaching. They add a touch of modishness and distinction to a man's dress that nothing else gives in the same degree.



# Other Contents of Current Magazines.



In this department we draw attention to a few of the more important topics treated in the current magazines and list the leading contents. Readers of *The Busy Man's Magazine* can secure from their newsdealers the magazines in which they appear. = :: = :: = ::

## AMERICAN.

There is so much that is good in the June number of *The American*, that it is hard to pick out just what is best. Judge Grossep's article on "The Rebirth of the Corporation" is probably the most outstanding. **The Last of the Wire-Tappers.** By Arthur Train. **Home Life in a Gull Colony.** By Liam L. Fieley. **The Rebirth of the Corporation.** By Peter S. Grossep. **The Philosophy of an Adventurous American.** Horace Fletcher. By Arthur Goodrich. **The Plant of Mystery.** By Arthur J. Burdick.

## AMERICAN HOMES AND GARDENS.

What a delight it is to have the opportunity of looking over such an admirable production as the June number of *American Homes and Gardens*. Elaborately illustrated, each page contains some gem over which the eye lingers. And the reading

matter, too, contains much valuable material.

**Notable American Homes.** "Pembroke." By Barr Ferree. **How a Pennsylvania Farmhouse was Transformed into a Beautiful Dwelling.** By F. D. Nichols. **A Group of California Bungalows.** By Paul Thurston. **The Use of the Automobile in Town or Country.** By S. Y. Beach. **The Animals of Yellowstone Park.** By K. L. Smith. **The Value of Summer Mulch.** By Ida D. Bennett. **The Gantley House at Athens.** By Elizabeth L. Gebhard. **The Preservation of Wild Flowers.** By Mary L. Riley. **Improved Furniture at Little Cost.** By Mabel T. Priestman. **Old-Time Wall Papers.** By Mary H. Northend. **The Veranda.** By Ethel Swan.

## AMERICAN INVENTOR.

The June number of this interesting periodical has some entertaining articles in its table of contents. The

subjects discussed are not treated in a very technical manner and are easily intelligible to the ordinary reader.

**A Peanut Proposition.** By Frederic B. Wright. **History and Evolution of Shoe Making.** The Detachable Shoe. **Babbitt Making: Its Influence on the Industrial World.** By Frank S. Strachan. **Gold Dredging by Electric Power.** By Frank C. Perkins. **A Chat About Invention and its Opportunities.** By Charles A. Scott. **The Making of Carbonated Drinks.** By W. F. McClure. **How to Make a Simple and Inexpensive Wireless Telegraph Set.** **Handling Ore on a Large Scale.** By D. A. Willey. **A New German Electrically Operated Wind Indicator.** By Harry C. Perkins.

## APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS.

A set of four pretty colored pictures illustrating the outdoor games of four generations of young women is a feature of the May issue of *Appleton's*. Sarah Bernhardt contributes "Comparative Impressions of America" and there are quite a number of stories.

**The Truth About Panama.** III. Labor and Panama. By H. C. Rowland. **Recent Mural Decorations in Some State Capitals.** By Hamilton Bell. **The Rise of the Workingman in British Politics.** By A. Maurice Low. **The Unsolved Problem of Mechanical Flight.** By George Calvert. **Cabals of the Exiles.** By Broughton Brandenburg. **Inspiration "ex-Machine."** By Julian Hawthorne. **Comparative Impressions of America.** By Sarah Bernhardt.

**The Remoteness of Real Consular Reform.** By Harold Bolce.

## ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

The June number of the *Atlantic Monthly* is well up to the standard of this publication. Thoughtful readers will find much of value in the articles, the titles of which we quote: **The Hague Conference and the Future of Arbitration.** By Benjamin F. Trueblood.

**How Ought Wealth to be Distributed?** By T. N. Carver.

**A Bird-Gazer at the Grand Canon.** By Bradford Torrey.

**The White Death of the Soul.** By John H. Denison.

**Recent Progress in Solar Research.** By T. J. J. See.

**Philosophy and Tramps.** By Martha Baker Dunn.

**Constitution-Mending and the Initiative.** By Frank Foxcroft.

**The Poetry of Lander.** By Arthur Symonds.

**English Lawns and Literary Folk.** By Julian Hawthorne.

## BOOK MONTHLY.

An interview with the great journalist, T. P. O'Connor, is a prominent feature of the June issue, which also contains several other timely articles on literary topics.

**A Talk With "T. P."** By James Milne.

**A Thackeray Club.** By Lewis Melville.

**Scaling Parmasens.** By William H. Davies.

**A Blue Stocking.**

## BROADWAY.

The *Broadway* has changed hands and the June number appears as the *New Broadway*, improved and enlarged. The publishers intend to make it primarily a magazine for

New York, representing the cosmopolitan life of the great city.

**Raising Three Million Dollars For Charity.** By Reuben Crawford.

**Transforming the Siam into the Playground.** By N. C. Marboeuf.

**Types of Metropolitan Loveliness.** Photographs.

**The Evolution of Broadway.** By Henry Waldorf Francis.

**The Stage and Its People.** By Geo. C. Jenkins.

**How It Feels to Face Death.** By Octavie de la Tour.

#### CANADIAN.

Timely illustrated articles on the catastrophe at San Francisco appear in the June issue of the Canadian, written by J. A. Holden and Professor A. P. Coleman. There is a valuable art contribution, handsomely illustrated and dealing with the work of Sir John Milnes. Several stories and the usual departments round off a good issue.

**The Story of a Picture.** By Frederick Dolman.

**A New York Season of Drama. II.** By John E. Webber.

**When the Dominion was Young. II.** By J. E. B. McCreedy.

**Art and the Tariff.** By Arnold Hamilton.

**An Experience in Tangiers.** By Frank Carrel.

**Destruction of San Francisco.** By J. A. Holden.

**Earthquakes and Volcanic Eruptions.** By Prof. A. P. Coleman.

#### CASSELL'S.

The June number of Cassell's is distinguished by the number and interest of its illustrations, all admirably reproduced. A number of the famous military paintings of R. Caton Woodville are shown. A new

serial by Max Pemberton, entitled "The Diamond Ship," begins.

**Opera: Past and Present.** By Austin Brecken.

**Concerning Mr. R. Caton Woodville.** By R. de Cordova.

**Signor Caruso.** By George Cecil.

**Lord Dalmeay as a Cricketer.** By Percy Cross Standing.

**Down the River (Thames).** By R. Austin Freeman.

**Some Impressions of Minto.** By Grace Ellison.

**To Succeed in Parliament.** By Harry Furness.

"The Times." By John Vandom.

#### CASSIER'S.

At the present time Cassier's Magazine is conducting a department devoted to exposing the metric system fallacy. Each month a number of writers discuss the system. In the June number there is to be found an interesting description of the new battleship, "Dreadnought."

**Extending the Uses of Electricity.** By H. S. Knowlton.

**Exploiting an Invention.** By G. W. Colles.

**Modern Grinding. I.** By Joseph Horner.

**Automobile Improvements.** By G. E. Welsh.

**Some High-Pressure Steam Pipe Details.** By J. A. Miller.

**The New British Battleship "Dreadnought."**

**The Metric System Fallacy.**

**A Modern Factory Restaurant.**

**New Railways in the Philippine Islands.** By P. E. Fansler.

**Getting New Business for Central Stations.** By C. S. V. Brown.

#### CENTURY.

The June issue is termed a Travel Number and among its contents will be found several articles dealing

with sight-seeing in all parts of the world. Mrs. Humphry Ward's serial, "Fenwick's Career," is concluded. The number contains some fine color printing.

**Sunset near Jerusalem.** By Corwin Knapp Linsen.

**Tatra.** By Wladyslaw T. Benda.

**A French River. The Lovely Marne.** By E. R. Pennell.

**The Negro and the South.** By Harry S. Edwards.

**The London Bus.** Pictures by Thornton Oakley.

**To the Jungfrau Peak by Trolley.** By E. von Hesse Wartegg.

**The American Hero of Kimberley.** By T. J. G. Gardiner.

**Historic Palaces of Paris.** By Camille Gronkowski.

**European Museums of Security.** By W. H. Tolman.

**The Spelling Problem.** By Benjamin E. Smith.

#### CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

He would be a hard man to please who would not find some entertainment in this excellent publication. The June number is as full of good things as ever. There are several stories in addition to:

**Notes on a Norwegian Farm.**

**Bird Life in a Western Valley.** By Alfred W. Rees.

**The Force of Cricket.** By E. H. D. Sewell.

**Franking of Letters.** By R. S. Smyth.

**Hunting Wild Horses in Australia.**

**Memories of a Happy Life.** By Henry Leach.

**Replicas and Copies of Some Great Renaissance Paintings.** By E. Giovetti.

**A Village of Healing.** By F. Cowley Whitehouse.

**Reminiscences of the Congo Conference.** Sir A. W. L. Hemming.

**Alpine Mountaineering in Scotland.** By Rev. A. E. Robertson.

#### COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

**May 19.** "San Francisco Rising Again," by Frederick Palmer; "The Minute-Men of Russia," by Howard Brubaker and illustrations of the San Francisco disaster.

**May 26.** "The First Night," by Richard Harding Davis; "Plays of the Month," by Arthur Ruhl.

**June 2.** "Who Owns the Isle of Pines?" by Richard Harding Davis; "Mr. Dooley Discusses Socialism," by E. P. Dunne; "Marshall Field's Will," by J. M. Patterson.

**June 9.** "The American Victory at Athens"; "Railroads and Popular Unrest," by Ray Stannard Baker.

#### CONNOISSEUR.

The colored illustrations in the June number of the Connoisseur include a portrait of "Mrs. Best," by John Russell. "A First Rate Workman of Melton" and the "Duke of Wellington and Hodge," by Henry Alken. The literary contents are as usual of interest to lovers of art. **Old German Silver-Gilt Plate.** By E. Alfred Jones.

**The Marqueses of Bristol's Collection at Ickworth. III.** By Leonard Willoughby.

**Needlework Pictures.** By A. F. Morris.

**A History of English Furniture.** By Percy Macquod.

**A Remarkable Toft Dish.** By Frank Freeth.

**New Leaves in Turner's Life.** By T. Bolt.

**Argentan Lace.** By M. Jourdain.

#### CORNHILL.

The serial by A. T. Quiller-Couch which has been running for some months in the Cornhill is concluded

in the June number. A feature of the issue is an illustrated paper on the birds of London, by F. C. Gould, artist and cartoonist.

**An Incursion into Diplomacy.** By Sir A. Conan Doyle.  
**The King's Spanish Regiment.** By David Hannay.  
**Ancient Gardening.** By Frederick Boyle.  
**Lady Hamilton and "Horatia."** By E. S. P. Haynes.  
**The Birds of London, Past and Present.** By F. C. Gould.

### COSMOPOLITAN.

Two new features of considerable interest begin in the June number of the Cosmopolitan. One is a new life of Andrew Jackson, told as a story, by Alfred Henry Lewis; the other, a new serial by Jack London, entitled "Planchette." These, with Phillips' articles on the Senate and H. G. Wells' serial, make a strong foundation for an excellent number.

**The Treason of the Senate.** By David Graham Phillips.  
**Minute-Motor Boats.** By H. H. Everett.  
**Story of Andrew Jackson.** By Alfred Henry Lewis.  
**Weapons and Ornaments of Woman.** By Octave Umhoeve.  
**Trend of American Art.** By Lila Mehl.  
**What Life Means to Me.** By Edwin Markham.  
**Most Modern of Kings.** By Ysidro del Bino.  
**Propagation of Laughter.** By Mabel Marian Cox.

### CRAFTSMAN.

After reading Bliss Carman's delightful sketch of summer life in the Catskills, we are prepared to enjoy

everything in the June number of the Craftsman. It is a good number and the Craftsman seems to grow better with each issue.

**Christ as Modern American Artists See Him.** By William Griffith.  
**Old-Time Southern Life.** Found in the hidden courtyards of New Orleans. By Campbell Macleod.  
**Hopi Indians—Gentle Folk.** By Louis Akin.  
**A Departure in Church Building.** By a Stranger.  
**Guild of Dames of the Household.** By Mary Rankin Cranston.  
**Maori Wood-Carving.** By Florence Finch Kelly.

**What is Architecture?** By Louis H. Sullivan.

**Distinctive American Rugs.**

### CRITIC.

Full page portraits of Luther Burbank, Marion Crawford, and Ellen Terry are features of the June number of the Critic. In this issue a new serial, "The Lion and the Mouse," by Charles Klein and Arthur Hornblow, begins.

**Illustrations that do not Illustrate.**  
**The Minor Crimes.** By Mrs. John Lane.  
**Telephones and Letter-Writing.** By Andrew Lang.  
**The Muck-Bake as a Circulation Boomer.** By F. Hopkinson Smith.  
**The MacDowell Club.** By Lawrence Gilman.

**San Francisco's Famous Bohemian Restaurant.** By Mabel Croft Deering.  
**Holman Hunt's "Preraphaelitism."** By Elizabeth Luther Cary.  
**Smoky Torches in Franklin's Honor.** By R. M. Baeb.  
**Why not a Thackeray Club?** By Lewis Melville.

### EDUCATION.

The June number of this valuable educational periodical contains several notable articles by eminent scholars.

**Phases of Modern Education.** VI. The Relation of the High School to the College. By Dr. Edward F. Bushner.

**American Students in France.** By Prof. R. C. Super.

**Need of Physical Education in the Country.** By Carl L. Schrader.

**Juvenile Literature.** By James E. Rogers.

**The Grammar School from the High School Point of View.** By Walter H. Young.

**Vacation Schools.**

### EMPIRE REVIEW.

As its name implies, this monthly review concerns itself with the affairs of the British Empire. Its scope is very comprehensive and we find references in its table of contents to many parts of the Empire. The June number contains:

**The Prince and Princess of Wales in India.**

**The Sinai Peninsula.** By Edward Dicey.

**The Asiatic Danger in the Colonies.** By Henry S. L. Polak.

**Farming in Natal.** By Maurice S. Evans.

**Sea-Dyak Legends.** By Rev. Edwin H. Comes.

**Life in Rhodesia.** By Gertrude Page.

**Indian and Colonial Investments.**

### ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED.

The June number contains some good illustrations, accompanying articles on "Seafaring Superstitions" and the work of Mr. W. S. Barton, the artist. "The London Stage" is, as usual, brightly illustrated.

**Some London Homes of Famous Women.** By Geo. A. Wade.  
**Seafaring Superstitions.** By H. R. Woestyn.

**A Veteran Artist: Mr. W. S. Barton.** By John S. Purcell.

**Women in Parliament.** By Ernest Young.

**The London Stage.** By Oscar Parker.

**A French Master of Caricature: Caron D'Ache.**

**The Chapels in the Tower.**

**Tragedies of the World.** By Geo. Davey.

### EVERYBODY'S.

In the June number there appear a number of drawings of San Francisco as it was before the disaster. There are also pictures of the devastation created.

**Bucket-Shop Sharks.** By Merrill A. Tesigne.

**Soldiers of the Common Good.** By Charles Edward Russell.

**The Campaign Against Consumption.** By Eugene Wood.

**Punch and Jodying the U. S. Court.** By Thomas W. Lawson.

### FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

The June number of the Fortnightly is an unusually good issue. The affairs of Russia, the Education bill and the labor question are among the timely topics of discussion.

**The Education Question.** By the Lord Bishop of Ripon.

**Russia at the Parting of the Ways.** By Prof. Vinogradoff.

**The First Russian Parliament.** By Dr. A. S. Rapoport.

**Richard Burton.** By Ouida.

**Christianity and China.** By Archibald R. Colquhoun.

**The Library of Petrarch.** By Edward Tatham.

**The Ruin of Middlesex.** By J. B. Furth.

The English Stage in the XVIIIth Century. Part II. By H. B. Irving.  
 The Fellah's Yokemate. By Sir Walter Milville.  
 Labourism in Parliament. By Benjamin Taylor.  
 Words, Words, Words. By Prof. Tyrell.  
 The Miner Crimes. By Mrs. John Lane.

### GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL.

A valuable paper on the wrecks of the Spanish Armada on the coast of Ireland, well illustrated, occupies the premier position in the May issue. The other contents are of an equal interest.

The Geographical Functions of Certain Water-plants in Chile. By G. F. S. Elliot.

Geographical Conditions Affecting Population in the East Mediterranean Lands. By D. G. Hogarth, M.A.

Another Attempt on Ruwenzori.

A Note on the Ruwenzori Group. By D. W. Freshfield.

The Glacial Aspect of Ben Nevis. By Victor H. Gatty.

### GRAND.

G. M. Fenn contributes to the June number of the Grand the story which he considers his best. It is entitled "An Ocean Wait." The biography of Sir Henry Irving, and the serial by John Oliver Hobbes, are continued.

Matrimonial Swindles. By G. Sidney Paternoster.

Crickit Umpiring To-Day. By A. C. MacLaren.

Facts About Food and the Want of it. By Robert J. Graves.

The Natural and the Supernatural. By Frank Podmore.

Real Castles in Spain. By Ernest Oldmeadow.

The Secret of Success. V. Success as an Artist.

Sir Henry Irving. XVII and XVIII. By Joseph Hutton.

The Farce of Petitioning the House of Commons. By Daniel Crilly.

Intellect and Inches. By H. Crich-ton.

Curious Facts About Battles. By Capt. F. W. von Herbert.

### HARPER'S.

One of the most valuable features of Harper's Magazine is the wide variety of its contents. Instead of specializing on one or two subjects, each issue contains something of interest to a great number of different tastes. Thus, observe the contents of the June issue.

Decisive Battles of the Law. United States vs. Burr. By F. T. Hill.  
 Through the African Wilderness. By H. W. Nevins.

Philadelphia. By John Henry White.  
 Terrestrial Magnetism. By Cyrus C. Adams.

Our Nearest Point in Antiquity. By W. D. Howells.

Honey-Ants of the Garden of the Gods. By H. C. McCook.

A Social Clearing-House. By Mary R. Cranston.

### IDLER.

Four or five out-door articles lend charm to the June number of the Idler. Among the art features is a series of pictures of Rouen.

On the Wetterhorn in June. By Elliott Soek.

The Catalan Quarter of Marseilles. By Francis Miltoun.

The Idler in Arcady. By Tickner Edwards.

Sketches in Troutland. By A. T. Johnson.

Fresh Evidence on the Druce Case. By Kenneth Henderson.

### INTERNATIONAL STUDIO.

Seven fine color inserts are features of the June issue of the Studio, including "The Grey Salute," by Arthur Melville; "The Big White Cloud," by E. J. Steichen; "Morning Glow," by Parker Mann; and "On a Stormy Coast," by Emil Zoir. A preliminary notice of the Royal Academy Exhibition is accompanied by eight full-page reproductions of leading paintings.

The Art of the Late Arthur Melville. By T. Martin Wood.

Herr Thomas Knorr's Collection of Modern Pictures in Munich.

Modern Spanish Sculpture: the Work of Don Augustin Querol.

The Drawings of L. Pasternak. By P. Ettinger.

Rothenburg the Fantastic. By C. E. Eldred.

The Royal Academy Exhibition, 1906. Designs for a Week-end Bungalow.

The Photo-Succession: Its Aims and Work.

The Philadelphia Water Color Exhibition. By Lella Meehlin.

The Recent Exhibition of the Minnesota State Art Society. By Emma E. Beard.

### IRISH MONTHLY.

The June number contains several interesting features, notably a serial story "Dunmara," by Rosa Mulholland.

Memories of Wexford. By Alfred Webb.

Morality and Literature. By Rev. David Bearne.

Edward Kelly, S. J. Part V.

### LIPPINCOTT'S.

This magazine, as has been pointed out, is largely a fiction magazine,

each issue containing a novelette and several short stories. The novelette in the June number is by William H. Bahecock and is entitled "Two in a Fog."

The Cafe Procope. By Addison May Rothrock.

Land-Hunger in the Black Belt. By Booker T. Washington.

### McCLURE'S.

A capital adventure story by Stewart Edward White, entitled "Buried Treasure," opens the June number of McClure's. This, with Rudyard Kipling's serial and three or four short stories, make a strong fiction number. Of articles of a more serious import, there are,

The Way of a Railroad with a Town. By Ray Stannard Baker.

The Story of Life Insurance. II. The Pioneer. By Burton J. Hendrick.

Yellow Fever: A Problem Solved. By Samuel Hopkins Adams.

Reminiscences of a Long Life. VIII. By Carl Schurz.

### METROPOLITAN.

That the Metropolitan can well claim to be a great art publication is clearly demonstrated by an inspection of the June number, in which will be found a surprising number of excellent illustrations. The pictures of Indians and of stage favorites are of special interest, as well as the colored frontispiece, "The Fishing Girl."

Among the Savage Moors. By Major Ballard.

Gunning and Fishing in New York City. By A. B. Paine.

Where Speckled Beauties Are. By Louis Rhead.

Modern City-Dwellers. By Emily Mayo.

**The American Society Woman.** By a Chinese Gentleman.

**The Vanishing Race.** By R. H. R.

#### MONTHLY REVIEW.

A new serial, "The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square," by Mrs. Henry de la Pasture, begins in the June issue. The number is, as usual, filled with articles of a high degree of excellence.

**Ishen as I Knew Him.** By William Archer.

**What English Landlords Might Do.** By Algernon Turner.

**The Evolution of an Act of Parliament.** By Michael MacDonagh.

**The Dominion of Palm and Pine.** By Moseley Freeman.

**The Gaming of Monte Carlo.** By F. Carrell.

**The Survival of the Otter.** By J. C. Trevelyan.

**Three Gardens and a Garret.** By A. M. Curtis.

**Character in Letter-Writing.** By Basil Tozer.

#### MOODY'S.

To the serious-minded business man Moody's Magazine offers much of interest. The subjects discussed, as the following list of contents of the May number shows, deal with a wide variety of business topics.

**Misdirected Insurance Legislation.** By Hon. W. A. Fricke.

**Hysterical Insurance Legislation.** By F. W. Haskell.

**Industrial Importance of Alcohol.** By J. D. Miller.

**Cycles of Stock Speculation.** By Thomas Gibson.

**What the Pacific Northwest Offers to Young Men.** By John W. McGraw.

**Wrong of Overcapitalization.** By Paul Leake.

**The New Rice Belt.** By D. A. Wiley.

**Humbugs Labelled "Business Opportunities."** By C. W. Cochran.

**Future of the Steel Trust.** By Wm. H. Hillyer.

**Southern Cotton Mills and Their Securities.** By Wm. Whitman.

**Federal License of Corporations.** By Frank L. McVey.

#### MUNSEY'S.

In the series of the people of foreign descent in the United States, which Herbert N. Casson has been contributing to Munsey's, "The French in America," appears in the June issue. The same indefatigable writer also contributes another long installment of his history of the steel industry. There are eight short stories in the number.

**The Descendants of Jonathan Edwards.** By D. O. S. Lowell.

**Jean Leon Jerome.** By R. H. Titherington.

**How can we Better our Spelling?** By Hyander Matthews.

**The Sexes in the United States.** By Walter F. Willcox.

**The Romance of Steel and Iron in America.** III. By Herbert N. Casson.

**Fritzi Schell.** By Matthew White, jr.

**Famous Actors of the 19th Century.** By William Winter.

**The French in America.** By Herbert N. Casson.

**The Author and His Earnings.** By Arthur Bartlett Manrie.

#### NATIONAL.

The pictures accompanying Joe Mitchell Clapp's "Affairs at Washington" in each issue of the National are always of interest. The June number also contains articles referring to the earthquake disaster.

**The Ruins at Stanford.** By Myrtle Garrison.

**San Francisco Fallen.** By William M. Reely.

**Portugal's Gigantic Daughter.** By Ethel Armes.

**Government by Injunction.** By John McGovern.

#### NEW ENGLAND.

Public questions and public men figure largely in the June number of the New England Magazine.

**Glimpses of Washington.** By Winthrop Packard.

**The National Lancers.** By John Stuart Barrows.

**The Early Evolution of the Public School in Massachusetts.** By F. Spencer Baldwin.

**The Massachusetts Benevolent and Charitable Society.** By S. O. Sherman.

**The American Sewing Machine.** By Alexander Hume Ford.

**The Duties of a Modern Mayor.** By John F. Fitzgerald.

#### OUT WEST.

Several admirable pictures of western scenery are reproduced in the May number of Out West, in connection with articles on mountain climbing.

**The Sierra Club in the Northwest.** By Willoughby Rodman.

**The Making of a Sierra Club Camp.** By Marion Randall.

#### PACIFIC MONTHLY.

As would naturally be expected, the June number of the Pacific Monthly is full of articles and illustrations pertaining to the San Francisco disaster.

**Pelagic Sealing and the Fur Seal Herd.** By David S. Jordan.

**The Destruction of San Francisco.** By Marshall Douglas.

**Stanford University and the Earthquake.** By David S. Jordan.

**From the Geologists' Point of View.** By J. C. Brunner.

**The Scientific Aspect of the Earthquake.** By A. O. Leuschner.

**Homes and Homemakers of Alaska.** By Anne Shupe Devin.

**Here and There in Alaska.** By Eleanor W. Macdonald.

**The Great Stampede.** By Lute Pease.

**Fisheries of Alaska.** By Captain Jarvis.

**The Making of Mummies.** By Henry Simon.

**The Racial Development of the Northwest Indian.** By Edmund S. Meany.

**The San Francisco Disaster.** By F. O. Papenote.

#### PALL MALL.

The Right Hon. John Burs is a contributor to the June number of the Pall Mall, writing about "The Tangle of London's Traffic." Charles Dickens' youngest daughter tells about his last days in a beautifully illustrated article. The stories in the number are excellent.

**"Edwin Drood" and the Last Days of Charles Dickens.** By Kate Perugini.

**A Painter of the Sea: The work of C. Napier Henry.** By J. P. Collins.

**Thebes of the Hundred Gates.** By H. Rider Haggard.

**The Tangle of London's Traffic.** By Right Hon. John Burs.

**The Nation that Shops.** By Mrs. John Van Vorst.

#### PEARSON'S (AMERICAN).

The June number of Pearson's is to our mind the best issue so far this year. A noticeable feature is the tendency to take an opposite course

to the "muck-rakers," illustrated in articles on the brighter side of corporation life and the good work of the United States Senate.

**All is not Damned.** By James Creelman.

**The Romance of Aaron Burr.** By Alfred Henry Lewis.

**A Defender of the Senate.** Tillman. By James Creelman.

#### PEARSON'S (ENGLISH).

The June number of Pearson's is an admirable production, occupying a high place among the magazines of the month. Elaborate illustrations accompany the opening article on art and the other illustrations in the number are equally good.

**The Art of the Age.**

**After Tarpon with a Camera.**

**The Great Eruption of Vesuvius.** By H. P. F. Marriott.

**Three Weeks of Hell.** By John N. Raphael.

**The Sway of the Season.** By Lady Violet Grenville.

**How London Hustles to Work.** By J. A. Middleton.

#### RECREATION.

As usual, Recreation is full of outdoor articles, breathing of the free life of forest, stream and mountain. The many illustrations in the June number add to its interest.

**With the Free in Arizona.** By Julian A. Dimock.

**Trying out a Motor Canoe.** By Geo. Carling.

**Calling on the Marsh Birds.** By Bonnyrastle Dale.

**Girls on a Round-Up.** By Florence S. Du Bois.

**An Sable, the Highly Interesting.** By Walter C. O'Kane.

**Salmon Fishing Made Easy.** By John O'Donnell.

**A Swing Around Vermont.** By Edward Cave.

#### REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

Timely articles on world events of the past month are to be found in the July issue of the Review of Reviews. Of interest to the people of the Dominion is an article on "What the People Read in Canada," by P. T. McGrath.

**Carl Schurz.** By Fabian Franklin.

**Georges Clemenceau, the Warwick of French Politics.** By W. T. Stead.

**Why San Francisco will Rise Again.** By James D. Phelan.

**The New San Francisco.** By Benjamin Ide Wheeler.

**The Relief of the Stricken City.** By Dr. Edward T. Devine.

**The Pan-American Conference at Rio.** By Charles M. Pepper.

**The Indian of To-Day and To-Morrow.** By Charles M. Harvey.

**Our Unstable "Terra Firma."** By N. H. Darton.

**What Happened to Stanford University.**

**San Francisco's Disaster.** By Samuel E. Moffatt.

**Fire Insurance Lessons from San Francisco's Experience.**

**The Revolution in Rice Farming.** By Robert S. Lanier.

**What the People Read in Canada.** By P. T. McGrath.

#### ST. NICHOLAS.

In referring month by month to the contents of this excellent juvenile, a word of praise should be bestowed on the department of "Books and Reading." The writer gossips about books in a bright and entertaining manner and evidently strives to turn the young reader's mind to the serious

side of reading. The June number is full of stories, which will certainly charm the youthful subscribers.

**The Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln.** By Helen Nicolay.

**Nature and Science for Young Folks.**

#### SATURDAY REVIEW.

**May 5.** "The Budget," "Abdul Hamid's Latest Move," "Electro-honeering in France," "A Military Illusion," "Government and Repression," "The Times' Oddments Sale," "The Mission of Timothy D. Hook," "This Living Earth."

**May 12.** "Noneconformist Ascendancy," "La France qui Meurt," "Russia and Count Witte," "Personal Property and Rates," "In the Pit," "Sham Tragic Opera," "Some Literary Recollections of a Golden Age," "Spring Gardens."

**May 19.** "Force and the Comity of Nations," "Laymen and the Education Bill," "The Plural Voting Bill," "The Love of the Illusion," "A Note on the Ballet," "Spring Gardens," "University Cricket Prospects," "The Recreation of John Stuart Mill," "Chantry Reform."

**May 26.** "The Craze for Estates," "The Challenge to the Church," "The Amnesty Demand in Russia," "Women and Politics," "Dandyism and Democracy," "Ibsen," "Character in Crowds," "Dr. Gray's Visit," "Some Literary Recollections of a Golden Age."

**June 2.** "Spain and England," "A Government Marooned Job," "Religious Ascendancy or Religious Equality," "The Belgian Elections," "German Art, I," "The Impatient Angler," "The Estates of Brittany."

#### SCRIBNER'S.

The illustrations in the June number are particularly good, especially

those accompanying the articles on "Vanishing Indian Types" and "An American's Impressions of English Bird Life." Of stories the number contains a good store.

**The Larger Training of the American Army.** By Capt. T. Bentley Mott.

**Vanishing Indian Types.** Tribes of the Northwest Plains. By E. S. Curtis.

**A Norman Town.** By Mary King Waddington.

**An American's Impressions of English Bird Life.** By Frank M. Chapman.

**English Reserve.** By Louise Imogen Guiney.

#### SPECTATOR.

**May 5.** "The Budget," "One Man One Vote," "May Day in France," "Lord Cromer's Report," "Rural Housing," "The Heritage of Greece," "Husbands and Wives," "Stocking With Trout."

**May 12.** "The Education Bill," "The Ultimatum to Turkey," "The French Elections," "The Opening of the Duma," "Rates and Ratepayers," "Christianity and Revival," "Mr. Kipling's Allegories," "Forest Law in the Empire."

**May 19.** "Mr. Chamberlain and the Unionist Free Traders," "The Plural Voting Bill," "The First Days of the Duma," "The Chinese Customs Decree," "Police Methods and the Public," "The Manufacture of Papers," "The Pleasures of Pretending," "The Hope of the Excavator," "The Traditions of Cricket."

**May 26.** "The Education Bill," "Germany and England," "The Situation in Hungary," "An Entente Cordiale with Russia," "Woman's Suffrage," "The Manufacture of Papers," "Henrik Ibsen," "Four Medieval Anchresses," "Rock Climbing in the British Isles."

June 2. "The Queen of Spain," "The Defeat of Secularism," "The German Colonies and the Reichstag," "The Autocracy and the Duma," "Pensions and Pensions," "The Manufacture of Paupers, II.," "The Leisure Class," "Murder and the Same Man," "Some Aspects of Golf."

### SUBURBAN LIFE.

The beautiful days of Summer make us appreciate a publication like *Suburban Life*, with its many fine pictures of natural scenes and its hints for camping and holidaying. A feature of the June number is a list of pleasure trips, which are fully described.

**Outfit for Tramp and Camp.** By H. Forbush.

**Planning an Automobile Vacation.** By William H. Clarke.

**A Canvas Summer House.** By J. M. Stickney.

**What Kind of a Boat?** By Arthur B. Raymond.

**How to Know the Birches.** By Prof. S. T. Maynard.

**Furnishings for the Summer Home.** By Grace B. Faxon.

**The Bungalow of a Famous Evangelist.** By John W. Baer.

**The Vacation Camera.** By James Hamilton Francis.

**A Close-Range Study of the Honey Bee.** By Edward F. Bigelow.

**Vacation Trips for \$100 and Less.** By Frank Osborne French.

### SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

A lighter tone pervades the June number, which is quite seemly in view of the return to the out-of-door life of summer. More fiction is noticed and still more in proportion is promised for the other summer numbers.

**The Human Side of Business.** By Arthur Warren.

**Ethel Barrymore—"from Twelve to Two."** By Gertrude Vivian.

**The Magazine Crusade.** By Samuel Merwin.

**The Tillman of the Armchair.** By W. A. Lewis.

**Had Money but Lost It.** By Orison Sweet Marden.

**Fighting the Telephone Trust.** V. By Paul Latzke.

**The Pulse of the World.** By Samuel Merwin.

**Dr. Walker's Talks on Diet.**

**Little Hints for Graduation Day.** By Mrs. Kingsland.

### TECHNICAL WORLD.

Ever interesting and instructive, the Technical World is always a welcome arrival. The June number is replete with good things, all of which are well illustrated. A feature is a collection of pictures of the earthquake at San Francisco.

**Man May Now Fly at Will.** By E. B. Graves.

**On the Lid of a Pit of Fire.** By John L. Turner.

**King Coal and His Subjects.** By F. B. Warren.

**What Uncle Ben Saw on a Kansas Farm.** By D. A. Willey.

**Power at Half Present Cost.** By Crittenden Marriot.

**War a Matter of Mathematics.** By M. C. Sullivan.

**Chemist Takes Place of Cook.** By Lawrence Perry.

**Soundless Whispers to Ends of Earth.** By J. M. Baltimore.

**Glass Bridge Half a Mile High.** By Edwin Palmer.

**To Foretell Earthquakes.** By John Elfred Watkins.

**A Mountain of Saltpeter.** By Harry H. Dunn.

### WESTMINSTER.

Articles suggested by the natural phenomena at Mount Vesuvius and San Francisco appear in the June number of the Westminster. This number closes a volume. In the July number, serials by Ralph Connor and Theodore Roberts begin.

**Earthquakes and Volcanoes.** By M. Macgillivray.

**Story of San Francisco's Disaster.** By Prof. R. A. Wheeler.

**Hard Sayings of the Master.** By Rev. Hugh Pedley.

**The Romance of a Canadian MSS.** By A. Wylie Mahon.

**The Romance and Beauty of the St. Lawrence.** By Robert Haddock.

**London Letterings.** By Nora Milnes.

### WINDSOR.

Beautiful illustrations accompany an article in the June number of the Windsor on the art of Mr. Sigismund Goetze. In this number a new serial, "Little Essex," by S. R. Crockett, begins.

**The Art of Mr. Sigismund Goetze.** By Christopher Jackson.

**Chronicles in Cartoon.** VII. Music. By B. F. Robinson.

**Concerning Motor-Mania.** By Mrs. Penrose.

**Tools of the Future.** By Henry Pritchett.

**Some Adventures of Robert Bruce.** By the Duke of Argyll.

### WORLD'S WORK (AMERICAN).

He will be a hard man to please who does not find something interesting in the June issue of the World's Work. The many illustrations in themselves are well worth the price of the magazine. In addition to a number of timely editorials, we find:

**What Sort of Stocks a Prudent Man May Buy.**

**The New State of Oklahoma.** By M. G. Cunniff.

**The Urgent Need of Trade Schools.** By F. A. Vanderlip.

**Japanese Women and the New Era.** By Mary Crawford Fraser.

**Bridging the Gorge of the Zambesi.** By A. T. Prince.

**The Scenic Marvel of Idaho.** By William H. Kiebride.

**A Mayor of all the People.** By Isaac F. Marrosson.

**Music by Electricity.** By Marion Melius.

**The Model Schoolhouse.** By Charles C. Johnson.

**The Labor Party in England.** By Chalmers Roberts.

**A New Irishman Railroad.** By Edward M. Conley.

**Nathaniel Southgate Shaler.** By Langdon Warner.

**The Cause of the Great Earthquake.** By Arthur C. Spencer.

**WORLD'S WORK (ENGLISH).**

The motor car is the central theme of several articles in the June number of the World's Work. An elaborately illustrated article on Newfoundland will be found of general interest. The other contents are all of a high degree of excellence.

**Motor-Cabs and Taximeters in Paris.**

**The New Submarine Signalling for Ocean Liners.**

**The Motor-Car as Utility Engine.**

**The Simple Life for Motorists.** By Fred T. June.

**The Work of Professor Metchnikoff.** By C. W. Saleeby.

**The March of Events.** By Henry Norman, M.P.

**Machine Tool Progress in Great Britain.** By S. G. Hobson.

**An Imperial Wonderland: The Hot-**

Water Country of New Zealand. By Beatrice Grimshaw.

**The Latest Ideas for the Householder and Business Man.**

**A British Petroleum Works.** By Frederick Bastin.

**How Paisley got its Thread Industry.** By John Glasgow.

**Saving Life and Limb in Industry.** By J. H. Craihree.

**The Progress of Newfoundland.** By P. T. McGrath.

**A Curious Canal Problem in Scotland.** By John Macleay.

**A Gentleman Farmer's Experience.** By "Home Counties."

**The Wicked Fraud of Patent Medicines.**

**Norway for Holidays.** By Robert Cronin.

**The Fascination of the Orchid.** By S. L. Bastin.

#### WORLD TO-DAY.

Several pictures of the destruction of San Francisco appear in the June number, though the subject is not overdone. There are one or two articles on earthquakes and volcanoes in general.

**A Modern Miracle of Fishes.** By Ivah Dunkle.

**Sherburn Merrill Becker.** By William Hard.

**Watching a City Perish.** By William H. Thompson.

**What Makes a Volcano?** By Edward B. Matthews.

**An Office Building for the Public.** By William C. Graves.

**How a Family Solved a Vacation Problem.** By a College Professor.

**Earthquakes and their Causes.** By Rollin D. Salisbury.

**Rate Regulation and Railway Pools.** By J. W. Midgley.

**Making Gardens out of Lava Dust.** By Henry F. Cope.

**The New Turners.** By E. Douglas Shelds.

**Chicago's Fraction Question.** By Edgar B. Tolman.

#### YOUNG MAN.

Admirable as ever as a tonic for the young man is the June number of this magazine. It contains earnest and thoughtful articles, calculated to impress its readers with the serious import of life.

**B. Seeshohn Rowntree.** By Richard Westrope.

**A Young Man's Point of View.** By Rev. James E. Crawshaw.

**The Birmingham University.** By Horace W. Venton.

**Reminiscences of Sir Oliver Lodge.** By an Old Student.

**The Member for Nazareth.** By Rev. J. P. Stephenson.

**Crystal Effects of Tobacco.** By James Scott.

**Social Problems, Sweated Industries.** By the Editor.

**The Charm of Three Great Idlers.** By Florence Bone.

## The Busy Man's Book Shelf

Some Interesting  
Books of the  
Month Reviewed



#### RECENT FICTION.

**Kid McGhie.** By S. R. Crockett. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, \$1.50.

Mr. Crockett has found his material for this very entertaining hook chiefly in the slums of Edinburgh. The Kid is introduced to the reader at the immature age of nine as a lad having a pedigree without patrimony and further handicapped by a vicious parentage and environment, yet possessing a heredity of noble qualities bequeathed by some remote ancestor. His subsequent career, thrust up on him by necessity rather than choice, provided him with a training in vice and association with criminals, influences which he absorbed without assimilating. The instruments of his emancipation are the gentle city missionary, Mr. Molesey, with his gospel of humanity; Lord Athabasca, a colonial millionaire with his industrial reformatory for boys; and Patricia McGhie, whose beauty, wit and bravery charm the fancy and win the heart of the reader. The book possesses interest as a

social study and is at the same time a charming story.

**The Evasion.** By Eugenia Brooks Frothingham. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

A well-written story of American social life. Two young college men of different types are suitors for the favor of the same girl. Under a somewhat strained sense of honor Dick Copeland submits to an injury inflicted upon him by Arthur Davenport, whereby not only his own career but also the happiness of the girl he loves are wrecked. Finally, Nemesis overtakes the wrongdoers and virtue is rewarded. The characters are well drawn and the action is lively, so that the interest of the reader is never permitted to flag.

**The Law Breakers.** By Robert Grant. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

The short stories comprised in this book are delightful as stories and interesting as studies. Mr. Grant dis-



courses with a gentle philosophy not unminged with humor, on the inconsistencies of ordinary men and women. A close observer of motives and actions, he shows how often the generous impulse or the heroic spirit overrides cherished theories and well-thought-out rules of conduct, also that there still exist nobler standards of value than that which prevails in the commercial world. The author brings to his task the mental equipment of a keen yet sympathetic penetration and a sound philosophical judgment.

**The Woman in the Alcove.** By Anna Katharine Green. Toronto: McLeod & Allen. Cloth, \$1.25.

With her usual skill and ingenuity Mrs. Green has contrived a murder case in which all the clues seem to point to one person, whom the reader knows must be innocent. The elimination of the mystery then proceeds, and until almost the last chapter the reader is kept absolutely in the dark as to the criminal. Few of Mrs. Green's detective stories equal this in its boldness of conception and the skillfulness with which it is worked out.

**The Edge of Hazard.** By George Horton. Toronto: McLeod & Allen. Cloth, \$1.25.

This is the kind of novel that absorbs the reader's attention, serves to while away a few hours and yet leaves no very lasting impression. It is a harmless antidote to care and worry. In brief, it narrates the adventures of a clever young American society man, sent to Russia to look after an American store. He gets mixed up with the Japanese police, Russian spies and a charming Russian princess, whom he saves from a horrid fate. There are all sorts of thrilling adventures and the usual happy denouement.

**The Count at Harvard.** By Rupert Sargent Holland. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Cloth, \$1.50.

We seem to dip into a new world when we are introduced to the circle of "The Count" and his friends at the historic university. The happy Bohemian life of the fashionable students finds its expression in the sayings and going of a typical member of their ranks, for the count is merely a somewhat eccentric American college undergraduate. He is apparently peripatetic; amusingly curious; witty to a degree; audacious and experienced in all the customs of the university. Yet underneath the mask we cannot help but feel that there is a man.

**Mr. Pratt.** By Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. Cloth, \$1.50.

No more amusing story-teller than Mr. Pratt, the Cape Cod fisherman, is to be found among this season's romancers. His humor is irresistible and his repartee so clever that no one dare try wordy warfare with him. By chance he becomes major domo and guardian spirit to two young New Yorkers, who are seeking to live the natural life. They secure a house on a little sandy island, where they consider themselves in paradise. Several other characters are introduced, all as a foil to the redoubtable Mr. Pratt.

**The Way of the Gods.** By John Luther Long. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada. Cloth, \$1.50.

Mr. Long has great skill in portraying the love passion in words and in this story of Japan, with its quaint setting and its odd fancies, he has made the love interest very human. Shijiro, the little soldier hero, parts from one love and takes up another with apparent ease. He is impulsive and lowers his caste to marry the girl he loves. Then he repents, but the love of the girl-wife is constant, and in the end it is she who takes his place on the battlefield.

**The Quickening.** By Francis Lynde. Toronto: McLeod & Allen. Cloth, \$1.25.

The story of Thomas Jefferson Gordon, boy and man. The son of a southern iron master, his mother's heart desire was that he should be a minister, but eventually he gives up the church, joins his father in business, and is able to save him in a time of keenest trial. The manner of his change of mind is told with the utmost skill, while his attitude towards the two girls in the story, the good and the bad, is cleverly sketched.

**The Heritage of the Free.** By David Lyall. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, \$1.25.

A story of the Disruption times in Scotland. With the simple directness of narrative which characterizes this well known and favorite writer, the struggle between church and state which culminates in the establishment of the Free Church is clearly and forcibly presented. In the story of the Jardine family and their eviction from the manse, of Adam Howieson and his following in Kilsyth, and of the Laird of Glencairn and his beautiful, true-hearted wife, we have an illustration of what was going on all over Scotland at a period when religious freedom hung in the balance.

**Mr. Wingrave, Millionaire.** By E. P. Oppenheim. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, \$1.30.

Through the treacherous conduct of the woman in the case, Sir Wingrave Seaton is convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to a long term in prison. When he at length is freed, his mind is so embittered against humanity that he determines to wreak vengeance on every person who comes into contact with him, as well as on the woman who wronged him. He goes to America and becomes im-

mensely wealthy, but he is utterly unable to carry out his evil purpose because of a vein of humanity in him which causes him to contravert secretly every outward net of wickedness that he does.

**The Vine of Shimah.** By Andrew McPhail. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

Strong, virile, convincing, this book is not so much fiction as history in its most attractive form. Puritanism is presented as it was in old England at the close of the Protectorate and as it was in New England when transplanted over-sea. Life and vigor inspire the scenes and characters which pass in rapid succession before the mind of the reader in London, on the high seas, in the new colonies, and in the wilds of America. Like his own Captain Phineas Pratt, the brave puritan-pirate, the author himself seems to be "a man of infinite resource and invention," and like his hero he has not only a "nice perception of the use of words," but also a wide range of knowledge which enables him to discourse with equal ease of things pertaining to warfare, navigation, the healing art or dialectics. Romance is not lacking. Captain Nicholas Dexter, true knight and true lover, after many adventures wins his lady love after the manner of the times in which he lived. We predict a wide popularity for this admirable book.

**The Prisoner of Ormith Farm.** By Francis Powell. Toronto: McLeod & Allen. \$1.25.

A tale of mystery and crime. Hope Carmichael, a beautiful young girl, is kidnapped and detained a prisoner at Ormith Farm, by Hollis Eastman, a gentleman by birth and culture, but a criminal by profession. The young girl finally makes her escape, the mysteries of the establishment are laid bare and the nefarious practices of its owner brought to a close. Quite

an unusual book both as to subject and treatment.

**On Common Ground.** By Sidney H. Preston. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, \$1.25.

The scenes and characters of this very readable book, which is written in journal form, are rural. A bachelor a little past the youthful stage and inclined to mild, contemplative ways, retires to the country in the hope of finding Arcadia. After a time ennui assails him, followed by a longing for companionship, and a very pretty love story is evolved. The common ground is reached in the similar experiences of several pairs of lovers of various degrees. There is a touch of humor in many of the situations and the book is distinctly clever.

**First It was Ordained.** By Gay Thorne. Toronto: The Musson Book Co. Cloth, \$1.50.

This is a novel with a distinct and outspoken purpose. It has been written to attempt to counteract the tendency in modern English society to escape the obligations of child-bearing. With its events transpiring in the year 1910, the author is able to paint a picture of an alarmingly decreasing population. To combat the evil, a society known as the Confraternity of the Holy Ghost is formed and it is with the work of this organization that the story is principally concerned. Among the characters there are many striking contrasts.

**Fenwick's Career.** By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Toronto: William Briggs, Cloth, \$1.25.

In the creation of John Fenwick, artist with the stamp of genius, this distinguished writer has produced a character of a different type from any she has hitherto attempted. Other characters there are of much interest, also descriptions of social life in London and Paris, but all are subordinated to the main study, which is Fenwick himself with his divine gift struggling for expression.

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**The Day Dreamer.** By Jesse Lynch Williams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: MacLeod & Allen. Cloth, \$1.25.

In this story we are introduced into the atmosphere of the political canvas of the city room of a great daily. The hero is a famous New York reporter. He is assigned to unravel a political tangle in which a fine old aristocrat, General Cunningham, is involved through the machinations of some ward politicians. It so happens that the reporter is in love with Cunningham's daughter, but because of the inequality of their social positions he dare not declare his love. Of course, the plot gives an opportunity for the happy solution of this problem.

**Lady Betty Across the Water.** By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. Toronto: The Musson Book Co. Cloth, \$1.50.

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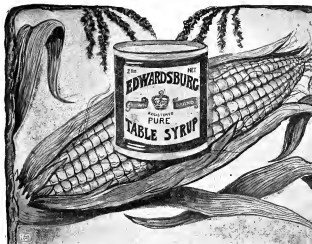
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